THE KENTISH SONGSTER,

OR THE

LADIES and GENTLEMEN's

MISCELLANY.

CONTAINING

A New and Choice Collection of the moſt celebrated

ENGLISH SONGS.

The SECOND EDITION.

To which is added,

An APPENDIX

Of all the FAVOURITE SONGS ſung at the THEATRES ROYAL, VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, and POLITE CONCERTS, ſince the Year 1775.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm;
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.

POPE.

CANTERBURY,

Printed and Sold by SIMMONS and KIRKBY,

ALSO,

By J. JOHNSON, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-yard, LONDON.

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W.N.H.

TO

TO THE
LADIES and GENTLEMEN
OF THE
COUNTY of KENT.

TO compile a volume of Songs for the entertainment of the public, without offending againſt the laws of decency, has been particularly attended to; for which purpoſe induſtry alone was requiſite. In this refined age, the theatres, the public gardens, and every place of muſical entertainment, affords an ample range for ſelecting a pleaſing collection, both as to the muſic and words. It is too true, that the public have been nauſeated with volumes of ſongs, which are the diſgrace of our language. The general encouragement that has been given to muſical entertainment, has naturally excited men of genius to exert their abilities in compoſing ſome very excellent pieces, and whilſt the ear is pleaſed with the harmony of the numbers, the heart is improved by the delicacy of the ſentiment. This Collection the Ladies may ſafely open, without the ſtart of a bluſh upon their cheek, or offending the moſt rigid virtue; nor can the Gentlemen be more pleaſed by

the particular attention ſhown to the *Ladies*, than by the compliment we pay to their good-ſenſe, by an omiſſion of all indecent ribaldry. We are ſorry to ſee ſo many publications, that are equally a diſgrace to the underſtanding of the publiſher, as an inſult on the judgment of the public; but of theſe it is ſufficient to ſay,

Immodeſt words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.

By this Compilation we pretend to no other merit, than having made a decent proviſion for the hours of mirth and feſtivity, by affording to every muſical perſon an opportunity of turning to the moſt approved Engliſh Songs; and if by this Collection we have put into the hands of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this County a chearful, entertaining Companion, we have every reaſon to hope that our induſtry will not go unrewarded, but that we may truly ſubſcribe ourſelves,

Their very much obliged

Canterbury. humble ſervants,

July 15, 1775. The PROPRIETORS.

KENTISH

KENTISH SONGS.

THE MAN OF KENT.

WHEN Harold was invaded,
And falling loſt his crown,
And Norman William waded
Through gore to pull him down,
The counties round, with tears profound,
To mend their ſad condition,
Their lands to ſave, they homage paid;
Proud Kent made no ſubmiſſion.
Then ſing in praiſe of Men of Kent,
All loyal, brave, and free;
Of Briton's race, if one ſurpaſs,
A Man of Kent is he.

The hardy ſtout freeholders,
Who ſaw the tyrants near,
With burthens on their ſhoulders
A grove of oaks did bear,
Which when he ſaw in battle draw,
And thought that he might need 'em,
He ceas'd his arms, comply'd with terms,
And granted noble freedom.
Then, &c.

At hunting, and the race too,
They ſprightly vigour ſhew;
And at the female chace too,
None beats the Kentiſh beau.
Poſſeſs'd of wealth, and bleſt with health,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman here ſurpaſſes far
A knight in other places.
Then, &c.

The promis'd land of bleſſing
To our forefathers meant,
Is now in right poſſeſſing,
For Canaan ſure is Kent:
The Doom of Knowl, by fame enroll'd,
The church of Canterbury,
The hops, the beer, the cherries there,
Oft' ſerve to make us merry.
Then, &c.

Augmented ſtill in ſtory,
Our antient fame ſhall riſe,
And Wolfe, in matchleſs glory,
Shall ſoaring reach the ſkies;
Quebec ſhall own, with great renown,
And France, with awful wonder,
His deeds can tell, how great he fell,
Amidſt his god-like thunder.
Then, &c.

And tho' deſpotic power
With iron reins do check,
Our Britiſh ſons of freedom
Their parent cauſe will back:
With voice and pen they forthwith ſtand,
Brave Sawbridge ſoon will tell them,
That virtue's cauſe and Britiſh laws,
Bold Men of Kent won't fail them.
Then, &c.

When royal George commanded
Militia to be rais'd,
The French would ſure have landed,
But for ſuch youths as theſe;
Their oxen ſtall, and cricket ball,
They left for martial glory,
The Kentiſh lads ſhall win the odds
Your fathers did before you.
Then, &c.

THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET.

Written in conſequence of a great Match between Hampſhire with two men, and Kent with two men, Auguſt 19, 1772, which was, after affording good ſport, decided in favour of the latter.

ATTEND all ye Muſes, and join to rehearſe
An Old Engliſh ſport never prais'd yet in verſe,
'Tis Cricket I ſing, of illuſtrious fame,
No nation e'er boaſted ſo noble a game.
Derry down, *&c.*

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old,
Some were ſwift in the race, ſome in battle were bold;
The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd,
Hark! they ſhout! and Olympia returns the glad ſound.

What boaſting of Caſtor, and Pollux his brother,
The one fam'd for riding, for bruiſing the other;
Their luſtre's eclips'd by the lads in the field,
To Minſhall and Miller theſe brothers muſt yield.

Here's guarding and catching, and throwing and toſſing,
And bowling and ſtriking, and running and croſſing;
Each mate muſt excel in ſome principal part,
The Pentathlon of Greece could not ſhew ſo much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
Fam'd Elis ne'er boaſted ſo pleaſing a ſight,
Each nymph looks aſkew at her favourite ſwain,
And views him half ſtrip'd, both with pleaſure and pain.

The wickets are pitch'd now, and meaſur'd the ground,
Then they form a large ring, and ſtand gazing around;
Since Ajax fought Hector, in ſight of all Troy,
No conteſt was ſeen with ſuch fear and ſuch joy.

Ye Bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,
On you the whole fate of the game muſt depend;
Spare your vigour at firſt, nor exert all your ſtrength,
But meaſure each ſtep, and be ſure pitch a length.

Ye ſtrikers obſerve when the foe ſhall draw nigh,
Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye:
Your ſkill all depends upon diſtance and ſight,
Stand firm to your ſcratch, let your bat be upright.

Ye Fields-men look ſharp, leſt your pains ye beguile,
Move cloſe, like an army, in rank and in file;
When the ball is return'd, back it ſure, for I trow
Whole ſtates have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

The ſport is now o'er, IO victory rings,
Echo doubles the chorus, and Fame ſpreads her wings;
Let us now hail our champions, all ſteady and true,
Such as Homer ne'er ſung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Minſhall, Miller, and Parmore, with Lumpey and May,
Freſh laurels have gain'd by their conqueſt to day;
Wood, Pattenden, Simmons, with Fugglesand White,
With Boreman we'll join, and we'll toaſt them all night.

With heroes like theſe even Hampſhire we'll drub,
And bring down the pride of the Hambledon club;
The Duke* with Sir Horace†, are men of true merit,
And nobly ſupport ſuch brave fellows with ſpirit.

* *Of Dorſet.* † *Man.*

Then

Then fill up the glaſs, he's the beſt who drinks moſt,
The Duke and Sir Horace in bumpers we'll toaſt;
Let us join in the praiſe of the Bat and the wicket,
And ſing in full chorus the Patrons of Cricket.

And when the game's o'er and our fate ſhall draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket, like others, muſt die);
Our Bats we'll reſign, neither troubled or vext,
And give up our Wickets to thoſe that come next.
Derry down, &c.

The HOP-SUPPER.

AROund the brown board at the farmer's we met,
Where plenty of all we could wiſh for was ſet;
His Hops were all pick'd, and of corn his barns full,
Man and wife were all joy—'twas a ſin to be dull.
Derry down, &c.

He (bleſs'd with his friends, with his children and ſpouſe)
Gave freely, drank freely, and bid us carouſe;
By Jove, we enjoy'd it, as ſons of true mirth,
We drank him ſucceſs in the fruits of the earth.

But the farmer's large bowl, and his flaggons of beer,
(As brown as a filbert, and ag'd a full year)
Made our eyes (like the ſtars in a froſty night) twinkle,
Not a brow of threeſcore had that night the leaſt wrinkle.

Could the king and the queen to our preſence have ſtept,
And view'd, with our joy, what decorum we kept,
They'd

They'd wiſh'd to have join'd us, when we with their pow'r,
Would have ſettled the nation in leſs than an hour.

We drank, ſung, and danc'd, and told ſtories of fun,
Ne'er heeded old Time, nor his ſands how they run,
'Twas the farmer's good will we of joy ſhould be full,
We reſolv'd to be ſo, and hang all that were dull.

Now Death, thou deſtroyer of good and of evil,
(Directed by Providence) be to us civil;
The life of the worthy pray lengthen the ſpan,
And ſpare this good farmer as long as you can.
Derry down, &c.

An ODE in Praiſe of KENT,

Part of which was formerly Sung at a Feaſt of the Gentlemen of the COUNTY.

SWEET Melody! the charm repeat!
We watch the birth of ſound.
To pleaſe the mind's a feaſt compleat:
Kent's ſons muſt, ev'ry way, with harmony be crown'd.
Again inform the willing lyre,
With notes that might Apollo charm,
Sweet and prevailing, like his fire,
That pleaſe, and melt us, as they warm.
Lo! I confeſs the varied pow'r;
Entranc'd, and rapp'd with joy, I tow'r.
Energic

Energic ſounds! ſupport the ſoul you raiſe,
Kent claims my verſe this happy hour.
Help, Genius of the Day, to praiſe
The darting of thy rays.

Bleſt land, pride of the nobleſt iſle,
On whom the world's bright eye can ſmile!
The parent orb that round us rolls,
All views, illumines, and in-ſouls,
Thy fair well-temper'd race admires:
Pleas'd with thy bleſſings, pleas'd in thee,
With elemental harmony:
The product of his genial fires.

The valiant, blended with the wiſe;
The charms of mind, the charms of eyes,
Here, reconcil'd, are found:
Rich towns for trade, fair plains for ſports;
Vales fruitful, and commodious ports,
With wealth amphibious crown'd.
Here ſtill the gen'rous deep and ſoil
(Prolific mines) give, free from toil,
The ſilver ſcaly tribe, and growing golden fleece.
All dainties heav'n like manna yields,
While, on the blue or verdant fields,
Recruiting, they encreaſe.

Along thy fertile ſides,
The ſwelling Thames, with plenty loaded, glides,
Enriching thee with tributary tides.
Safe there, and in thy Medway's wat'ry bed,
The floating guard of Britain's wealth and trade,
In ſtate triumphant rides.
Her fleets their being owe to thee;
Thou her ſure bulwark; Europe's ſhe.

Nor

Nor doſt thou raiſe thoſe giant frames alone,
(Whoſe pow'r e'en Neptune's ſelf muſt own:)
To rule where'er expanded ocean rolls;
Thou fill'ſt thoſe bodies with heroic ſouls.
They journey with the ſun, they join each hemiſphere;
And ſpread alike thy pow'r, and bleſſings ev'ry where.
So well ſet out for peace and war,
What may not Albion dare!

Nor ſhall the royal pile unſung remain,
Where Kent enrich'd the earth
With great Eliza's birth*.
The mighty genius of thy reign,
Thou prior empreſs of the main,
Taught Britain to ſurround the ball;
And foes no fleets but thine invincible to call.
Plac'd near the ſtores of naval war,
'Twas juſt thy native palace there,
Should like a Phœnix riſe;
And on thy ſhore, O hoſpitable land,
Still ſacred to ſea-honour, ſtand,
The port of ancient worth, thence wafted to the ſkies.

Sweet liberty, thy Briton's boaſt,
To thy ſons indulgent moſt,
Bids here ſucceſſion be ſecure,
And titles ſtill endure:
For virtues with eſtates come down,
And from the father bleſs the ſon.
Great ſouls, with plenty rais'd, aſpire:
A gen'rous ſpirit, e'en in ſwains,
Enlarg'd with eaſe, and freedom reigns,
That heav'nly double gift, the food of manly fire.

* *Queen Elizabeth was born in the Palace at Greenwich, Sept.* 7, 1533.

The

The bleſſing flows, as pleaſure glides with health,
From thy reviving ſprings;
And ſhar'd by all the happy ſubject's wealth,
Here magnifies the kings.

Kent, early pious, early great,
Fair Albion's front, her awful head;
Her neighbour's envy, wiſh, and dread;
Thyſelf a royal ſtate!
All rock, all fortreſs, to their fight;
To thy bleſt ſons, all Eden, all delight!
While fond of thee, untaught to yield,
They're firſt to take, and laſt to quit the field;
Secure the Eaſtern world you face:
Nor can the greater mate the leſs.

The firſt great William, fortunate and brave,
Who came to conquer, as the laſt to ſave,
When on to Kent with victor troops he rode,
Late of a thouſand ſhips the load,
Britain, which he who half the globe could awe,
Great Cæſar, little more than ſaw,
Bow'd to the Norman law.
The ſons of Kent alone the tide withſtood;
Of right tenacious, ſingular in good;
Unſhaken, tho' the only unſubdu'd.
In arms collected all agree,
To live and die, like their great fathers, free.
Graſp'd with one hand, the threat'ning ſteel they ſway'd:
The other, verdant boughs diſplay'd.
In dire array, thus dreadful from afar,
Invaſion's living bar,
On the brow of the threaten'd land,
The moving foreſt made a dreadful ſtand.

The warrior king, mov'd at the doubtful fight,
So equal both for friendſhip, or for fight,
A parley ſounds; pleas'd ev'n in foes to ſee
Spirits ſo worthy to be free.
They come, they anſwer'd, negligent of life,
By friendly peace, or gen'rous ſtrife,
To claim their dearer liberty, and right.
Undaunted race, the hero cry'd,
Such virtue cannot be deny'd.
Take more from me than foes can claim,
My friendſhip; nay, my conqu'ror's name.
Thus to your rights, and valour true,
'Tis more, like you, to dare, than kingdoms to ſubdue.

INTRODUCTION.

THE pleaſure that is derived from a melodious voice is ſo univerſally allowed, that there can need no apology for offering to the public a collection of Songs, compiled from the beſt authors, adapted to every ſpecies of ſingers. In order to facilitate this matter, and enable every Lady or Gentleman the more readily to turn to thoſe ſongs they wiſh to acquire, we have arranged them on a plan entirely new; the Collection we flatter ourſelves will not diſgrace our judgment, and to promote the happineſs of ſociety, and increaſe the pleaſure of the feſtive board, are ſufficient motives for this publication; and here, we preſume, we ſhall not ſtep out of our way, if we enumerate ſome of the accompliſhments which form an agreeable Singer.—A fine voice is generally allowed to be one of the firſt requiſites; yet we can venture to affirm, on repeated obſervation, that there are many incorrigible bawlers with melodious pipes; and many entertaining performers in the vocal way, who are under no great obligations to nature. It is not merely ſinging in time, and preciſely obſerving the pedantic dictates of Mr. Ticklekey, the muſic-maſter, but there muſt be an eaſe, an elegance, a taſte. It is certainly a breach of good-manners, and very impolitic, to be aſked twice to ſing; an expectation is raiſed, and frequently diſappointment is the conſequence; fictitious colds, hoarſeneſſes, and want of practice, are very ungenteel excuſes in perſons known to ſing. Poetry and muſic are ſiſter arts, and if Ladies and Gen-

tlemen do not ſing diſtinctly and intelligibly, that the words may be comprehended, half the entertainment is loſt, the ſenſe being quavered away by the ſound. As there is a ſatiety in all things, it is abſolutely requiſite to know when to finiſh with a grace; for though it is ungenteel to be aſked twice to ſing, it is ſtill worſe to be aſked once to hold your peace.—After theſe general obſervations, we beg leave to add the following, from a very ingenious work, by Mr John Aikin, entitled, "Eſſays on Song-writing."

"While the two capital ſpecies of poetry, the epic and dramatic, have long engaged the niceſt attention of taſte and criticiſm, the humbler, but not leſs pleaſing productions of the muſe, have not obtained that notice from the critic, to which the exertions of the poet would ſeem to entitle them. This will appear the more extraordinary, when we reflect, that ſome of the moſt excellent productions in the former, have been the ſpontaneous growth of a rude and uncultivated ſoil; whereas, the latter have never flouriſhed without acquiring richneſs in the ſoil, and the foſtering hand of art. This critical neglect has given riſe to uncertainty in the diſtinctions, and irregularity in the compoſition of moſt of the minor claſſes of poetry; and while the long eſtabliſhed diviſions of ode, elegy and epigram, are involved in theſe difficulties, it is not a matter of wonder to meet with them in the modern pieces which range under the general title of Songs.

"Although many of our moſt celebrated poets have exerciſed their talents in compoſing theſe little pieces, and their pleaſing effect is univerſally known and acknowledged, yet have we but one profeſſed criticiſm

criticiſm on their compoſition; and this, though elegant and ingenious, is both too ſhort and too ſuperficial to give preciſion and accuracy to our ideas on this ſubject. It is contained in a paper of the Guardian, written by Mr. Phillips.

" In attempting the taſk of determining with exactneſs the nature of ſong-writing, and the various diſtinctions of which it is ſuſceptible, together with the ſpecific excellence of each, I find it therefore neceſſary to go far back into the origin of poetry in general, and to recur to thoſe firſt principles exiſting in the human mind, which alone can give a firm foundation to our deductions.

" The original poetry of all nations muſt have been very much confined to the deſcription of external objects, and the narration of events. This is a neceſſary conſequence of the barreneſs of infant language with regard to abſtract ideas, and is confirmed by the remains of antiquity which have reached us. Among a fierce and warlike people, conſtantly engaged in enterprizes of arms, poetry was ſolely employed in rehearſing the valourous deeds of their heroes; and the horrid pictures of war and deſolation were enlivened by the kindred imagery of whatever nature afforded of the awful, terrific and ſtupendous. In happier regions, where the mild inhabitants were ſuited to the ſoftneſs and luxury of the climate, the buſineſs of poetry was to paint the ſurrounding profuſion of beautiful objects, the pleaſing incidents of a paſtoral life, the tender cares and raviſhing delights of love. This paſſion found as apt a compariſon with the beautiful ſcenes of nature, as war and deſtruction could do with its glooms and horrors.

" Oſſian and Theocritus will afford compleat inſtances of the firſt poetry, in its two different branches. Mingling ſtorms, roaring torrents, ſwelling oceans, lightning and thunder, paint the dreadful battle pieces of the Caledonian; while the murmuring brook, the green meadow, the bleating flock, the ſimple ſhepherd and his artleſs fair, deck out the rural landſcape of the Grecian. Thus heroic and paſtoral poetry are at firſt formed, conſiſting chiefly of deſcription and imagery. The paſſion of military glory in the one, and of love in the other, would indeed add ſentiment to the picture, but even theſe ſentiments muſt be expreſſed by a reference to external objects. The lover, who had ſought for natural compariſons to paint the charms of his miſtreſs, muſt ſeek for others to expreſs the emotions of his mind. He muſt *burn* with deſire, and *freeze* with diſdain; rage with the *ocean*, and ſigh with the *zephyr*; hope muſt *enlighten* him with its *rays*, and deſpair *darken* him with its *gloom*. The effects, which the paſſions produce upon the body, would alſo prove a happy ſource of the deſcription of emotions. Thus, the fluttering pulſe, the changing colour, the feveriſh glow, the failing heart, and the confuſed ſenſes, being natural and invariable ſymptoms of the paſſion of love, would ſoon be obſerved by the poet, and ſucceſsfully uſed to heighten his deſcription. Hitherto all is ſimple and natural, and poetry ſo far from being the art of fiction, is the faithful copyiſt of external objects and real emotions. But the mind of man cannot long be confined within preſcribed limits; there is an internal eye conſtantly ſtretching its view beyond the bounds of natural viſion, and ſomething new, ſomething greater, more beautiful, more excellent,

is

is required to gratify its noble longing. This eye of the mind is the imagination—it peoples the world with new beings, it embodies abſtract ideas, it ſuggeſts unexpected reſemblances, it creates firſt, and then preſides over its creation with abſolute ſway. Not leſs accurately and philoſophically, than poetically, has our great Shakeſpeare deſcribed this faculty in the following lines:

The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

"The moſt eſſential differences in poetical compoſition may be referred to the circumſtance of its turning upon nature or fiction, and on this will depend its fitneſs or unfitneſs to produce peculiar effects. In general, whatever is deſigned to move the paſſions, cannot be too natural and ſimple. It is alſo evident, that when the profeſſed deſign of the poet is to paint the beauties of nature, and the rural landſcape of paſtoral life, he muſt give as great an air of reality as poſſible to his piece, ſince a bad imitation neceſſarily produces diſguſt. On the other hand, when the aim is to elevate and ſurpriſe, to gratify a love of novelty, and the pleaſing luxury of indulging the fancy, all the powers of fiction muſt be ſet at work, and the imagination employed without controul to create new images, and diſcover uncommon reſemblances and connexions. To purſue our inſtance, taken from the paſſion of love; the poet, who wiſhes rather to pleaſe and ſurpriſe than to move, will ranſack heaven and earth for objects of brilliant and

unuſual compariſon with every circumſtance relating to the paſſion itſelf, or its object. He will not value ſentiment as the real offſpring of an emotion, but as ſuſceptible of ingenious turns, ſtriking contraſts, and pleaſing alluſions. He will not compoſe from the heart, but the head, and will conſult his imagination rather than his ſenſations. This quality is peculiarly termed wit, and a juſt taſte for it is never acquired, without a conſiderable degree of national refinement. Pieces of wit are therefore later in their date than any others.

" This brief account of the progreſs of poetry in general being premiſed, let us proceed to a nearer inſpection of our ſubject.

" In attempting to fix a meaning to the word Song, the firſt idea, which ſtrikes us, ariſes from its name, ſignifying ſomething to be ſung. We ſhall diſcuſs this a little at large.

" The union of muſic with poetry muſt appear extremely natural. We find it to have taken place univerſally in the uncultivated ſtate of all nations, and to have continued partially in the moſt refined. In all languages, the words expreſſing vocal muſic have been alſo uſed indiſcriminately to ſignify poetry; and though we, at preſent, conſider ſuch expreſſions as figurative, there is no doubt but they were originally natural. The ſacred name of *ſong* was not then proſtituted to a ſucceſſion of unmeaning ſounds, tortured into muſic through the odious pipe of an equivocal mutilated animal; it was a general term, to expreſs all that the ſiſter Muſes of poetry and melody could combine, to delight the ear and raviſh the heart —

" The term *ſong* may therefore be conſidered in a double ſenſe—if the idea of muſic prevails, it ſignifies

ſignifies no more than a ſet of words, calculated for adaption to a tune; if poetry be the principal object, it is a ſpecies of poetical compoſition, regulated by peculiar laws, and ſuſceptible of a certain definition; ſtill, however, retaining ſo much of the muſical idea, as to make it an eſſential circumſtance, that, by a regularly returning meaſure, it be capable of being ſet to a tune.

" A Song, as a poetical compoſition, may be defined, a ſhort piece, divided into returning portions of meaſure, and formed upon a ſingle incident, thought, or ſentiment. Under this definition, the general ſubject, from which the particular topic is taken, is not reſtricted; but it has been found, that emotions of tenderneſs and gaiety are peculiarly adapted to ſong-writing. Cuſtom, therefore, has almoſt ſolely confined the general ſubject of ſongs to love and wine, and it muſt be acknowledged, that the nature of the compoſition, and the aſſiſtance of muſic, contribute to give theſe ſubjects a peculiar air of gracefulneſs and propriety.

" A number of diſtinctions have been formed in modern poetry, from trifling particularities in the verſification of theſe pieces, ſuch as the number of lines compoſing a ſtanza, the repetition of a line at regular diſtances, the ordonnance of the rhyme, and the like.

" The laborious baron Bielfield, in his *Elements of Univerſal Erudition*, has thought it worth while to particularize a great variety of theſe diſtinctions in French poetry, ſuch as the Sonnet, the Rondeau, the Vaudeville, &c. I cannot but conſider theſe petty diverſities as very uneſſential to the poetical character of any compoſition; this curſory

mention is therefore all the notice I ſhall beſtow on them.

" If we examine the poetical remains of antiquity, we ſhall find various examples of pieces, which come under the foregoing deſcription of a *ſong*. That beautiful relique of Sappho, which is well known to the Engliſh reader, by Mr. Phillips's excellent tranſlation,

Bleſt as the immortal gods is he,

is an exact model of ſong-writing. The poems of the gay and ſprightly Anacreon are almoſt all *ſongs* in every reſpect except the meaſure, which, inſtead of being divided into returning ſtanzas, is uniform. Yet this would not neceſſarily diſqualify it for muſical adaptation, and there is no doubt but they were really ſung, and accompanied with inſtrumental muſic. The odes of Horace contain many beautiful ſpecimens of the *ſong* complete in every circumſtance.—

" The union of muſic and poetry, among the ancients, was very ſtrict. It would ſeem, that they had no idea of the muſic of ſounds without words, and they appear ſeldom or never to have uſed vocal muſic, without accompanyment with inſtrumental. The lyre was the favourite inſtrument for this purpoſe, and hence that ſpecies of poetry, deſigned to be ſung to muſic, acquired the denomination of lyric. Yet we have variety of proof, that this term is applied, with equal propriety, to poetry accompanied with any other inſtrument.—

" The rude original paſtoral poetry of our country, furniſhes the firſt claſs in the popular pieces called ballads. Theſe conſiſt of the village tale, the dialogue of ruſtic courtſhip, the deſcription

tion of natural objects, and the incidents of a rural life. Their language is the language of nature, ſimple and unadorned; their ſtory is not the wild offſpring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage; and their ſentiments are the unſtudied expreſſions of paſſions and emotions common to all mankind.

"Nature, farther refined, but ſtill nature, gives the ſecond claſs of pieces, containing the ſentimental part of the former, abſtracted from the tale and rural landſcape, and improved by a more ſtudied obſervation of the internal feelings of paſſion, and their external ſymptoms. It is the natural philoſophy of the mind, and the deſcription of ſenſations. Here love appears in all its various forms of deſire, doubt, jealouſy, hope, deſpair; and ſuggeſts a language, rich, ſtrong, and figurative. This is what may ſtrictly be called the pathetic in poetry.

"The third claſs is formed upon an artificial turn of thinking, and the operation of the fancy. Here the ſentiments ariſe from cool reflexion and curious ſpeculation, rather than from a preſent emotion. They accordingly require enlivening by ingenious compariſon, ſtriking contraſt, unexpected turns, a climax finiſhing in a point, and all the pleaſing refinements of art, which give the denomination of ingenious and witty to our conceptions. Some eſſential diſtinctions will appear in this claſs, ariſing from the various kinds of wit; but they all agree in the circumſtance of ſpringing rather from fancy than paſſion, and conſequently of exciting pleaſure and ſurprize, rather than the ſympathetic emotions.

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SONGS.

SONGS.

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

NO ſport to the chace can compare,
So manly the pleaſure it yields;
How ſweet, how refreſhing that air,
Inhal'd in the woods and the fields!
As we ruſh in purſuit, new ſcenes ſtill appear,
New landſcapes encounter the eye;
Not Handel's ſweet muſic more pleaſes the ear,
Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New ſtrength from the chace we derive;
Its exerciſe purges the blood:
How happy that mortal muſt live,
Whoſe ſport yields both phyſic and food!
So new and ſo varied its charms, they ne'er cloy
Like thoſe of the bottle and face;
The oftner, the harder, the more we enjoy,
The more we're in love with the chace.

WHEN the morning peeps forth, and the Zephyr's cool gale
Carries fragrance and health over mountains and dale;
Up, ye nymphs and ye ſwains, and together we'll rove
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove;
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be ſlaves to ambition and wealth,
All the bleſſings I aſk, is the bleſſing of health;
So ſhall innocence ſelf give a warrant to joys,
No envy diſturbs, no dependance deſtroys.
Then follow, *&c.*

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we roam,
Yet returning ſtill find the dear pleaſures at home;
Where the chearful good humour gives honeſty grace,
And the heart ſpeaks content in the ſmiles of the face.
Then follow, *&c.*

HARK! hark! the joy-inſpiring horn,
Salutes the roſy, riſing morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills reſound,
The hounds quick-ſcented ſcow'r the ground,
And ſnuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The briſk, high-mettled, ſtarting ſteed
The jovial pack purſue;

Like

Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The diſtant hills with ſpeed he gains,
And ſees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forſakes,
And to the copſe for ſhelter makes,
There pants a while for breath;
When now the noiſe alarms her ear,
Her haunts deſcry, her fate is near,
She ſees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim ſeize,
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies;
The diſtant courſers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
'Till echo rends the ſkies.

HARK! away! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn,
Calls the hunters all up in the morn:
To the hills and the woodlands we ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,
This, this is our ſong;
Still hallowing
And following,
So frolic and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are ſo happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo, hillo!

With a bounce from his cover he flies,
Then our ſhouts ſhall reſound to the ſkies.
And all the day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the health-breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel?
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
Then we will go halloing home;
With hallo, hallo, and huzza,
Reſolving to meet the next day.
And all the day long, &c.

COME, rouze, brother ſportſmen, the hunters all cry,
We've got a good ſcent and a fav'ring ſky;
The horn's ſprightly notes, and the lark's early ſong,
Will chide the dull ſportſmen for ſleeping ſo long.

Bright Phœbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chace;
He ſoon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you, perhaps, to lie down;
And if you refuſe her, perhaps ſhe may frown:
But tell her, that love muſt to hunting give place;
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old reynard I ſpy;
At his bruſh nimbly follow briſk Chanter and Fly;
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye-balls, they roll;
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There

There we'll fill up our glaſſes, and toaſt to the king,
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven diſpenſe,
And foxhunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

THE ſprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter riſe;
The opening hound returns the ſound,
And echo fills the ſkies;
And echo fills the ſkies.
See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
On yon' blue mountain's brow;
The neighing ſteed invokes our ſpeed,
And reynard trembles now;
The neighing ſteed, &c.

In ancient days, as ſtory ſays,
The woods our fathers ſought;
The ruſtic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.
Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the foreſt's charms;
Then o'er the bowl expand the ſoul,
And reſt in Chloe's arms.

THE echoing horn calls the ſportſman abroad,
To horſe my brave boys and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleaſure we find in purſuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals ſhouting and gay,
How ſweet is the bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day:
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours:
is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
Away, my brave boys, to your horſes away,
For the prime of our humour's in queſt of the hare;
We have not ſo much as a moment to ſpare.
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it ſounds,
To the muſical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horſes full ſpeed, and our hounds in full cry;
So match'd in their mouth, and ſo ſwiftly they run,
Like the trine of the ſpheres, and the race of the ſun;
Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,
And bleſs the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds puſh forward, a very ſure ſign,
That the hare, tho' a ſtout one, begins to decline:
A chace of two hours, or more, ſhe has led;
She's down—look about you—they have her—
ſhe's dead.
How glorious a death! to be honour'd with ſounds
Of horns, and a ſhout to the chorus of hounds.

THE ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with
gold,
And the meadows all ſpangled with dew-drops be-
hold;

How

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful ſummons rebukes our delay!
With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure
can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the
Court;
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place;
Tho' often, like us, they're ſlung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the ſoldier hunts fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet, in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the buſy, hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
to roam,
And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

THE early horn ſalutes the morn
That gilds this charming place,
With chearful cries bids echo riſe,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chryſtal floods,
All, return the enliv'ning ſound.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon;
With ſhouting, and hooting, we pierce thro'the ſky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

AWAY to the field, ſee the morning looks grey,
And, ſweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the ſport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.
Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the ſeaſon invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns;
To welcome the ſun, now returning from reſt,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily queſt.
Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each boſom with tranſport it fills.
To ſtart juſt as Phœbus peeps over the hills;

While

While joyous from valley to valley reſounds
The ſhouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate,
Borne by their bold courſers no danger they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.
Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours ſtill is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

COME rouſe from your trances!
The ſly morn advances,
To catch ſluggiſh mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind ſweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head;
Each away to his ſteed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds ſnuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hallo!
Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground;

Now they ſkim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies reſound;
With daſhing,
And ſplaſhing,
The hills, woods, and vallies reſound:
Then away with full ſpeed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you ſtop you're too late,
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hallo!

DO you hear brother ſportſman, the ſound of the horn,
And yet the ſweet pleaſure decline?
For ſhame, rouze your ſenſes, and ere it is morn,
With me the ſweet melody join:

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies;
While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges ſhall fly,
And chace the ſwift hare till he dies.

Then ſaddle your ſteed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair;
No paſtime in life greater happineſs yields,
Than chaſing the fox or the hare.

For ſuch comforts my friend, on the ſportman attend,
No pleaſure like hunting is found;
For when it is o'er, as briſk as before,
Next morning we ſpurn up the ground.

HARK,

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale,
Whoſe notes do ſo ſportingly dance on the gale,
To charm us to barter for ignoble reſt,
The joys which true pleaſure can raiſe in the breaſt:
The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the huntſman is hark, hark, away:
Then wherefore defer we one moment our joys?
Haſte haſte let's away, ſo to horſe my brave boys.

What pleaſure can equal the joys of the chace,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
While onward we preſs, and each ſorrow defy,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:
Our joys are all ſterling, no ſorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old care;
Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound of the echoing horn!
When the antling ſtag is rouz'd with the ſound,
Erecting his ears nimbly ſweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But ſtill we purſue and now come in view of the glorious game.

O ſee how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his ſpeed;
But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes loſe the huntſman, his ears loſe the cries:
For now his ſtrength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well-ſcented hounds ſurrounded he dies.

LET

LET the gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate,
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exerciſe, air,
To the fields I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light;
The bliſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.

COME, ye ſportſmen ſo brave, who delight in the field,
Where the bud-barren mountain freſh raptures can yield,
With the health-breathing chace rouze the ſoul with delight,
With the jolly god, Bacchus, be jovial at night.
See, the high-mettled ſteeds! where, ſnorting, they fly!
While, ſtaunch, the dogs cover the ground, in full cry!
While, ſtaunch, while ſtaunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from ſuch ſports now refrain,
When the horn's chearful ſound calls you forth to the plain?
Poor puſſey! ſhe flies, and ſeems danger to ſcorn,
Then redoubles her ſpeed as ſhe bounds o'er the lawn.
See the high-mettled ſteeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the ſcent of the hounds;
Through hedge-rows ſhe creeps, and ſculks o'er the downs:
Bruſh them in, my bold hearts! ſhe ſits panting for breath!
The victim is ſeiz'd—Hark! the horn ſounds her death!
See the high-mettled ſteeds, &c.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus ſhone clear,
I had not been hunting for more than a year:
Taleo taleo taleo taleo.
I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him bound,
For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns ſweetly ſound.
Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,
No ſooner he ſpoke, but the fox, ſir, he 'ſpies;
Taleo, &c.
This being the ſignal, he then crack'd his whip,
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.
Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawſon, who car'd not a pin,
He ſprang at the drain, but his horſe tumbled in;
Taleo, &c.
And as he crept out, why he ſpy'd the old ren',
With his tongue hanging out ſtealing home to his den.
Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horſes were always as good
As ever broke covert, or daſh'd thro' the wood;
Taleo, &c.

Old

Old Reynard runs hard, but muſt certainly die,
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawſon did cry.
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and ſwore;
Taleo, &c.
But Reynard being ſpent ſoon muſt give up the ghoſt,
Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toaſt.
Taleo, &c.

The day's ſport being over the horns we will ſound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo reſound;
Taleo, &c.
So fill up your glaſſes, and chearfully drink,
To the honeſt true ſportſman who never will ſhrink.
Taleo, &c.

BRIGHT dawns the day with roſy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

With muſical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
Theſe jolly companions to cheer;
With enliv'ning ſounds
Encourage the hounds,
To rival the ſpeed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd they cry;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain,
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Thro' foreſts and floods,
The ſtag flies as ſwift as the wind;
The welkin reſounds,
With the cry of the hounds,
That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,
Pale grief and deſpair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain,
We leave to that rain,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the ſtag ſtands at bay,
The pack's at a ſtay,
They eagerly ſeize on their prize;
The welkin reſounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horn with his knell, and he dies.

WHEN Phœbus begins juſt to peep o'er the hills,
With horns we awaken the day;
And rouſe brother ſportſmen, who ſluggiſhly ſleep,
With hark! to the woods hark! away:
See the hounds are uncoupled in muſical cry,
How ſweetly it echoes around;
And high-mettled ſteeds with their neighings all ſeem
With pleaſure to echo the ſound.

Behold when ſly Reynard, with pannick and dread,
At diſtance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the ſcent fly with rapid career,
Hark! the horns! O how ſweetly they ſound:

Now

Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
All dangers we nobly defy;
Our nags are all ſtout, and our ſports we'll purſue,
With ſhouts that reſound to the ſky.

But ſee how he lags, all his arts are in vain;
No longer with ſwiftneſs he flies;
Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies:
With ſhouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the ſports of the day;
Then to reſt we recline, till the horn calls again,
Then away to the woodlands, away.

NOW the hill-tops are burniſh'd with azure and gold,
And the proſpect around us moſt bright to behold;
The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
The ſteeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.
Then rouſe, each true ſportſman, and join at the dawn,
The ſong of the hunters, and ſound of the horn.

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,
Whilſt over the heath we purſue the fleet chace;
See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts appear,
As eager we follow the fox or the hare.
Then rouſe, &c.

Wherever we go, pleaſure waits on us ſtill,
If we ſink in the valley, or riſe on the hill;
O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,
For fearleſs of death, we ne'er think we ſhall die.
Then rouſe, &c.

From

From ages long paſt, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the ſages of old;
That the ſoldier and huntſman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chace made them bold in the war.
Then rouſe, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,
The full flowing bumpers ſhall chear up the ſoul;
Whilſt jocund our ſongs ſhall with choruſes ring,
And toaſts to our laſſes, our country and king.
Then rouſe, &c.

SOUND ſound the briſk horn,
'Twill enliven the morn,
And nature repleniſh with glee,
The vallies around
Shall rejoice at the ſound,
And join in the chorus with me.

Let ladies each night
In cards take delight,
And ſuch dull amuſements embrace,
At noon then ariſe,
Unknown to the joys
Of the health giving, health giving chace.

But while they're content,
Why let them frequent
The playhouſe, the park or the ball;
The pleaſures I chuſe,
My time to amuſe,
Are greatly ſuperior to all.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardor we bound,
Led on by the loud ſounding horn,
Kind breezes ſtill greet us, with chearfulneſs crown'd,
And joyful we meet the ſweet morn.
Roſy health blooms about us with natural grace,
Whilſt echo re-echo'd, enlivens the chace.

Should all the gay larks as they ſoar to the ſky,
Their notes [illegible] concert unite,
The muſic of [illegible]s when ſet off in full cry,
Would give [illegible]ore tuneful delight.
Roſy [illegible], &c.

Tis over, tis over, a pleaſure divine,
Freſh air and full exerciſe yield,
At night my good friends o'er the juice of the vine,
We'll ſing to the ſports of the field.
Roſy health, &c.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to muſick that wakens the ſkies,
Quit the bondage of ſloth, and ariſe.

AIR.

From the eaſt breaks the morn,
See the ſun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains ſo high;
Shrilly opes the ſtaunch hound,
The ſteed neighs to the ſound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our

Our forefathers, ſo good,
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar.

Hence, of noble deſcent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the boſom of nature's reveal'd,
Tho' in life's buſy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full ſight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal ſenſations refine!
Where is care, where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's loſt in ſomething divine.

Now to horſe my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon ſhall enliven the whole;
Then at eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and pleaſures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

Recitative.

THE chace was o'er, Actæon ſought a ſeat
To ſhade him from the rage of mid-day heat:
His fainting dogs, with toil and thirſt oppreſt,
Long'd for the cooling ſtream, and freſh'ning reſt.
As on the hunter wander'd,
Diana and her nymphs appear'd undreſt:

Whilſt

Whilſt ſtreams nor nymphs could ſave her from his ſight,
Thus try'd the youth to ſpeak, appal'd with fright.

AIR.

O think me not, goddeſs, to blame,
I lurk'd not thoſe charms t' eſpy;
By chance to this covert I came,
And fate is more faulty than I.
All weary with hunting, I ſtrove
To hide me from Phœbus's ray;
Forgive me, thus deſtin'd to rove,
O let me now win back my way.

RECITATIVE.

Enrag'd, the goddeſs thus beſpoke the ſwain,
Who ſu'd for pity, and had ſu'd in vain:

AIR.

Raſh youth! your mad folly you ſoon ſhall deplore,
No mortal thus naked has ſeen me before,
Leſt you tell where you have been,
Boaſt of what you have ſeen,
Bold hunter, here know
That Diana's your foe;
That for this you ſhall never again ſee me more;
You ſhall branch out with horns, bound with ſwift-running feet,
No longer a man but a ſtag all compleat.
Your hounds in full cry,
Shall purſue as you fly,
Chace you all the long day,
Till they make you their prey,
Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rds Diana's retreat,

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

WHEN firſt Aurora gilds the eaſtern hills,
And on the ground her glitt'ring dew drops ſpills,
The ſwelling horn ſalutes the riſing day,
Pleas'd with the ſound, all nature looks more gay.
The drowzy huntſman, freed from Morpheus chain,
With dogs and horſes ſcatter all the plain:
From his cloſe paddock ſtarts the frighted deer,
Old earth ſcarce feels him in his ſwift career.

AIR.

Over mountains ſee him bound,
Lighter than the fleeting wind;
Woods and vallies echo round,
While he leaves them far behind.
Now fainting with toil,
He takes the cool ſoil,
But there finding refuge in vain,
He ſeeks the wide lawns once again.
The ſtaunch op'ning hounds have at length ſeiz'd their prize,
What joy reigns around,
When brought to the ground,
And the horn ſounds his knell, as he ſtruggling dies.
Our ſports at an end,
The ev'ning we ſpend,
In innocent mirth and good cheer;
Like bold Robin-hood,
Our prey is our food,
And liquor Old Engliſh brown beer.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn ſalutes the ear,
The hunters ready, morning clear;
Come, the happy hours embrace,
Join the ever jovial chace.

AIR.

See the ſtag how he bounds
O'er the neighbouring grounds,
His ſpeed ſtill increas'd by his fear;
Hills and dales are ſoon paſt,
See his ſwiftneſs ſo vaſt,
The huntſmen he leaves in the rear.

'Twas Nimrod of old,
By the poets we're told,
Began firſt the ſports of the chace;
Tho' ſo great was his fame,
There's a ſlur on his name,
As men he purſu'd in the chace.

But ſuch tyrants the chace
Will its pleaſure's diſgrace,
Yet friendſhip ſhall ſtill be our guide;
With the ſound of the horn
Call forth each in the morn,
Our ſports there ſhall nothing divide.

But again he's in view,
And we nearer purſue,
His ſpirits decreaſe as he flies;
Now they've pull'd him to ground,
And the Dogs have him bound,
Ah! ſee how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleaſure's compleat,
Hark, the horn ſounds retreat,
Our ſport does our health ſtill maintain;

To

To the bowl next away,
We'll with joy crown the day,
And then be as merry again.

RECITATIVE.

THE roſy morn with crimſon dye,
Had newly ting'd the eaſtern ſky,
The feather'd race on ev'ry ſpray,
Sweet warble to the god of day.
When chaſte Diana, goddeſs bright,
From balmy ſlumber ſpringing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleaſing reſt,
And thus her ſylvan train addreſs'd.

AIR.

From this high mount with me deſcend,
And hey to the joys of the chace;
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,
And match the fleet ſtag in our pace.
My ſilver bow is ready ſtrung,
My golden quiver is graceful hung.

Away my nymphs, away, away,
Let ſhouts to the welkin reſound,
And ſhe who ſtrikes the deſtin'd prey,
Shall queen of the foreſt be crown'd.

RECITATIVE.

THE whiſtling ploughman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic note,
Loud ſings the black-bird thro' reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

AIR.

AIR.

Away, to the copſe lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds:
I'll warrant he ſhews us ſome play;
See, yonder he ſkulks thro' the grounds.
Then ſpur your briſk courſers, and ſmoke 'em, my bloods:
'Tis a delicate ſcent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to thoſe of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth ſee he tries at in vain,
In cover no ſafety can find;
So he breaks it, and ſcours amain,
And leaves us a diſtance behind.
O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we ſcorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he ſcarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His ſpeed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our ſtaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,
See his bruſh falls bemir'd forlorn;
The farmer with pleaſure beholds him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,
The milkmaids carol glads the plowman's ear,
The jolly huntſman winds his chearful horn,
And the ſtaunch pack return the lov'd ſalute.

AIR.

AIR:

The hounds are unkennel'd, and now,
Thro' the copſe and the furſe will we lead,
'Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
For there lurks the thief that muſt bleed.
I told you ſo did'nt I?—ſee where he flies;
'Twas Bellman that open'd, ſo ſure the fox dies.
Let the horn's jolly ſound
Encourage the hound,
And float thro' the echoing ſkies.

RECITATIVE.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor ſwamp,
Quickſet, or gate, the thundering courſe retard;
'Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,
Then—to the ſportive 'ſquire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

O'er that and old beer of his own,
This ſound, bright, and wholeſome we'll ſing,
Drink ſucceſs to great George and his crown,
For each heart to a man's with the king.
And next we will fill to Jove's favourite ſcene,
The rich iſle of ſaints, Britannia I mean;
Where men, horſes and hounds,
Can be ſtop'd by no bounds,
For no ſpot on the earth e'er bred ſportſmen ſo keen.

MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To liſten how the hounds and horns,
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing ſtill.

ROUSE, rouſe, jolly ſportſmen, the hounds
are all out,
The chace is begun, I declare;
Come, up and to horſe, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.
Hark! hark! don't you hear they are now in the
dale,
The horn, how melodious it ſounds!
Poor puſs in a fright, how ſhe ſtrives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds.

Though up to the hills and the mountains ſhe ſcales,
Whoſe top ſeems to join to the ſky;
We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.
Though into the copſe there for refuge ſhe flies,
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds;
While echo ſurrounds us with hooting and cries,
We ſeem to converſe with the gods.

Our freedom with conſcience is never alarm'd,
We are ſtrangers to envy and ſtrife;
When bleſs'd with a wife, we return to her arms;
Sport ſweetens the conjugal life.
Our days paſs away in a ſcene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taſte;
In pleaſures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

I AM a jolly huntſman,
My voice is ſhrill and clear,
Well known to drive the ſtag,
And the drooping dogs to chear.
And a hunting, &c.

I leave

I leave my bed betimes,
  Before the morning grey;
Let looſe my dogs, and mount a horſe,
  And hallo, come away, &c.

The game's no ſooner rous'd,
  But in ruſh the chearful cry,
Thro' buſh and brake, o'er hedge and ſtake,
  The frighted beaſt does fly, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,
  A num'rous pack purſue,
That never ceaſe to trace his ſteps,
  Ev'n tho' they've loſt the view, &c.

There's Scentwell and Finder,
  Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble noſe,
  But with a lofty tail, &c.

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
  And faithful Finder joins;
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
  And give your horſe the reins, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,
  The view they'd loſt they gain;
Tantivy, high and low,
  Their legs and throats they ſtrain, &c.

There's Ruler and Counteſs,
  That moſt times lead the field;
Traveller and Bonnylaſs,
  To none of them will yield, &c.

Now Dutcheſs hits it foremoſt,
  Next Lightfoot leads the way,
And Toper bears the bell;
  Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's Muſic and Chanter,
Their nimble trebles try;
While Sweetlips and Tunewell
With counters clear reply, &c.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
That tongue the heavy baſs;
Whilſt Trowler and Ringwood
With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now ſweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join;
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the ſound,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,
We drove him many a mile,
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' ſtitch,
And hit off many a foil, &c.

And yet he runs it ſtoutly,
How wide, how ſwift he ſtrains!
With what a ſkip he took that leap,
And ſcow'rs it o'er the plains! &c.

See how our horſes foam!
The dogs begin to droop;
With winding horn, on ſhoulder bor'n,
'Tis time to chear 'em up, &c.

[Sounds Tantivy.]
Hark! Leader, Counteſs, Bouncer,
Chear up my merry dogs all;
To Tatler, hark! he holds it ſmart,
And anſwers ev'ry call, &c.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;
We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the chace,
'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder ſteep I'll follow,
Beſet with craggy ſtones;
My lord cries, Jack, you dog! come back,
Or elſe you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza! he's almoſt down,
He begins to ſlack his courſe,
He pants for breath; I'll in at's death,
Or elſe I'll kill my horſe, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,
And ſtrains to reach the ſtream;
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
And quench his thirſty flame, &c.

He ſcarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And ſwiftly ſwim a-croſs the ſtream,
And raiſe a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and ſpeed is gone,
He ſtands at bay, and gives 'em play,
He can no longer run, &c.

Old Hector long behind,
By uſe and nature bold,
In ruſhes firſt, and ſeizes faſt,
But ſoon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverſes his ground,
Advances, and retreats,
Gives many hound a mortal wound,
And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and ſprings, and ſnorts,
He ſhakes his branched head;
'Tis ſafeſt fartheſt off, I ſee,
Poor Talboy is lain dead, &c.

Vain are heels and antlers,
With ſuch a pack ſet round,
Spight of his heart, ſeize ev'ry part,
And pull him fearleſs down, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a ſpecial care;
Diſmount with ſpeed, and cut his throat,
Leſt they his haunches tear, &c.

The ſport is ended now,
We're laden with the ſpoil;
As home we paſs, we talk o'th' chace,
O'erpaid for all our toil.
And a hunting, &c.

YE ſluggards who murder your life-time in ſleep,
Awake and purſue the fleet hare;
From life ſay what joy, ſay what pleaſure you reap,
That e'er could with hunting compare:
When Phœbus begins to enlighten the morn,
The huntſman attended by hounds
Rejoices and glows at the ſound of the horn,
Whilſt woods the ſweet echo reſounds.

The courtier, the lawyer, the prieſt have in view,
Nay ev'ry profeſſion the ſame;
But ſportſmen, ye mortals, no pleaſures purſue,
Than ſuch as accrue from the game:
While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
And turn into day ev'ry night;
At the break of each morn the huntſman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then

Then quickly my lads to the foreſt repair,
O'er dales and o'er valleys let's fly;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another ſupply:
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we paſs,
And deſire no comfort to ſhare;
But at night to refreſh with the bottle and glaſs,
And feed on the ſpoil of the hare.

HARK! for ſure I hear the horns melodious ſound;
Then come come come join in
The chearful merry din
Of the hounds in concert ſhrill,
Heard round from hill to hill.
All ſhall join in jolly ſong,
Noble ſports to us belong;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the ſprightly chace.

Then out ſcouts Reynard ſtrong
And nimbly darts along,
To climb the neighb'ring hill,
Or leap the purling rill.
All ſhall join, &c.

Boys, follow then with ſpeed,
As we have thus agreed;
Then come, come, mend your pace,
And follow briſk the chace.
All ſhall join, &c.

We ſoon ſhall ſee him lag,
Like deer or hunted ſtag;
Then preſs him hard, my bloods,
We'll drive him to the floods.
All ſhall join, &c.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills,
And over purling rills,
We will purſue the game,
'Till Reynard ſtout we tame.
All ſhall join, &c.

Ah! ſee in vain his flight,
His heart is broken quite;
And as he gaſping lies,
He pants, he pants, and dies.
All ſhall join, &c.

YE ſportſmen all,
Attend to the call,
The welcome call of the chearful horn;
Quit buſineſs for pleaſure,
Nor thirſt after treaſure,
But purchaſe new life from the ſweets of the morn.
See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey,
And white Lily ſtops, with the ſcent in his chaps,
And now nimbly ſhe bounds from the cry of the hounds.
Then boys, haſte away,
Without further delay,
'Tis with pleaſures like theſe that we hail the new day.

Whilſt cares of ſtate
Attend the great,
And courtiers prey on their country's wealth,
No ſtately ambition,
Or ſickly condition,
Diſturbs our repoſe, recreations, or health.
The fop, vainly proud of his delicate ſelf,
The miſer who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,
And the lover who ſighs, ogles, flatters, and lies;

Would

Would they hither repair,
They need not deſpair
Of enjoying ſweet life, with a mind free from care.

RISE, riſe, brother bucks, ſee how ruddy's the morn!
Diana's been long on the plain;
Hark, hark! 'tis the ſound of the hounds and the horn,
Repeated by echo again.
Then, to horſe, my brave boys, to the chace let's away,
For the pleaſures of hunting admit no delay.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the woodlands around,
Unkennel the fox from his den;
Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,
A puſs ſhould be ſtarted—O then,
So ho, cries our huntſman, ſo ho, ſhe's in view,
Then with hounds in full cry we'll the paſtime purſue.

But if we ſhould meet with an out-lying deer,
The paſtime ſo royal we'll rouſe;
Purſue him till ſlain where he flies without fear,
And ne'er the glad ſight of him loſe.
Neither hedges nor ditches ſhall ſet us our bounds;
Whilſt our hunters are good we'll keep up with the hounds.

When our day's ſport is over then home we'll return
To enjoy our dear bottle and glaſs,
And all be as ready as ever next morn
To go back to the jovial chace.

Thus Nimrod's diverſion we'll keep in renown,
And each night with a bumper our day's ſport we'll
crown.

HOW ſmooth glides the ſtream the gay meadows
along,
The birds all how chearful, how tuneful their ſong,
How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn
The violet, the roſe, and the fair blooming thorn;
And hark! ſtill to heighten the joys of this place,
The ſound of the horn ſpeaks the hounds are in chace.

See over yon clover the hare ſwiftly flies,
While the hunters purſue her with clamorous cries;
Haſte, haſte, then away, let us join in the ſport,
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert reſort;
There trembling ſhe lies, panting, gaſping for breath,
Let's follow with ſpeed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, ſhe is breathleſs, now home we repair,
While peals loud, triumphant, reſound thro' the air;
Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,
Where echo reſides, but repeats the glad ſound;
While Phœbus well-pleas'd the gay proſpect ſurveys,
And ſtreaks the fair morn with his brighteſt of rays.

Thus bleſs'd with the pleaſures the country affords,
Content with our ſtations, more happy than lords,
With hearts true and loyal we jovially ſing,
Not troubled with cares from ambition that ſpring;
While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,
We jocundly join in the ſports of the chace.

LET the ſlave of ambition and wealth
On the frolic of fortune depend,
I aſk but old claret and health,
A pack of good hounds and a friend.

In

In ſuch real joys will be found,
True happineſs centers in theſe;
While each moment that dances around
Is crown'd with contentment and eaſe.

Old claret can drive away care,
Health ſmiles on our days as they roll;
What can with true friendſhip compare?
And a tally I love from my ſoul.
Then up with your bumper my boys,
Each hour that flies we'll improve;
A heel-tap's a ſpy on our joys—
Here's to fox-hunting, friendſhip and love.

RECITATIVE.

NOW faintly glim'ring in the eaſt
Sol brings on the ling'ring morn,
As loth to quit fair Thetis' breaſt,
While dew beſpangles ev'ry thorn;
The herald lark ſalutes the ſkies,
And bids the jocund ſportſman riſe.

AIR.

Hark! the chace is begun,
See, yonder they run,
And fleet as the wind the ſtag flies;
O'er mountain and dale,
Thro' woodland and vale,
His purſuers awhile he defies.

But in vain is his ſpeed,
They faſter proceed,
In hopes to o'ertake him anon;
While echo around,
With the horn and the hound,
Reſponſive replies Ton-ta-ron.

Thus we pleaſure obtain,
'Thout ſickneſs or pain.
What ruddineſs ſmiles on each face;
Ye jemmys prepare,
Mount the ſteed if you dare,
And overtake health in the chace.

THE ſweet roſy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning
The meadows and fields;
The merry merry merry horn
Calls come come come away,
Awake from your ſlumber
And hail the new day.

The ſtag rous'd before us
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry;
Then follow follow follow follow
The muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigour
With health you embrace.

The day's ſports when over
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the briſk lover
Freſh charms for the night;
Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night
As our ſports crown the day.

WHEN

WHEN Sol from the eaſt had illumin'd the ſphere,
And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets ſo clear,
I roſe from my tent, and, like Richard, I call'd
For my horſe, and my hounds too loudly I bawl'd.
Hark, forward, my boys! Billy Meadows he cry'd,
No ſooner he ſpoke but old Reynard he ſpy'd;
Over-joy'd at the ſight we began for to ſkip,
Ton-ta-ron went the horn, and ſmack went the whip!

Tom Bramble ſcour'd forth, when almoſt to his chin,
O'er-leaping a ditch—by the lord, he leap'd in;
When juſt as it hap'd, but the ſly maſter Ren',
Was ſneakingly haſt'ning to make to his den;
Then away we purſu'd, broke covert and wood,
Not a quickſet, nor thickſet, our pleaſure withſtood;
So, ho! maſter Reynard, Jack Rivers he cry'd,
Old Ren', you ſhall die, Daddy Hawthorn reply'd.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,
While the merry-ton'd horn inſpir'd as we chac'd;
No longer poor Reynard his ſtrength could he boaſt,
To the hounds he knock'd under and gave up the ghoſt.
The ſports of the field when concluded and o'er,
We ſound the horn back again over the moor;
At night take the glaſs, and moſt chearily ſing
The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the king.

HARK! the huntſman's begun to ſound the ſhrill horn,
Come quickly unkennel your hounds;
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See yonder ſits Reynard, ſo crafty and ſly,
Come ſaddle your courſers apace;
The hounds have a ſcent, and are all in full cry,
They long to be giving him chace.

The huntſmen are mounted, the ſteed feels the ſpur,
And quickly they ſcow'r it along;
Rapid after the fox runs each muſical cur,
Follow, follow, my boys is the ſong.

O'er mountains and valleys we ſkim it away,
Now Reynard's almoſt out of ſight;
But ſooner than loſe him we'll ſpend the whole day
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager purſuing we'll have him at laſt,
He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;
Now ſtarts up afreſh, and young Snap has him faſt,
He trembles, kicks, ſtruggles, and dies.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

L A D I E S.

IN this ſhady bleſt retreat
I've been wiſhing for my dear;
Hark, I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely charmer near.
'Tis the ſweet bewitching ſwain,
True to love's appointed hour;
Joy and peace now ſmile again,
Love I own thy mighty power.

TO

TO fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
To wander like the bee;
To ſip of ſweets, and taſte of love,
Is not enough for me:
No fluttering paſſions wake my breaſt;
I wiſh the place to find,
Where fate may give me peace and reſt,
One ſhepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay;
Nor try on all my pow'r;
Nor future pleaſures throw away,
In toyings for an hour:
I would not reign the general toaſt,
Be prais'd by all the town;
A thouſand tongues on me are loſt,
I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
Who ſwarm at beauty's ſhrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
Will court their ſure decline?
Then fops and wits, and beaux forbear,
Your arts will never do;
For ſome fond youth ſhall be my care,
Life's chequer'd ſeaſon through.

My little heart ſhall love a home,
A warm and ſhelter'd neſt;
No giddy flights ſhall make me roam
From whence I am not bleſt:
With love and only that dear ſwain,
What tranquil joys I ſee!
Farewell, ye falſe, inconſtant train!
For one is all to me.

GAY

GAY Damon long ſtudy'd my heart to obtain,
The pretty'ſt young ſhepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his ſoft tale, then declare 'twas amiſs,
And I'd often ſay no, when I long'd to ſay yes.
And I'd often, &c.

Laſt Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And ſent me two lambkins to witneſs his flame;
Oh! take theſe he cry'd, thou more fair than their fleece,
I could hardly ſay no, tho' aſham'd to ſay yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after one morning we ſat in the grove,
He preſs'd my hand hard, and in ſighs breath'd his love;
Then tenderly aſk'd, if I'd grant him a kiſs,
I deſign'd to have ſaid no, but miſtook and ſaid yes.
I deſign'd, &c.

While at this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breaſt,
Ye gods, he cry'd, Cloe will now make me bleſt;
Come, let's to the church, and ſhare conjugal bliſs,
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to ſay yes.
To prevent being teaz'd, &c.

I ne'er was ſo pleas'd with a word in my life,
I ne'er was ſo happy as ſince I'm a wife;
Then take, ye young damſels, my counſel in this,
You muſt all die old maids if you will not ſay yes.
You muſt all die, &c.

MY eyes may ſpeak pleaſure,
Tongue flow without meaſure,
Yet my heart in my boſom lies ſtill;

Thus

Thus the river is flowing,
The mill clapper going,
But the miller's aſleep in his mill.

Though lovers ſurround me,
With ſpeeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my boſom lies ſtill;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's aſleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to ſurpriſe me,
But my heart is awake in my breaſt;
Thus boys ſlily creeping,
Would catch a bird ſleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his neſt.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd,
You waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd;
In vain againſt merit and Cymon I ſtrove,
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love,
Sweet paſſion, ſweet paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

The froſt nips the buds and the roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſt-nipt no rapture can flow,
Elyſium to him but a deſert will prove;
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

The ſpring ſhould be warm, the young ſeaſon be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blitheſome ſweet May;
Love bleſſes the cottage, and ſings thro' the grove,
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

O Sandy,

O Sandy, why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When naithing can pleaſe me!
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the bourn,
Or through the wood laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny and mornings are clear,
While l'av'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes mine eye or mine ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken ſome ſpare not to tell,
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myſel.

Then ſtay my dear Sandy no longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Who's living in languor till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do;
Permit me while I ſing my ſong,
To give a leſſon too:
Let modeſty, that heaven-born maid,
Your words and actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this can add,
New luſtre to your face.

'Tis

'Tis this which paints the virgins cheeks
  Beyond the power of art;
And ev'ry real bluſh beſpeaks,
  The goodneſs of the heart;
This index of the virt'ous mind
  Your lovers will adore;
This, this will leave a charm behind,
  When bloom can charm no more.

Inſpir'd by this, to idle men
  With nice reſerve behave;
And learn by diſtance to maintain,
  The power your beauty gave:
For this when beauty muſt decay,
  Your empire will protect;
The wanton pleaſes for a day,
  But ne'er creates reſpect.

With this, their ſilly jeſt reprove,
  When coxcombs dare intrude;
Nor think the man is worth your love,
  Who ventures to be rude;
Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
  They ſully with a touch;
And tho' you mean to grant not all,
  You often grant too much.

But, patient let each virtuous fair,
  Expect the gen'rous youth;
Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to ſhare,
  And bleſt with love and truth:
For him alone reſerve her hand,
  And wait the happy day;
When he with juſtice may command,
  And ſhe with joy obey.

WHAT harm in ſo ſimple a token of love,
I cull'd him the prime of the garden and grove;
He wore it freſh blooming and glitt'ring with dew,
Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can ſmiles and ſoft accents deriſion convey,
No miſchief ſo ſubtle, ſo fatal as they;
He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
And declares how he pities the helpleſs poor maid.

In my quick mounting bluſhes the virgins deſery,
What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny;
And the cold hearted prudes, ah! how wary they ſhun
The maiden whom frankneſs alone has undone.

Your thoughts then, dear ſiſters, with caution conceal,
The ſoft growing paſſion be ſlow to reveal;
Diſtruſt the vain ſhepherd whoſe temper is ſuch,
That granting a whiſper is granting too much.

O Happy hour all hours excelling,
When retired from crouds and noiſe:
Happy is that ſilent dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing joys.

Happy that contented creature,
Who with feweſt things is pleas'd;
And conſults the voice of nature,
When of raving fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry action wiſely moving,
Juſt as reaſon turns the ſcale;
Ev'ry ſcene of life improving,
That no anxious thoughts prevail.

THE

THE virgin when ſoften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds ſweetly bill on the ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We ſhepherds who dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the weſt as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr careſſes the pine,
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's ſide,
That borders the vernal alcove;
Bend downwards to kiſs the ſoft tide,
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the lark and the linnet now ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by May:
The ſtock-dove recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove;
And murmuring ſeems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddeſs will viſit ye ſoon,
Ye virgins be ſportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye ſhepherds, in tune,
For muſic muſt welcome the day:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove;
Let him tell a ſoft tale, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of love.

O What joy does conqueſt yield,
When returning from the field,
Shining in his glitt'ring arms,
How the godlike warrior charms.

Laurel wreaths his head ſurrounding,
Banners waving in the wind,
Fame her golden trumpet ſounding,
Every voice in concert join'd.

AH! why muſt words my flame reveal,
What need my Damon bid me tell,
What all my actions prove;
A bluſh whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name, a ſigh
Betrays my ſecret love.

In all their ſports upon the plain,
My eyes ſtill fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The reſt unheeded dance and play,
From all he ſteals my praiſe away,
And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confeſs
The joys which all my ſoul poſſeſs,
And ev'ry care remove;
Still, ſtill, too ſhort appears his ſtay,
The moments fly too faſt away,
Too faſt for my fond love.

Does any ſpeak in Damon's praiſe,
So pleas'd I am with all he ſays,
I ev'ry word approve;
But is he blam'd, altho' in jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my breaſt,
Alas! becauſe I love.

But oh! what tortures tear my heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart
The leaſt deſire to rove;
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I ſtrive in vain,
For ah! that hate is love.

Then aſk not words, but read my eyes,
Believe my bluſhes, truſt my ſighs,
My paſſion theſe will prove;
Words oft deceive and ſpring from art,
The true expreſſion of my heart
To Damon muſt be love.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were ſinging on each ſpray,
When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love:
Was ever ſwain ſo blythe as he,
So kind, ſo faithful, and ſo free,
In ſpite of all my friends could ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He ſweetly joins the wood-lark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blythe as Colin ſeen:
If he's but by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpriz'd I quit my home;
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love:

Full

Full well I know the gen'rous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain;
Then ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

TO pleaſe me the more, and to change the dull ſcene,
My ſwain took me oft to the ſports on the green;
And to ev'ry fine ſight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd leſt my heart ſhould grow weary of home.

To yield to my ſhepherd, ſo fond and ſo kind,
I left my dear cot and true pleaſures behind;
And oft as I went ſaw 'twas folly to roam,
For falſe all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,
I ſigh'd for no ſwain with my own in my ſight;
Then how could I wiſh all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too long,
I'm bleſt as I can be, and ſing my glad ſong;
I aſk not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor chuſe to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye ſhepherds, ſo frolic and gay,
Who in roving now flutter your moments away;
Believe it, my aim ſhall be never to roam,
But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

SINCE

SINCE they trac'd me alone with a ſwain to the grove,
Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love;
With a laugh they point at us as paſſing along,
And Colin and Nell are their jeſt and their ſong.

Suſpicion long whiſper'd it over the green,
But Scandal now tells what ſhe never has ſeen;
Wherever we wander, yet faſter ſhe flies,
What we do, or we ſay ſhe reflects with her lies.

How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted bow'rs;
How we toy and we kiſs at the ſweet gilded hours:
All this, and yet more, if ſhe will ſhe may name,
For we meet without crime, and we part without ſhame.

I own that I love him, he's ſo to my mind,
And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind;
I ſtill will love on till our fate's to be bleſt,
And the talk may be louder it ſha'nt break our reſt.

Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ,
And envy do all to embitter our joy;
The time that is coming ſhall ſoften the paſt,
And crown the gay nymph and her Colin at laſt.

HOW blithe was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I was with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
The fleecy flock ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we ſpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
Oh, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart; cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
Hard fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
Oh, the broom, &c.

TO thee, O gentle ſleep, alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd ſhown,
By thee our ſorrows ceaſe.

The nymph whoſe hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bleſs'd.

Oh,

Oh, ſtay! Arpaſia bids thee ſtay,
The ſadly weeping fair
Conjures thee not to loſe, in day,
The object of her care.

To graſp whoſe pleaſing form ſhe ſought,
That motion chas'd her ſleep:
Thus by ourſelves are oftneſt wrought,
The griefs for which we weep.

WHEN lovers for favours petition,
Oh! then they approach with reſpect;
But when in our hearts they've admiſſion,
They treat us with ſcorn and neglect.
'Tis dangerous ever to try them,
So artful are men to deceive;
'Tis ſafer, much ſafer to fly them,
So eaſy are maids to believe.

O Cupid! why art thou purſuing
Such endleſs deſigns on my heart,
To make me ſo fond of my ruin,
And doat on the cauſe of my ſmart?
In vain do I ſtrive to remove him;
Affliction to reaſon is blind;
In ſpite of his failings I love him;
He's charming, tho' falſe and unkind.

GENTLE youth, oh! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly;
Ceaſe, oh! ceaſe to perſevere,
Speak not what I muſt not hear;
To my heart its eaſe reſtore,
Go, and never ſee me more.

THE ſpring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r
To bloſſom again on the mead or the bow'r;
Tho' ſports on the plain the young ſhepherds prepare,
To me they're unpleaſing if Jockey's not there.
Tho' ſports, &c.

Let winter its horrors ſpread wide o'er the ſcene,
And nought but its gloom on each object be ſeen;
To me e'en a deſart ſeems lovely and fair,
If fortune decrees that my Jockey is there.
Tho' ſports, &c.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
From am'rous looks and ſmiles;
And ſhield me, in my gayer hours,
From love's deſtructive wiles:
In vain let ſighs and melting tears
Employ their moving art,
Nor may deluſive oaths and pray'rs
E'er triumph in my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys
May envy ne'er moleſt,
Nor let ambitious thoughts ariſe
Within my peaceful breaſt;
Yet may there ſuch a decent ſtate,
Such unaffected pride,
As love and awe at once create,
My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praiſe,
Each wanton art diſplay,
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
And ſigh their ſouls away:
Far other dictates I purſue,
(My bliſs in virtue plac'd)
And ſeek to pleaſe the wiſer few,
Who real worth can taſte.

TOO

TOO late for redreſs, and too ſoon for my eaſe,
I ſaw you, I lov'd, and I wiſh'd I could pleaſe;
Reflection ſtood ſtill, while I fancy'd your eyes
Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my ſighs:
Thus cheated by hope I unheeded went on,
And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own:
Deluſive fond hope ſeem'd, alas! to perſuade,
That friendſhip, that kindneſs, with love was repaid.

But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguiſh I find
Words and looks prove but civil, which once I thought kind;
Idea no longer its ſuccour will lend,
To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend:
Then huſh my poor heart, and no longer complain,
Thy honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain;
Thy thoughts ſwell to crimes; drive this love from thy breaſt,
Perform well thy duty, let fate do the reſt.

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air;
And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair:
No vanity ſways him, no folly is ſeen;
But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illumin'd his actions appear;
His paſſions are calm, and his judgment is clear:
Soft love ſits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes;
He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wiſe:

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous and gay;
And his voice can, like muſic, drive ſorrow away:
An amiable ſoftneſs ſtill dwells on his ſpeech;
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
And his heart is too honeſt to let him deceive:
Then blame me, ye virgins, if juſtly ye can;
Since merit and fondneſs diſtinguiſh the man.

CEASE, gay ſeducers, pride to take
In triumphs o'er the fair,
Since clowns as well can act the rake
As thoſe in higher ſphere.

Where then, to ſhun a ſhameful fate,
Shall hapleſs beauty go?
In ev'ry ſtation, ev'ry ſtate,
Poor woman finds a foe.

HOW bleſt the maid whoſe boſom
No headſtrong paſſion knows!
Her days in joy ſhe paſſes,
Her nights in ſoft repoſe:
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleaſure
Without meaſure
From ev'ry object flows.

YE verdant woods, ye chryſtal ſtreams,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide
I ſhar'd the ſun's refreſhing beams,
While Jockey was my guide.

No more your ſhades or murmurs pleaſe
Poor Sylvia's love-ſick mind;
No rural ſcenes can give me eaſe,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

Come,

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the ſky
With clouds of darkeſt hue;
Wither, ye plants; ye flow'rets die,
Unchear'd with balmy dew.

Ye wildly warbling birds, no more
Your ſongs can ſoothe my mind;
My hours of joy, alas! are o'er,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

I'll hie me to ſome dreary grove,
For ſighing ſorrow made,
Where nought but plaintive ſtrains of love
Reſound thro' ev'ry ſhade.

Where the ſad turtle's melting grief,
With Philomela's join'd,
Alone ſhall yield my heart relief,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,
And ſhun the ſoft deceit;
Tho' Love's own eloquence perſuades,
'Tis all a dangerous cheat.

Fly, quickly fly, the faithleſs ſwain,
His baffled arts deſpiſe;
So ſhall you live exempt from pain,
While hapleſs Sylvia dies.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him eaſe;
When his paſſion we diſcover,
Oh, how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!

The bliſs returns, and we receive
Tranſports greater than we give. [Da Capo.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And ſo ſhall be my voice;
No mortal man ſhall wed with me,
Till firſt he's made my choice.

Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws,
And children ſtill obey;
And is there then no ſaving clauſe
Againſt tyrannic ſway.

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Diſpel theſe gloomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh! ſend ſome chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a ſecret friendly ſhade,
The penſive Cælia mourn'd;
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

When, ſudden, Damon's well-known face
Each riſing fear diſarms;
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

GENTLE Damon ceaſe to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus purſue me,
Sighs and tears cannot ſubdue me,
Nor can change my conſtant heart.

Young

Young Philander's generous paſſion
Taught me firſt ſoft inclination;
Never ſhall your ſly perſuaſion
Make me act a treacherous part.
Gentle Damon ceaſe, &c.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, then, this complaining,
Such perfidious arts diſdaining;
Let bright honour, once more reigning,
To your ſoul its rays impart.
Gentle Damon ceaſe, &c.

LET the nymph ſtill avoid and be deaf to the ſwain,
Who in tranſports of paſſion affects to complain;
For his rage, nor his love, in his phrenzy is ſhown,
And the blaſt that blows loudeſt is ſoon over-blown.

But the ſhepherd, whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will ſubmiſſive adore, and rejoice in thy ſmart;
Or in plaintive ſoft murmurs his boſom-felt woe,
Like the ſmooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

Tho' ſilent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your ſway with a tribute of ſighs;
But when he accoſts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is ſo tender, he cooes like a dove.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like me?
So wanton, ſo airy, and briſk as a bee;
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be ſure I was there.

To all that came near I had ſomething to ſay;
'Twas this, Sir, and that, Sir, but ſcarce ever nay;

And Sundays, dreſs'd out in my ſilk and my lace,
I warrant I ſtood by the beſt in the place.

At twenty I got me a huſband, poor man!
Well reſt him; we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was ſo peeviſh, he'd quarrel for ſtraws,
And jealous, tho' truly I gave him ſome cauſe.

He ſnubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone;
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:
Ye wives take the hint, and when ſpouſe is untow'rd,
Stand firm to your charter, and have the laſt word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, and more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty ſummers ago:
This Time's a ſore foe; there's no ſhunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be ſitting mum-chance;
I ſtill love a tune, tho' unable to dance;
And, books of devotion laid by on my ſhelf,
I teach that to others I once did myſelf.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did ſorrow feel;
With joy I roſe to milk my cow,
Or take my ſpinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I ſung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the ſilly, ſilly fool,
That truſts what man may be!
I wiſh I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

T'OTHER

T'OTHER day, as I ſat in the ſycamore ſhade,
Young Damon came whiſtling along;
I trembled, I bluſh'd—a poor innocent maid,
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:
Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! what a flutter is here!
Young Damon deſigns you no ill;
The ſhepherd's ſo civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prithee, fond urchin, lie ſtill.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiſs he demanded, no more;
But urg'd the ſoft preſſure with ardour ſo ſweet,
I could not begrudge him a ſcore:
My lambkins I've kiſs'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart to rebound,
Nor would the fond urchin lie ſtill.

When the ſun blazes fierce, to the ſycamore ſhade
For ſhelter I'm ſure to repair;
And virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
Altho' the dear ſhepherd be there:
At ev'ry fond kiſs that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There's ſomething ſo ſweet in the buſtle it makes,
I'll die e'er I bid it lie ſtill.

LORD! Sir, you ſeem mighty uneaſy,
But I the refuſal can bear;
I warrant I ſhall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of deſpair.

If ſo you ſuppoſe, you're miſtaken;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not ſuch a maiden forſaken,
But I have two ſtrings to my bow.

SAY, little fooliſh, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and ſing
Your miſtreſs to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you ſhall not go.
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half ſo happy as with me.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all batchelors, greeting, theſe lines are premis'd.
I'm a maid that would marry; ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.
I care not for fortune, &c.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of faſhion and dreſs;
Nor the 'ſquire, who can reliſh no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no mortal can bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd ſot, who topes world without end;
Nor the drone who can't reliſh his bottle and friend;
Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's unkind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

Not the rich, with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Nor the flaſh that's all fury, without any ſpirit;
Nor the fine maſter fribble, the ſcorn of mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

But

But the youth whom good-ſenſe and good-nature
inſpire;
Whom the brave muſt eſteem, and the fair ſhould
admire;
In whoſe heart love and truth are with honour
conjoin'd;
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.
This, this, &c.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch he,
Ere on ſuch terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I aſk not wealth)
Grant me but innocence and health;
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
In chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan:
To doleful ſhades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love;
Where poor forſaken nymphs are ſeen
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such ſoft perſuaſive language hung,
That when his words had ſilence broke,
You would have thought an angel ſpoke.
Too happy nymph, whoe'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my coſt,
She's found the heart that I have loſt.

Beneath

Beneath the faireſt flow'r on earth,
A ſnake may hide, or take it's birth;
So his falſe breaſt conceal it did
His heart the ſnake that there lay hid.
'Tis falſe to ſay we happy are,
Since men delight thus to enſnare;
In man no woman can be bleſt,
Their vows are wind, their love a jeſt.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my Damon, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my ſpring of joy:
But whilſt I'm begging of the bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer this;
When Damon has enjoy'd he flies,
Who ſees him loves, who loves him dies.

WHEN late a ſimple ruſtic laſs,
I rov'd without conſtraint,
A ſtream was all my looking glaſs,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boaſt, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
As vice ne'er ſpoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

IN all mankind's promiſcuous race,
The ſons of error urge their chace,
The wond'rous to purſue;
And both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit, and clown,
Solicit ſomething new.

The

The poets ſtill from nature take,
And what is ready made they make,
  Hiſtorians muſt be true;
How therefore ſhall we find a road,
Thro' diſſertation, ſong, or ode,
  To give you ſomething new.

They ſay virginity is ſcarce,
As any thing in proſe or verſe,
  And ſo is honour too;
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
  And pay for ſomething new.

We ſee alike the woeful dearth,
In melancholy, or in mirth,
  Then what ſhall ladies do;
Seek virtue as th' immortal prize,
In fine, be honeſt and be wiſe,
  For that is ſomething new.

SIMPLE Strephon, ceaſe complaining,
Talk no more of fooliſh love;
Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
  Think not all you ſay can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
  Thrice ten thouſand ſlaves a day;
Thrice ten thouſand times your betters
  Gladly would my rule obey.
    Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who ſtill forbids you,
  To ſome other tell your moan;
Chuſe where'er your fancy leads you,
  Let Chlorinda but alone.
    Simple Strephon, &c.

WHILE

WHILE on my Colin's knee I ſit,
Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true meaſure beats,
And gladly ev'ry ſigh repeats;
I ſigh with joy, that thou may'ſt ſee
I ſympathize in all—in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,
Or whether you or I firſt ſpoke;
Who only barter love for love,
The niceneſs of the paſſion prove:
For oft in gratitude we give,
And ſometimes generouſly receive.

Level'd by love, let neither try
To fix ſuperiority;
Since all the kind, the fond conteſt,
Of whether you or I love beſt,
Like heedleſs touching a wrong key,
But jars the ſound of harmony.

BY my ſighs you may diſcover
What ſoft wiſhes touch my heart;
Eyes may ſpeak and tell each other
What the tongue cannot impart.

Bluſhing ſhame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breaſt may diſapprove;
But 'tis hard and paſt concealing,
When we truly, fondly love. [Da Capo.

TELL me, laſſes, have you ſeen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
Beauty's ſon, a little boy,
Full of frolic, mirth and joy?

If

If you know his ſhelter ſay,
He's from Venus gone aſtray?
Tell me, laſſes, have you ſeen,
Such a one trip o'er the green?

By his marks the god you'll know,
O'er his ſhoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poiſon ſure to human hearts;
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found,
While the boſom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains;
Reaſon's ſhield itſelf is broke
By the unſuſpected ſtroke.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

Oft the urchin's ſeen to lie
Baſking in the ſunny eye,
Or his deſtin'd prey he ſeeks
On the maiden's roſy cheeks;
Snowy breaſts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleaſing ſnare.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

She that the recefs reveals
Where the god himſelf conceals,
Shall a kiſs receive this night
From him who is her heart's delight;
To Venus let her bring the boy,
She ſhall taſte love's ſweeteſt joy.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

WHEN courted by Strephon, what pains then he took,
Each day on my charms to refine;
So much of an angel he ſaw in my look,
That he ſwore I was ſomething divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait,
Like Pallas moſt wonderful wiſe;
And thus of three deities fairly in prate,
He purloin'd, to pleaſe me, the ſkies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found
To make me a woman again;
My notions celeſtial ſo much did abound,
That a goddeſs I ſtill would remain.

But finding that his adoration would ceaſe,
My ſenſes at laſt were reſtor'd;
From ſublimity gently deſcending to peace,
I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you prize,
Nor too much her beauty commend;
When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the ſkies,
To the earth ſhe'll not eaſy deſcend.

MY Jockey is the blitheſt lad
That ever maiden woo'd;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow;
Then tunes his pipe, and ſings ſo ſweet,
I have no pow'r to go.

All

All other laſſes he forſakes,
And flies to me alone;
At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
I hear them making moan:
He buys me toys, and ſweetmeats too,
And ribbands for my hair;
No ſwain was ever half ſo true,
Or half ſo kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear
If Jockey is but by,
For I alone am all his care
When any danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitſunday,
And make me bleſt for life;
Can I refuſe, ye maidens, ſay,
To be young Jockey's wife?

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,
To life wake my fond drooping breaſt;
Who can bear all this fever of day,
And taſte either pleaſure or reſt?
Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,
And hie to the ſtreams, and to ſweet ſhady bowers.

The toils of the field are all o'er;
The ſhepherd and ſheep all retreat;
They think of their paſture no more,
But crowd to their ſhelter from heat.
All panting, &c.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,
Where Sol cannot peep with a ray;
Along woodbines and myrtles I'd rove,
Alone wear the moments away.
Then panting, &c.

Then

Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh!
Thy ſight I'm not able to bear,
In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
If love and thou follow me here.
Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain, and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the graceful mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie,

O my bonny highland laddie,
My handſome charming highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward,
The lowland laſs and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt lowland lady,
I'd take young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue and belted pladie.
O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end
While heaven preſerves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
Becauſe I young Colin approve:
Tho' witty and manly they him can't abide,
But I'm alone guided by love.

My

My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
No doubt but purſu'd the ſame plan;
My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
At once to make ſure of her man.

And why ſhould not I the ſame maxim purſue?
I wonder ſhe angry can be,
When I in my turn the ſame thing but do,
As ſhe has long done before me.
But firſt when the ſhepherd my favour addreſs'd,
Like others I threw o'er a veil,
He'd ſigh, and he'd kiſs, when ſo cloſely he preſs'd,
I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
I've all I can wiſh in my view;
Nor will I, like other coy maids, piſh and fie,
The deuce ſhall take me if I do.
Cool ſtreams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
Such pleaſure they each cannot gain,
As Colin's lov'd preſence is always to me,
For ſure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he ſhould ſhow all the arts of his ſex,
Or faithleſs as others might prove,
It would not my mind by half ſo perplex,
But knowing none elſe worth my love.
That thought I will baniſh, lay fifty to ten
The licence he ſoon will procure;
Perhaps you will ſay, well, and prithee what then?
I'll wed him, my dear, to be ſure.

THO' ſtill ſo young, and ſcarce fifteen,
Yet ſweethearts I have plenty;
And if more forward I had been,
Ere this they had been twenty.

Like buzzing flies, or wasps with stings,
In swarms they hover round me;
I brush away those humming things,
They have no power to wound me.

I surely am not much to blame
To sport with one and t'other,
My lovers raise no reddish shame,
'Tis playing with one's brother.
I like to hear what each can say,
To see what they'd be doing;
And when they think me most their prey,
I'm fartheſt off from ruin.

What, tho' in crowds I pass the day,
And all my joy is teazing,
To one alone I'd not be gay,
Lest one should be too pleasing.
They fondly flutter here and there,
And take their idle station;
They only catch my eye and ear,
But raise no palpitation.

Then welcome Harry, Tom, and Phil,
Your numbers won't alarm me,
For, trust me, I'm in safety still,
'Tis only one can harm me.
Then to this folly, nymphs, be kind,
Coquetting's but a season;
When older grown, to one resign'd,
I'll yield to love and reason.

NO woman her envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her charms;
If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.

New

New conquefts ſhe ſtill muſt be making,
Or fancies her power grows leſs;
Her poor little heart is ſtill aching
At ſight of another's ſucceſs.

But nature deſign'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties ſhou'd move,
Sill pleas'd to ordain, none ever ſhould reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.
Then learn to be wiſe, new triumphs deſpiſe,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot pleaſe, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me,
Will you prove yourſelf forſworn?
Can, ah! can you thus deceive me,
Can you treat my love with ſcorn?
O! behold your Chloe pleading,
Turn and ſee your once lov'd maid;
Let ſoft pity interceding,
Eaſe a heart your vows betray'd.
Muſt I hopeleſs pine and languiſh,
Frenzy ſeize my tortur'd brain?
See, he triumphs in my anguiſh,
See, he glories in my pain.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
Let hopes thy fear remove;
Preſerve thy faith and truth,
But never doubt my love.

FLY, ſoft ideas, fly, that neither tears nor ſighs
My virtue may betray:
Nature's great call, that govern's all,
A daughter muſt obey.
Alas! my ſoul denies to hear revenge's cries;
Dare not, fond heart, to take his part,
But drive his form away.

YOU tell me I'm handſome (I know not how true)
And eaſy and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
That my lips are as red as the roſe-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, ſweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before;
But he that would win me muſt flatter me more;
But he that would win me muſt flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receives no ſupply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My eaſe and good-humour ſoft raptures will bring,
My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a ſpring:
For charms ſuch as theſe then your praiſes give o'er,
To love me for life, you muſt ſtill love me more;
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a ſhape, or an air;
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as ſunſhine the day:
For if that you love me, your flame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too;
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conqueſt I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error ceaſe to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did firſt create:
What was my pride is now my ſhame,
And muſt be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakneſs of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

WOULD you wiſh to gain a lover,
You ſhould all your hopes conceal;
Men, inconſtant, will diſcover
What too oft our ſex reveal.

Virtue teaches wiſe diſcretion,
Fickle men are full of arts;
By a thoughtleſs fond confeſſion,
They ſeduce and ſteal our hearts.
Would you wiſh, &c.

Shun, O ſhun, then, ſoft perſuaſion,
Let not tears your paſſion move;
But embrace the firſt occaſion,
When convinc'd they truly love.
Would you wiſh, &c.

AH! Strephon, what can mean the joy,
The eager joy I prove,
While you each tender heart employ
To win my ſoul to love?

So well your paſſion you reveal,
So top the lover's part,
That I with bluſhes own, I feel
A rebel in my heart.

Then take the heart that pines to go,
  But ſee it kindly us'd;
For who ſuch preſents will beſtow,
  If this ſhould be abus'd?

THE fields now are looking ſo gay,
  The birds are all warbling ſo ſweet;
'Tis the welcome return of the May,
  And the cowſlip now ſprings at my feet:
But, all on a ſudden, I find,
  Theſe ſcenes, tho' ſo lovely, will cloy;
For a moment they gladden my mind,
  And put all my heart into joy.

How ſoon the enchantment can break!
  With Colin theſe ſcenes would endear;
They only can pleaſe for his ſake,
  And Colin no longer is here.
At mid-day thus lonely I rove,
  And think all is dulneſs around;
By moon-light, with Colin and love,
  Light-hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.

Oh! Colin, make haſte to appear,
  Or to morrow I fly from the plain;
Tho' ſpring-time could laſt all the year,
  The ſeaſon would give me but pain:
Since all the warm ſunſhine of May
  Is nothing if thou art not nigh,
Oh! come, and make nature look gay,
  Or fields, birds and woodlands, good by.

I Do as I will with my ſwain,
He never once thinks I am wrong;
He likes none ſo well on the plain,
I pleaſe him ſo well with my ſong.
A ſong is the ſhepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day;
He's ſorry when comes the dull night,
That haſtens the end of my lay.

With ſpleen and with care once oppreſt,
He aſk'd me to ſooth him the while;
My voice ſet his mind ſoon to reſt,
And the ſhepherd would inſtantly ſmile.
Since when, or in mead or in grove,
By his flocks, or the clear river's ſide,
I ſing my beſt ſong to my love,
And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
No treaſures of nature or art;
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear
Soon found out the way to his heart.
To try if that voice would not pleaſe,
He took me to join the gay throng
I bore the rich prize off with eaſe,
And my fame's gone abroad with my ſong.

But let me not jealouſy raiſe,
I wiſh to enchant but my ſwain;
Enough then for me is his praiſe,
I ſing but for him the lov'd ſtrain.
When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,
And your ſhepherds elude all your ſkill,
Your ſweetneſs of voice may prevail,
And gain all your ſwains to your will.

TELL me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this miſchief firſt befel me,
In a moment ſo to quell me?
He but woo'd and I was won;
Ev'ry kind expreſſion charm'd me,
Ev'ry tender look alarm'd me,
Ev'ry gentle ſigh diſarm'd me,
'Till I lov'd but him alone.

Let me then, on love relying,
Make a merit of complying,
For him happineſs denying,
I, alas! refuſe my own:
Tell me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this miſchief firſt befel me,
In a moment ſo to quell me?
He but woo'd and I was one.

YOUNG Colin to our cottage came,
And vow'd how much he lov'd;
I own I felt a ſecret flame,
Yet not his ſuit approv'd:
A thouſand tender tales he told
I ſeem'd to think untrue,
And made believe my heart was cold;
What could a virgin do?
And made believe, &c.

The artleſs mind is ſo impreſs'd
With thoughts before unknown,
When Cupid wounds the female breaſt,
He's ſure to keep his throne.
In vain our fortitude we try,
When love's reſolv'd to ſue;
'Tis hard, thro' pity, to deny;
What can a virgin do?

LET not rage, thy boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter claim remove,
Spare a heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought ſuſpending,
Judge of mine by thy ſoft breaſt;
Nor with rancor never ending,
Heap freſh ſorrows on th' oppreſt.
Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has croſs'd,
Ne'er my wretched ſtate can mend;
I, alas! at once have loſt
Father, brother, lover, friend.
Let not rage, &c.

AH! ſeek to know what place detains
The object of my care,
If ſtill his breaſt unchang'd remains,
If I his converſe ſhare.
Tell me if e'er he gently ſighs
At mention of my name;
If e'er, when tender paſſions riſe,
His lips his truth proclaim.

IN the bloom of her youth ſhall it ever be ſaid,
A laſs ſo engaging e'er dy'd an old maid;
No, no, I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
For wedlock I'm told's an agreeable ſtate:
Of lovers I'm ſure I've at leaſt half a ſcore,
Who own that they love me, and ſigh and adore;
There's coxcombs and fribbles, and ſmart killing beaux,
But I needs muſt confeſs that I like none of thoſe.

As women are ever deſirous to rule,
Some want to perſuade me to marry a fool;
But as this is a pow'r I ne'er mean to uſe,
I'll tell you what ſort of a man I would chuſe:
A true gen'rous Briton, bold, hearty, and kind,
Is the partner I wiſh for, and ſeek for to find;
If I'm but ſo lucky to get ſuch a mate,
Then wedlock muſt needs prove a moſt happy ſtate.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
Send to me the ſwain I love;
Cupid, with thy bow direct me,
Help me all ye powers above:
Bear him my ſighs, ye gentle breeze,
Tell him I love and I deſpair;
Tell him, for him I grieve;
Say, 'tis for him I live;
O may the ſhepherd be ſincere.

Thro' the ſhady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
Firſt Leander bleſs'd my ſight:
Witneſs ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes repeat the vows he ſwore;
Can he forget me,
Will he forget me,
Shall I never ſee him more.

Does he love and yet forſake me,
To admire a nymph more fair;
If 'tis ſo I'll wear the willow,
And eſteem the happy pair:

Some

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life purſue;
The lark and Philomel,
Only ſhall hear me tell,
What makes me bid the world adieu.

VOWS of love ſhould ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They muſt have a ſavage mind
Who refuſe the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from conſtancy do ſwerve:
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All ſuch faithleſs ſwains to ſerve.

WHEN tutor'd under mama's care,
Such charms did I inherit;
She gave ſtrict charge, that none ſhould dare
To curb my growing ſpirit.
My neck and breaſts were never hid,
Romances ever reading;
To hold my head up I was bid,
That I might ſhew my breeding.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,
Affected joy and ſorrow;
And what to-day was monſtrous rude,
I thought polite to-morrow.
By earls and dukes I was addreſs'd,
Each fop ſure of ſucceeding;
Of ev'ry one I made a jeſt,
That I might ſhew my breeding.

Young Damon too confeſs'd a flame,
And rivals I had many;
What though I us'd him juſt the ſame,
I lik'd him beſt of any.
With ſighs and tears he often ſwore,
For me his heart was bleeding;
I only plagu'd him ſtill the more,
That I might ſhew my breeding.

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,
And fly to ſmiling Kitty;
I could not bear to meet diſdain
From one not half ſo pretty.
With gentler words I bid him ſtay,
For pardon fell to pleading:
To church we went, and from that day
I ſhew'd him better breeding.

SHEPHERDS, ceaſe your ſoft complaining,
I've a heart that ſcorns diſdaining;
I no baſhful meanings want,
All that virtue aſks I'll grant;
Down-caſt looks, and frequent ſighing,
Diſtant awe, and vows of dying,
All are ſenſeleſs. Who'd believe
He would die who ſtill may live?

AH! where can one find a true ſwain,
In whom a young nymph could confide;
Men are now ſo conceited and vain,
They no longer have hearts to divide.
Or in court, or in city, or town,
All acknowledge how fruitleſs the ſearch;
So polite too each village is grown,
E'en there girls are left in the lurch.

Then

Then adieu to the thraldom of love,
Adieu to its hope and its fear!
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
Who like it the willow may wear:
Yet ſhould fortune, my truth to reward,
Send ſome youth with each talent to bleſs,
How far I my purpoſe could guard,
Is a ſecret I could not confeſs.

WHERE's my ſwain ſo blythe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in ſorrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you ſaid you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks ſo bonny;
Love has flying wings, I well know—
Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a-doing?
Is he with the laſſes maying?
He had better here been wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer ſorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me ſo to-morrow.

Does ſome fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myſelf to chide thee,
Nor diſpute with her a feature:
But I can't, nor will I tarry,
Nor will hurt myſelf with ſorrow;
I may loſe the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, ſhepherd, thus to brave me;
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't, another'll have me;
I may coo', but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forſake ye,
Whine not in deſpair and ſorrow;
Bleſs'd another lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SURE a laſs in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er ſo diſtreſs'd as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me, ſhe'll have me a nun.
But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl ſuch as I
Should be ſentenc'd to pray, and to faſt, and to cry;
With ways ſo devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun.
And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promiſe, and ſwear,
Is a thouſand times better to me I declare;
I can keep myſelf chaſte, nor by wiles be undone,
Nay, beſides I'm too handſome, I think, for a nun.
Nay, beſides, &c.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be ſent to—one cannot tell where;
To live or to die in this caſe were all one,
Nay, I ſooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.
Nay, I ſooner, &c.

Perhaps but to teaze me ſhe threatens me ſo,
I'm ſure were ſhe me ſhe would ſtoutly ſay no;
But if ſhe's in carneſt I from her will run,
And be marry'd in ſpite, that I may'nt be a nun.
And be marry'd, &c.

I Saw what ſeem'd a harmleſs child,
With wings and bow,
And aſpect mild,
Who ſobb'd, and ſigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would ſome boon beſtow
On a poor little boy ſtone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too ſoon I comply'd,
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver a dart;
My pow'r you ſoon ſhall know,
Then levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

WHILE on earth's ſoft lap deſcending,
Lightly falls the feather'd ſnow,
Nature awfully attending,
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears,
Soon the fickle ſeaſon veering,
Her deluded boſom bears.

Thus my fooliſh heart believing,
Liſten'd to his artful tongue;
All his vows of love receiving,
On each flatt'ring accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, miſtaken,
Love and joy conceal'd my fate,
Now, alas! at length forſaken,
Sad experience comes too late.

YOUNG Colin proteſts I'm his joy and delight,
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his ſight;
He wants to be with me wherever I go,
The deuce ſure is in him for plaguing me ſo.

His pleaſure all day is to ſit by my ſide,
He pipes and he ſings, tho' I frown and I chide;
I bid him depart, but he ſmiling ſays no,
The deuce ſure is in him for plaguing me ſo.

He often requeſts me his flame to relieve,
I aſk him what favour he hopes to receive;
His anſwer's a ſigh, while in bluſhes I glow,
What mortal beſide him would plague a maid ſo.

This breaſt-knot he yeſterday brought from the wake,
And ſoftly intreated I'd wear for his ſake;
Such trifles 'tis eaſy enough to beſtow,
I ſure deſerve more for his plaguing me ſo.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
And meets me each morn to conduct me again;
But what's his intention I wiſh I could know,
For I'd rather be married than plagu'd with him ſo.

SINCE loſt to peace of mind ſerene,
I drag my chain in fruitleſs hope,
I'll court each melancholy ſcene,
And give my ſorrows their full ſcope;
My lovely, ſprightly, gallant tar,
Who ſports with fierce deſtructive war,
Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy dancing caſtle rides
Upon the boſom of the deep,
The ſtormy winds and waves abides,
And navigation bids thee ſleep;

But

But balmy ſleep and downy reſt
Shall fly the tempeſt in thy breaſt,
When jealous fears, like mine, ſhall prove
The truth of my dear ſailor's love.

Hope, doubt and fear, and winds and waves,
More dreadful to the love-toſs'd mind
Than thoſe the ſkilful ſeamen braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind:
Th' adventurous maid, embark'd like me,
That ſails on ſuch a troubled ſea,
The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
And in its depths would ſeek retreat.

Yet, O be ſtill, my frantic brain,
Let reaſon whiſper to my fears,
My ſailor may return again,
Crown'd with ſucceſs to dry my tears;
When fame, and all her gaudy charms,
Shall yield him to my longing arms,
And one bleſs'd hour together blend
The lover, hero, huſband, friend.

CHORUS.

Britannia, hail thou mighty queen!
The ſtrengh, the power, the ſeas are thine,
Long may thy power on juſtice lean,
To be preſerv'd they muſt combine;
To courage ſingly ne'er reſort,
For virtue is thy true ſupport,
'Tis that alone can ſtrength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

WAS I a ſhepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of ſheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or

Or would ſome bird, that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and ſcold,
My guardian ſtrive my will to hold:
Their words are harſh, his walls are high,
But ſpite of all away I'd fly.

MY ſhepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
While in ſorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in bloſſom, and ſweet blows the thorn;
No pleaſure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can pleaſe now my Jockey's away;
Forlorn I ſit ſinging, and this is my ſtrain,
Haſte, haſte, to my arms, my dear Jockey, again.
Haſte, haſte, &c.

When lads and their laſſes are on the green met,
They dance and they ſing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment ſee:
Thoſe pleaſures offend me, my ſhepherd's not there,
No pleaſure I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare;
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain,
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haſte:
Then farewel each care, adieu each vain ſigh!
Who'll then be ſo bleſt, or ſo happy as I?
I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

WHEN

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
I, Flora, reaſſume my reign;
Borne on the wings of balmy May,
I come to paint the woods and plain:
Ambroſial ſweets I have in ſtore,
The cowſlip, violet, roſe appear;
The nymphs and ſwains my power adore,
And wiſh my preſence all the year;
Enrich'd by me, the grateful throng,
All dreſt with flow'rs and garlands gay,
With feſtive pipe, and dance and ſong,
Now keep their much-lov'd Flora's day.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps, they are twain,
Since Thyrſis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,
To hear a ſoft tale, or to ſing him a ſong;
To hear a ſoft tale, *&c.*

What at firſt was but friendſhip ſoon grew to a flame;
In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the ſame:
From each other our paſſion we ſought not to hide;
But who ſhould love moſt was our conteſt and pride;
But who ſhould love moſt, *&c.*

But prudence ſoon whiſper'd us, "Love not too "well,
"For envy has eyes and a tongue that will tell;
"And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its "ſide,
"The grave ones will ſcorn, and a mother muſt "chide;
"The grave ones, *&c.* Afraid

Afraid of rebukes, he his viſits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
Or to tarry, with patience, a ſeaſon more kind:
So I put the dear ſhepherd quite out of my mind;
So I put the dear, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all cenſure, and will be repaid:
If we ſigh for each other, ah! quit not your care;
Condemn the god Cupid, but bleſs the fond pair;
Condemn the god Cupid, but bleſs the fond pair.

LET other Damon's praiſe rehearſe,
Or Colin's at their will;
I mean to ſing, in ruſtic verſe,
Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I ſat beneath a ſhade,
Beſide a purling rill;
Who ſhould my ſolitude invade,
But Strephon of the hill?

He tapt my ſhoulder, ſnatch'd a kiſs,
I could not take it ill;
For nothing, ſure, is done amiſs
By Strephon of the hill.

Obſerve the doves on yonder ſpray,
See how they ſit and bill;
So ſweet your time ſhall paſs away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious ſtill!
May ev'ry nymph be bleſt, like me,
With Strephon of the hill.

FROM

FROM the man that I love, tho' my heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.
And if he has ſenſe, &c.

A wit without ſenſe, without fury a beau;
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gaſcoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falſhood a fox;
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as a hog;
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take a hint from the picture I draw.
Yet if he has ſenſe, &c.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſt:
The morning bud that faireſt blows,
The vernal oak that ſtraiteſt grows,
His face and ſhape expreſt.

In moving ſounds he told his tale,
Soft as the ſighings of the gale,
That wakes the flow'ry year:

What wonder he could charm with eaſe,
Whom happy nature form'd to pleaſe,
Whom love had made ſincere?

At morn he left me—fought and fell;
The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed:
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall;
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recall,
No cries awake the dead.

THAT May-day of life is for pleaſure,
For ſinging, for dancing, and ſhow;
Then why will you waſte ſuch a treaſure
In ſighing and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette it as ſhe does,
And never ſit crying—heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It ſometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all your toying is over,
We cannot help crying—heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
I find to my ſorrow 'tis ſo:
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigho!

CUPID, god of ſoft perſuaſion,
Take a helpleſs lover's part:
Seize, oh ſeize ſome kind occaſion
To reward a faithful heart.

Juſtly

Juſtly thoſe we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Thoſe who would enſlave the mind.
Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to reſt;
Childiſh mummery at beſt.
Happy I in humble ſtate!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of, &c.

O What a change in my fortune is this!
See, ſee the ſequel of being a Miſs;
I who was lately in ſplendor and pride,
Now to a block in Bridewell am ty'd:
Fool that I was, if my virtue I'd kept,
Poor and contented, in peace I had ſlept.
Ladies of pleaſure, beware from my fall,
Leſt you, like poor Kitty, ſhould come to mill-doll.

GENTLE ſhepherd, ſooth my ſorrow,
Kindly, kindly come to-morrow;
Let no loitering cares delay thee,
Let no other pleaſures ſtay thee.

Soon return with joy to charm me,
Come, leſt painful thoughts alarm me:
Smiling love, reſtore my rover,
Haſte, thou kind, yet cruel lover.
Gentle ſhepherd, &c.

HOW

HOW much ſuperior beauty awes,
The coldeſt boſoms find;
But with reſiſtleſs force it draws,
To ſenſe and virtue join'd.
The caſket, where, to outward ſhow,
The artiſt's hand is ſeen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a gem within.

THE ſoldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forſwears the clang of hoſtile arms,
And ſcorns the ſpear and ſhield;
But if the brazen trumpet ſound,
He burns with conqueſts to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languiſh,
If you'd have them conſtant prove;
Doubts and fears, and ſighs and anguiſh,
Are the chains that faſten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I conſented,
Soon as e'er I heard his tale,
He with conqueſt quite contented,
Boaſting, rov'd around the vale.
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on ſcornful Molly,
Who rejects him with diſdain;
Love's a ſtrange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without ſome pain.
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

'TIS

'TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the ſoul convey:
Minds poſſeſs ſuperior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the ſun true merit ſhows,
By nature warm, by nature bright;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

GENTLE breezes, waft him over
To the diſtant ſultry iſle;
Love will ſhield from harm the rover,
Fame be kind, and Fortune ſmile.

For an age you muſt not leave me,
Nor to fartheſt climates run;
Don't too ſoon of joy bereave me,
Hope muſt bring the wand'rer home.

Think of her you left behind ye,
And to tender vows be true;
Conſtant, fond, you ſtill ſhall find me,
Peace, poor heart—fond youth, adieu!

TELL me, lovely ſhepherd, where
Thou feed'ſt at noon thy fleecy care:
Direct me to the ſweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
Leſt by thy flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way:
Where reſt at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where.

IF

IF e'er I ſhould learn the ſweet leſſon of love,
Let theſe be the works of the man I approve:
No pedant, yet learn'd, nor rakehelly gay,
Nor laughing, becauſe he has nothing to ſay;
To all my ſex, ſtill obliging and free,
Yet never ſhew fondneſs to any but me;
In public preſerve the decorum that's juſt,
And ſhew in his eyes he is true to his truſt.

But when the long hours of obſervance are paſt,
And we ſweetly retreat to a welcome repaſt;
May ev'ry fond pleaſure that moment endear,
Be baniſh'd afar both diſcretion and fear:
Forgetting and ſcorning the airs of a crowd,
He may ceaſe to be formal, and I to be proud;
Till loſt in the joy, we confeſs that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be ſtedfaſtly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be properly mix'd;
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul can confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſmooth me, whoſe counſel can guide.
From ſuch a dear lover as here I deſcribe,
No danger ſhould fright me, no millions ſhould bribe;
But till I can find ſo uncommon a ſwain,
As I long have liv'd ſingle, I'll ſingle remain.

SWEET mercy is the loveliеſt flower,
That heav'n e'er planted in the mind;
The queen of virtue, whoſe ſoft power
Can e'en to godhead raiſe mankind.

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boaſt
A name that will in hiſt'ry live;
Yet he reſembles heav'n the moſt,
Whoſe godlike boſom can forgive.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous
ſwain,
My love and eſteem has attempted to gain;
With the ſame wicked arts he ſo oft had betray'd,
He thought to ſeduce one more innocent maid:
But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakneſs aware,
I baffled his ſcheme, and avoided the ſnare;
For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
When I gather'd a roſe, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I deſpis'd;
For his heart by thoſe tears, by thoſe oaths, he
diſguis'd:
What preſents he brought me I choſe to decline,
(The prodigal bounty of arts and deſign:)
He coax'd, and he flatter'd my perſon in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakneſs to gain:
Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to ſcorn;
Tho' I fancy'd the roſe, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boaſted what nymphs he had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had undone;
He ſwore that his faith ſhould inviolate be,
That his heart and thoſe fair-ones were victims to me.
I told him, thoſe victims and faith I'd deſpiſe,
And from ſuch examples would learn to be wiſe;
That I never would proſtitute virtue to ſcorn,
Or ſmell at a roſe, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer aſham'd of his guilt;
Was his paſſion on virtue, not wantoneſs, built,
Was his heart as ſincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the ſwain:
But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to truſt,
And folly to think he can ever be juſt;
So I'll ſtifle my flame, and reject him with ſcorn,
Leſt I graſp at the roſe, and be hurt by the thorn.

WHEN

WHEN tyrant love, that foe to reſt,
Deſpotic rules the virgin's breaſt;
The needle ſhe employs in vain,
To baniſh thought, to baniſh pain;
For while beneath her fingers grows,
In mimic bloom, the ſilken roſe;
The fair, by real anguiſh torn,
Feels in her heart the growing thorn.

HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill;
Deal our pleaſures unpoſſeſt;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt.

LOVE's a ſweet and ſoft muſician;
Who derives his ſkill from thee,
Plays on ev'ry diſpoſition,
Strikes the ſoul on ev'ry key.

Deep deſpair now thrums adagio,
Lively hope now ſounds coragio;
O! the raviſhing tranſition!
Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

YE nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's ſtrain
I've often liſten'd in the grove;
And can you blame me, that a ſwain
Like Colin ſhould engage my love.

Alas! could I my heart ſecure,
Unleſs to worth and merit blind;
Ah! ſay, could you yourſelves endure
To ſlight a ſwain ſo true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the ſhepherd's ſigh,
Love o'er diſcretion will prevail:
To ſhun its power in vain we try.

I Seek my ſhepherd, gone aſtray;
He left our cot the other day:
Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and ſwains,
Paſs'd the dear rebel thro' your plains?
Oh! whither, whither, muſt I roam,
To find and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the ſhaven green,
Or joys he in the mountain ſcene?
Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he ſeek the cooler ſhade?
Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way
To find her lover gone aſtray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant ſwain;
A manly ſoftneſs crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half ſo fair;
And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear!
But oh! the ſoothing poiſon ſhun,
To liſten is to be undone.

He'll ſwear no time ſhall quench his flame;
To me the perjur'd ſwore the ſame,
Too fondly loving to be wiſe,
Who gave my heart an eaſy prize;
And when he tun'd his ſyren voice,
Liſten'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now, he ſhuns the kiſs
He counted once his greateſt bliſs;
Whilſt I with fiercer paſſions burn,
And pant and die for his return.
Oh! whither, whither ſhall I rove,
Again to find my ſtraying love?

WOULD you taſte the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you:
Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round.

Round the languid herds and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks, ſleep;
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe:
All alone; yet in her arms
Your breaſt ſhall beat to love's alarms,
Till, bleſt and bleſſing, you ſhall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

LOVE aſſerts his pow'rful reign,
Like a tyrant owns his ſway;
Love, tho' ſweet, oft gives us pain,
Sometimes ſad, and ſometimes gay:

Since

Since the age of ſweet ſixteen,
When the men do moſt adore;
I to love a ſlave have been,
Kiſs'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny ſwain,
And has ſtol'n my heart away;
Still I feel an anxious pain,
If he's abſent but a day:
But whene'er the blooming boy
Comes at night upon the green,
Then my heart is fill'd with joy,
Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,
Doubts and fears diſturb my breaſt;
Should he e'er inconſtant prove,
This poor heart will ne'er have reſt;
He of late is fonder grown,
And has ſworn to love for life;
If he'll take me for his own,
I muſt be young Jockey's wife.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To reſiſt the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We muſt feel to know the ſmart.
When the ſhepherd ſwears he's dying,
And our beauties ſets to view,
Vanity, her aid ſupplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due;
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild, deceitful ſtrain;
Frowning truth our ſex diſpleaſes;
Flatt'ry never ſues in vain:

But too ſoon the happy lover
Does our tendreſt hopes deceive:
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Fooliſh woman to believe;
Fooliſh woman to believe.

WHAT med'cine can ſoften the boſom's keen ſmart?
What Lethe can baniſh the pain?
What cure can be met with, to ſoothe the fond heart
That's broke by a faithleſs young ſwain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
The ſports of the wake and the green!
When Colin is dancing, I ſay, with a ſigh,
'Twas here firſt my Damon was ſeen.

When to the pale moon the ſoft nightingales moan
In accents ſo piercing and clear;
You ſing not ſo ſweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples ſhall ſhade,
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
For there, to her coſt, was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flower,
Pageant of an idle hour;
Born juſt to bloom and fade;
Nor leſs weak, leſs vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit;
The ſhadow of a ſhade.

W.N.H. Grb. Bedf. HARDING

WHER

WHERE ſhall Delia fly for ſhelter?
In what ſecret grove or cave?
Sighs and ſonnets are ſent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave;
Tho' with prudiſh airs ſhe ſtarch her,
Still ſhe longs, and ſtill ſhe burns:
Cupid ſhoots like Hymen's archer,
Whereſoe'er the damſel turns.

Virtue, youth, good ſenſe, and beauty,
(If diſcretion guide us not)
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
Sometimes are the booby's lot:
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer;
Now ſome ſubtle mean invader
Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O diſcretion! thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand-mamas miſtake,
Stinting flame by 'bating fewel,
Always careful and awake.
Would you keep your pearls from tramplers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
Mark my ſong upon your ſamplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

YE blitheſt lads and laſſes gay,
Come liſten to my tale:
As I one ev'ning ſleeping lay
Within the flow'ry vale,
Young Strephon paſſing thro' the mead,
By chance did me eſpy,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And gently ſat down by.

The ſwain, tho' I moſt dearly priz'd,
Yet now I would not know;
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrove away to go:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And at my feet did lye;
His beating heart it thump'd ſo faſt,
I thought the lad would die.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
(The ſurer him to gain)
I bid the love-ſick ſhepherd fly,
In words of high diſdain.
He left me, never to return,
And to young Jenny flew;
While I my folly daily mourn,
For ſlighting one ſo true.

WITH the man that I love was I deſtin'd to dwell
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the moſt barren, moſt deſert, would be
More pleaſing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aſpire
To what folly eſteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliſs, where their wiſhes are plac'd.
Inſenſible creatures! 'tis all they can taſte.

CEASE a while ye winds to blow,
Ceaſe ye roaring ſtreams to flow;
Huſh'd be ev'ry other noiſe,
I want to hear my lover's voice.

Where's

Where's the brook, the rock, the tree?
Hark, a ſound—I think 'tis he!
'Tis not he: yet night comes on.
Where's my lovely wand'rer gone?

Loud I'll ſpeak, to make him hear.
'Tis I who call, my love, my dear!
The time is come. Why this delay?
Alas! my wand'rer's loſt his way.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
To chear me your harmony bring;
Unleſs, ſince my ſhepherd is gone,
You ceaſe, like poor Phillis, to ſing:
Each flower declines its ſweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry ſoft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amuſement I try
In vain to reſtore my paſt eaſe;
What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
Has now loſt the power to pleaſe:
Ye ſeaſons that brighten the grove,
Not long for your abſence we mourn;
But Strephon neglects me and love,
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the ſpring is my dear,
And ſweet as all flowers combin'd;
His ſmiles like the ſummer can chear,
Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be;
To Celia and Chloe makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

I Met in our village a ſwain t'other day:
He ſtopp'd me, and begg'd me a moment to ſtay:
Then bluſh'd, and, in language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of love, and ſome pains that he bore:
But what was his meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jeſſamin, vi'let and roſe,
He brings me, and ev'ry ſweet flower that grows;
The ſweeteſt and gayeſt he picks from the reſt,
And begs me to wear theſe fine things in my breaſt:
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young ſhepherd for ever I ſee,
Proteſting he never lov'd any but me;
He gazes with tranſport, and kiſſes me too,
And ſwears that he'll ever be conſtant and true:
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft ſee the tears ſtreaming faſt from his eyes,
And hear him, poor youth! breath a thouſand of ſighs;
He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me,
Nor ſhepherd alive ſo unhappy as he:
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear ſhepherd to me thus complain,
And ſay that my eyes are the cauſe of his pain?
Indeed, ever ſince, his ſad fate I deplore,
And I wiſh I knew how he might ſuffer no more;
I'd do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
That my heart may have eaſe—tho' I cannot tell how.

LOVELY

LOVELY, yet ungrateful ſwain,
Strive not to regain my heart;
Ev'ry tender look is vain,
Since you play'd a traitor's part.

All your oaths, and all your ſighs,
Once I fooliſhly believ'd;
But Paſtora's joyful eyes,
And your bluſhes, undeceiv'd.

Strive not to regain a heart
True in love and firm in pain,
Which (though death ſhould teach the art)
Can, when ſlighted, ſlight again.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they riſe, but to draw the freſh air;
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day, but ſing, ſaunter and ſtare;
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, at night, to the playhouſe they croud;
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud;
But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' aſſembly and ball;
And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;
For they ſtill muſt be baſted, who've nothing at all:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;
They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear;
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear;
In your holiday ſuits with your laſſes appear:
The happieſt of folks are the guileleſs and free;
And who are ſo guileleſs, ſo happy as we?

We harbour no paſſions by luxury taught;
We practiſe no arts with hypocriſy fraught:
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falſhood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and dreſt,
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

The giant Ambition we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet Chearfulneſs open our door;
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

WHEN daiſies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus ſings he:
Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus ſings he:
Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleaſing, &c.

OF all the ſwains around the Tweed,
So blithe and debonair,
Not one, it is by all agreed,
With Jockey can compare:
So gay a form, ſo juſt a mind
Before was never ſeen;
Nor e'er was ſwain to me ſo kind
As Jockey of the green.

If e'er at eve I chance to ſtray,
The fields or groves along,
Young Jockey meets me on my way,
And cheers me with a ſong;
And when I ſet on bank of Tweed,
Where rural ſports are ſeen,
None tune ſo ſweet the oaten reed,
As Jockey of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,
Of love for me alone;
And, if I but his flame approve,
He'll take me for his own:
If ſo, I'll quickly bleſs for life
The blitheſt ſwain e'er ſeen;
And be the wedded, faithful wife
Of Jockey of the green.

WELCOME ſun, and ſouthern ſhow'rs,
Harbingers of birds and flow'rs;
Farewell balls and maſquerades,
Welcome grots and cooling ſhades;
Blooming May approaches near,
The lowing of the herds we hear;
The fatt'ning lambs around us bleat,
While daiſies ſpring beneath our feet.

Birds are perch'd on ev'ry ſpray,
Warbling notes to praiſe the day;
A thouſand herbs their fragrance yield,
And cowſlips cover all the field;
Sure 'tis time that now we flee,
London, from thy ſmoak and thee;
Welcome joys more pure and true,
Drums and routs, adieu, adieu!

SIMPLE

SIMPLE Strephon ceaſe complaining,
Leſt thy doubts my anger move;
Why muſt jealous fears be reigning,
To diſturb the bliſs of love?
If I e'er had ſhun'd your paſſion,
Then you gently might reprove,
And your gen'rous inclination
Might ſuſpect my want of love.

AS thro' the fields I chanc'd to ſtray
To hear the linnet's ſong,
I met a ſhepherd in my way,
The blitheſt of the throng.
He ſtopt, and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale:
Then ſtole a kiſs, but what of that?
'Twas Willy of the dale.

He preſt my hand, and talk'd of love
With extacy divine;
Nay, ſwore he'd ever faithful prove,
And, if I pleas'd, be mine.
To meet him thus, (no creature near)
Soon made my cheeks look pale;
But he declar'd I need not fear
Young Willy of the dale.

None ſure poſſeſs ſuch charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's ſtill more, he's kind:
For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the laſſes rail,
And vows I am the ſole delight
Of Willy of the dale.

STREPHON

STREPHON woo me now or never,
If you wiſh my heart to gain;
Slight the occaſion, you for ever
May purſue and ſigh in vain:
Now's your time to play the lover,
Then with ardor act your part;
By each glance you may diſcover
That you're welcome to my heart.
Tho' your art proves unavailing,
When we can reſiſt its power,
Yet 'twill always be prevailing,
In ſome weak unguarded hour.

BY Tweed's clear ſtream as late I ſtray'd,
And ſat reclin'd beneath the ſhade,
Young Sandy chanc'd to paſs that way,
As blooming as the ſweets of May.
Pleas'd he ſeem'd to find me there,
For I alone am all his care:
Then ſince he's gen'rous, kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

That eve he took me to the fair,
And bought me ribbands for my hair,
With trinkets I had never ſeen,
And danc'd with me upon the green:
Such kindneſs I ſhall ever own,
And will be true to him alone;
For ſince he's gen'rous, kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

E'er ſummer's gone he means, for life,
To take me for his wedded wife;
And vows he'll ever faithful prove,
And make me happy in his love:

How

How bleſt am I with ſuch a ſwain
Who ne'er will give my boſom pain;
Then ſince he proves ſo kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

SINCE all ſo nicely take offence,
And pinking is the faſhion,
I ſoon ſhall find a good pretence
For being in a paſſion.

If any on my dreſs or air
To jeſt dare take occaſion;
By female honour, I declare,
I'll have an explanation.

If you're too free, and full of play,
By Jove, my lads, I'll cure ye;
And if too cold, you turn away,
You'll rouze a very fury.

A law is ev'ry thing I ſay,
No ſwain ſhall call me cruel;
Who'er my will ſhall diſobey,
'Tis ſignal for a duel.

A very Amazon am I,
And various weapons carry;
I've glancing lightning in my eye,
And tongue, a ſword to parry.

E'en let him arm with what he will,
With Cupid's bow and arrow;
You ſoon ſhall ſee my man I'll kill,
As eaſy as a ſparrow.

WITH the pride of the garden and field,
We have deck'd our fond boſoms to day;
And all that the ſummer can yield
Seems there to be blooming and gay;
'Tis better to gather in time,
The flow'r that elſe waſtingly blows;
Little more than a day is the prime
Of the lily, the pink, and the roſe.

Soft beauty's the May-ſpringing flow'r
That has but a ſeaſon to boaſt;
Let us make what we can of its pow'r,
Which elſe in a year may be loſt:
Let us ſcorn a ſhort triumph of joy
O'er ſhepherds, becauſe of a face;
Nor venture too long to be coy,
Leſt winter diſcolour each grace.

Should we ſlightingly laugh at their pain,
Grow proud of our charms ev'ry day;
When they fade we ſhall court them in vain,
When they're wither'd they'll fling us away:
Thoſe treaſures ſo gaudy and rare,
Muſt wake ev'ry breaſt to deſire;
We may have whom we will while ſo fair,
And ſhould yield to the love we inſpire.

GO, ſeek ſome nymph of humbler lot,
To ſhare thy board, and deck thy cot;
With joy I fly the ſimple youth,
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breaſt, for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its pleaſure flown;
Nor ſhall my faith reward a ſwain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

COME

COME dear idol of my fancy,
View the bow'r which love has dreſs'd;
With thy preſence bleſs thy Nancy,
Soft careſſing and careſs'd.

Flora ſpreads her blooming treaſure,
Birds chant here on ev'ry ſpray;
Yet how faint each rural pleaſure,
While my charmer is away.

When with fruitleſs love we're burning,
All partake the mind's diſeaſe;
But the youth our love returning,
Ev'ry ſcene is ſure to pleaſe.

YOU impudent man, you!
Nay, prithee, how can you?
Indeed, I'll aſſure you,
Will nothing then cure you?—
Nay, now I declare I ſhall never endure you.

You teaze one to death,
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horſe-play;
Beſides, 'tis not right,
To ſee one this fright;
Lord, what do you think folks will ſay?

I own too much room,
You have had to preſume,
Or you ne'er with theſe freedoms would teaze me;
For though they might pleaſe me,
And with patience I bore 'em;
Yet at leaſt in one's carriage,
On this ſide of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

I Will

I Will have my humour, I'll pleaſe all my ſenſes,
I'll neither be ſtinted in love, nor expences;
I'll dreſs with profuſion, I'll game without meaſure,
You ſhall have the bus'neſs, and I'll have the pleaſure.

By every incentive I'll rouſe inclination,
More changing, capricious, and vain than the faſhion;
In ſhort, I'll take care by the bent of my carriage,
To ſhew you the ſweets and the comforts of marriage.

IF ever a fond inclination
Roſe in your boſom, to rob you of reſt;
Reflect, with a little compaſſion,
On the ſoft pangs which prevail'd in my breaſt.
Oh! where, where would you fly me?
Can you deny me, thus torn and diſtreſt?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Would I, how could I, refuſe his requeſt?
Kneeling before you,
Let me implore you:
Look on me, ſighing, crying, dying.
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

NOW peace ſhall claim its ſoft dominion,
And gentle love ſhall ſway the heart;
Ambition ſinks on wearied pinion,
And tyranny has loſt its dart.

Again

Again ſhall ſmiling joy and pleaſure
  Advance together hand in hand;
And plenty ſpread its golden treaſure,
  To brighten the deliver'd land.

HOW hard is my fate,
  How deſp'rate my ſtate,
When honour and virtue excite,
  To ſuffer diſtreſs,
  Contented to bleſs
The object in whom I delight!

  Yet, 'midſt all the woes
  My ſoul undergoes
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
  I'll ſcorn to complain,
  If the force of his pain
Awaken his pity for me.

COME, live with me and be my love,
  And we will all the pleaſure prove,
That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and ſteepy mountains yield,
And I will make thee beds of roſes,
And twine a thouſand am'rous poſies.

To deck thee for the wake or fair,
With curious fancy I'll prepare
A cap of flow'rs and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
A coral claſp and amber ſtuds.

And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then come with me and be my love;
Nymphs and ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight, each May morning;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then come with me and be my love.

THE youth whom I to ſave would die,
Surpaſſes all deſire;
Love's fatal dart enflames my heart,
And ſets it all on fire.

The plaintive dove, without her love,
Thus mourns, like me oppreſt;
But when her mate arrives, tho' late,
Joy triumphs in her breaſt.

The boy thus of a bird poſſeſt,
At firſt, how great his joys!
He ſtrokes it oft, and in his breaſt
The little favourite lies.

But ſoon as grown to riper age
The paſſion quits his mind;
He hangs it up in ſome cold cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

FOR various purpoſe ſerves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the ſticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Reſentment's in the ſnap;
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain,
Conſent, a gentle tap.

All

All paſſions will the fan diſcloſe,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage ſweetly ſhews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's ſceptre, firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

O Why ſhould we ſorrow, who never knew ſin!
Let ſmiles of content ſhew our rapture within:
This love has ſo rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's ſure ſent from heav'n to lighten my care!
Each ſhepherdeſs views me with ſcorn and diſdain;
Each ſhepherd purſues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I ſorrow, no longer deſpair,
He's ſure ſent from heav'n to lighten my care!

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for heaven's ſake, let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

But could your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say,

Say, would you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purſue,
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard
To ſtrive with love and you.

WITH artful voice, young Thyrſis, you,
In vain perſuade me you are true;
Since that can never be:
For he's no proſelyte of mine,
That offers at another's ſhrine
Thoſe vows he made to me.

The faithleſs, fickle, wav'ring loon,
That changes oftner than the moon,
Courts each new face he meets;
Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,
Yet ſlily culls the bluſhing roſe,
His quinteſſence of ſweets.

So Thyrſis, when in wanton play,
From fair to fair you fondly ſtray,
And ſteal from each a kiſs;
It ſhows, if what you ſay be true,
A fickly appetite in you,
And no ſubſtantial bliſs.

For you, inconſtant, roving ſwain,
Tho' ſeemingly you hug your chain,
Would fain, I know, get free;
To ſip freſh balmy ſweets of love,
From bower to bower wildly rove,
And imitate the bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing, your heart,
Let it admire no other dart;
But reſt with me alone:
For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
Should you return without your ſting,
I'd not protect a drone.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips ſweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects ſway,
By various charms delighted;
While ſhe who pleaſes moſt to-day,
To-morrow ſhall be ſlighted.

AUSPICIOUS ſpirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With out-ſpread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aſide.

And you, his foes, though hearts of ſteel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A ſympathetic paſſion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the ſword.

Ye

Ye winds, your bluſt'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden ſweep,
Breathe ſoft in ſighs, and gently heave
The calm, ſmooth boſom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
From blaſts ſecure, and hoſtile harms,
My ſailor views his native ſhore,
And harbours ſafe in theſe fond arms.

TO the conſcious groves I hie me,
Where I late was blithe and gay;
Try to fancy Colin nigh me,
So to paſs the hours away.

But can ſcenes like thoſe delight me,
When my ſwain's no longer there?
Hill, nor dale, nor ſtream invite me,
Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyſelf, without delaying,
In thoſe ſhades I find no eaſe;
But with thee, whilſt fondly ſtraying,
Ev'ry place is ſure to pleaſe.

YE fair, be advis'd by a friend,
Whoſe council proceeds from the heart,
On beauty no longer depend,
Or fly to the efforts of art;
If a ſhepherd you'd gain to your arms,
Let virtue each action approve,
Her charms the fond boſom alarms,
And ſoftens the ſoul into love.

To-day

To day be not nice as a bride,
To-morrow untimely ſevere;
Let prudence and truth be your guide,
Nor caprice nor folly appear:
Unleſs you thus govern your mind,
And baniſh deceit from your breaſt,
Too ſoon by experience you'll find,
Inconſtancy ne'er can be bleſt.

Neglected, you'll wither and fade,
Till beauty, by age, ſhall decay;
Then lonely retreat to the ſhade,
And mourn the ſad hours away:
How deſp'rate will then be your fate,
How great your ſad loſs to deplore;
Repentance, alas! is too late,
When the power to charm is no more.

WHY ſhould we of humble ſtate,
Vainly blame the pow'rs above,
Or accuſe the will of fate,
Which allows us all to love?
Love (impartial gentle boy)
Deals his gifts as free as air,
Love is all the ſhepherd's joy,
Love is all the damſel's care.

Hope, that charmer of the ſoul,
Hope, in love ſhould ever live,
Could our years for ever roll,
Love would bleſſings ever give:
Youth, alas! too ſwiftly flies,
Nor can Cupid bid him ſtay;
Beauty like a ſhadow dies,
Love has wings and will away:

THE ſhepherd who roves the wood thro'
To hear the ſweet warblers in May,
If by chance there's a ſongſter that's new,
He liſtens a while to the lay.
Tho' the thruſh and the nightingale's throat
Are ſweeter by far than the reſt,
He better is pleas'd with the note
That ſuits with the tune of his breaſt.

So I, tho' the leaſt of the choir,
May win for a moment your ear,
Love and pleaſure my voice would inſpire,
And pleaſure and love can endear.
Tho' ſlender my pipe and my ſong,
There are who may liſt to my ſtrain;
My fame is to pleaſe the gay throng,
Nor ſing in the grove all in vain.

YOUNG Colin ſeeks my heart to move,
And ſighs, and talks ſo much of love,
(He'll hang or drown, I fear it)
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts,
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts,
I vow I cannot bear it.

He ſays I'm pretty—mighty well;
And witty too—that's better ſtill;
And ſenſible, I ſwear it:
But words, you know, are nought but wind;
Unleſs he'll freely tell his mind,
I vow I cannot bear it.

The ſhepherd dances blythe and gay,
And ſweetly on his pipe can play;
I own I like to hear it:

But downcaſt looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cauſe,
I vow I cannot bear it.

I wiſh ſome friendly nymph or ſwain
Would bid the baſhful boy ſpeak plain,
(I wonder he ſhould fear it)
I'd then take courage, like my ſex,
The honeſt youth no more to vex,
But wed him, I declare it.

COME, Colin, pride of rural ſwains,
O come and bleſs thy native plains;
The daiſies ſpring, the beeches bud,
The ſongſters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haſte, O haſte away,
Your ſmiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh! come and ſee the violets ſpring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets ſing;
Your eyes our joyleſs hearts can cheer,
O haſte! and make us happy here.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
His all-cheering beams do nature reſtore;
The cowſlip and daiſy, the vi'let and roſe,
Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance diſcloſe;
The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
All nature confeſſes the ſeaſon of love.

The nymphs and the ſhepherds come tripping amain,
All haſten to join in the ſports of the plain;

Our rural diverſions are free from all guile,
The face that is honeſt ſecurely can ſmile;
The heart that's ſincere in affection may prove
All nature's force ſheweth the ſeaſon of love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us accuſe our delay;
Let's haſte to the village, the ſports to begin;
I'll ſtrive, for my ſhepherd, the garland to win:
But ſee his approach, whom my heart does approve,
Who makes ev'ry hour the ſeaſon of love.

O Give me that ſocial delight,
Which none but true lovers receive,
When Luna bedecks the ſtill night,
And glances her ſmiles on the eve;
When to the fair meadows we go,
Where peace and contentment retire;
Or down the ſmooth current we row
In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature theſe pictures are drawn,
How ſweet is each landſcape diſpos'd!
The proſpect extends to the lawn,
Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
Come, Strephon, attend to the ſcene,
The clouds are all vaniſh'd above;
The objects around are ſerene,
As model'd to muſic and love.

THE proſpect clear'd, around is heard
The muſic of the hive;
The bloſſoms blow, the ſpirits flow,
And nature's all alive:

In

In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, " Sing and play ;"
From eve to morn the ſages warn,
" Ye maids, beware of May !"

Each lively ſcheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuſe ;
The dance delights, the ſong invites,
As mirth provokes the muſe :
The war's no more, our chief's come o'er ;
Again the grave ones ſay,
" Where-e'er we tread, temptations ſpread,
" Beware the Ides of May !"

DEAR Colin prevent my warm bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without pain ?
My eyes have oft told you my wiſhes,
O ! can't you their meaning explain ?

My paſſion would loſe by expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame ;
Then don't you expect a confeſſion,
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of ſpeaking,
Why ſhould you expect it from me ?
Our wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be.

Then quickly why don't you diſcover ?
Did your heart feel ſuch tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my boſom confine.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonſenſe of men,
I promis'd my mother again and again
To ſay as ſhe bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they aſk, or would have, tell 'em No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a ſcore:
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more:
And I own I'm not ſorry for ſerving them ſo;
Were the ſame thing to do, I again ſhould ſay No.

For a ſhepherd I like, with more courage and art,
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
Such queſtions he puts ſince I anſwer him ſo,
That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are ſtill No.

He aſk'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain?
(Let me die if he is not a clever young ſwain)
If he ventur'd a kiſs, if I from him would go?
Then he preſs'd my young lips, while I bluſh'd, and ſaid No.

He aſk'd if my heart to another was gone?
If I'd have him to leave me, or ceaſe to love on?
If I meant my life long to anſwer him ſo?
I faulter'd, and ſigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtſhip he made;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he ſaid:
If I preſs you to church, will you ſcruple to go?
In a hearty good humour I anſwer'd, No, No.

ALEXIS, a ſhepherd, young, conſtant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:
I think he's ſincere, and he will not deceive;
But they tell me a maid ſhould with caution believe.

He

He brought me this roſe that you ſee in my breaſt;
He begg'd me to take it, and ſigh'd out the reſt:
I could not do leſs than the favour receive;
And he thinks it now ſweeter, I really believe.

'This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a leſſon to you:
How bright, and how lovely it ſeems to the view!
'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your ſenſe muſt conceive—
I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends: if they ſtray from the plain,
Alexis is ſure ev'ry ſheep to regain;
Then begs a dear kiſs for his labour I'll give;
And I ne'er ſhall refuſe him I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
To read the ſoft wiſhes we're taught to diſguiſe;
And tells me ſweet ſtories from morning to eve;
Then he ſwears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
But that was before I'd this ſwain in my eye:
And as ſoon as he aſks me his pain to relieve,
With joy I ſhall wed him I really believe.

THE ladies look gay when of beauty they boaſt,
And miſers are envy'd when wealth is increas'd;
The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toaſt,
And a miſer's a wretch when he pays for the feaſt.

The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
May pity beſpeak, but envy can't move;
My thoughts are no farther aſpiring,
No more my fond heart is deſiring,
Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.

IN the blaze and bloom of beauty,
Shepherds mind to be ſincere;
Keep to virtue, 'tis your duty,
Then the nymph has nought to fear

Elſe ſhe'll ſlight whate'er you mention,
Nor by looks your ſuit approve;
Honour knows no baſe intention,
Virtuous love's reward is love.

In the blaze, &c.

TELL, oh! tell my lover true,
That—Oh heavens! what ſhall I ſay?
But my heart is known to you,
Its ſentiments do you convey.

Can I what I feel explain,
When all expreſſion 'tis above;
But you know my cauſe of pain,
And know beſides, what 'tis to love.

SHOULD the God of ſoft Affection,
Gentle Fair-ones, touch your hearts,
Seek in virtue your protection;
Virtue will repel his darts.

But ſhould gen'rous be the paſſion,
Scorn to keep the youth in pain;
Softly ſooth his inclination,
And give love for love again.

But ſhould, &c.

SWEET

SWEET Echo! ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy cell,
By ſlow Meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well,
Can'ſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are.
O! if you have
Hid them in ſome flow'ry cave;
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the ſphere;
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

YOU'VE ſure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When vows were offer'd at your ſhrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:
When you could ſing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
The rich jonquil, the bluſhing roſe,
How ſhort a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thouſand foes;
'Till time decrees their full decay,
And harſh December treads on May.

The whole creation own this truth:
Then why ſhould wrinkled brows exact
The mode ſevere, on blooming youth,
By which themſelves could never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way;
Too ſoon December treads on May.

Then, ſwains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilſt we're here, grim Care deride;
Come ſport and frolic free with me,
In ſpite of age, and prudiſh pride:
The laws of love—all ſhall obey,
Before December treads on May.

WAS I ſure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vileſt ſlave,
Ev'ry hardſhip would I brave,
Rudeſt toil, ſevereſt need,
Ere yield my hand ſo coolly
To the man who never truly
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others ſucceſs will inſure you,
Where your wit and your perſon may pleaſe;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy ſet me at eaſe.

HOW can I again believe you?
Could I doubt, ſo oft you ſwore?
That your tongue may not deceive me,
Let me ſee your face no more.

Falſhood be your boaſt and faſhion,
Truth is mine, and heart ſincere:
You have cur'd me of my paſſion,
I have nothing now to fear.

In his heart a ſwain's oft roving,
While he wins the eaſy maid;
Hard her fate who muſt be loving,
Where her love is not repaid.

WHAT ſadneſs reigns over the plain!
How droop the ſweet flow'rets around!
How penſive each nymph and each ſwain!
How ſilent each muſical ſound!
No more the ſoft lute, in the bow'rs,
Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;
Sad ſighs meaſure out the long hours,
Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride;
This change from his abſence is ſeen;
'Twas he that our muſic ſupply'd,
When gayly we danc'd on the green:
At ſhearing, at wake, and at fair,
How jovial and frolic were we!
But now ev'ry feaſt in the year
Is joyleſs as joyleſs can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
To mix among hoſtile alarms?
No juſtice oblig'd him to roam,
Or take up thoſe terrible arms:
Let thoſe who are cruel and rough,
Be heedleſs of life and of limb;
The country had ſoldiers enough,
Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where'er the adventurer goes,
On land or the dangerous main,
Kind heaven protect him from woes,
And give him to Celia again.
Oh! give him to Celia again;
My true-love in ſafety reſtore;
I'll ceaſe on his breaſt to complain,
From my arms he ſhould wander no more.

DID not tyrant cuſtom guide me,
To my Damon I would tell,
Never ſwain was half ſo lovely,
Never nymph lov'd half ſo well.

I would tell him, that his beauty
Firſt aſſum'd the conq'ring part;
But his manly ſenſe and courage
Triumph'd o'er my yielding heart.

Why ſhould tyrant cuſtom, &c.

Cenſure's ſelf could ne'er upbraid him,
Malice ne'er could ſpot his name;
All thoſe who envy, praiſe him
For his virtue, truth and fame.

Tyrant cuſtom ſhall not, &c.

WHEN the ſhepherds ſeek to woo,
Mind them, leſt they faithleſs prove;
But if once you find them true,
Fear not to reward their love.
When the ſhepherds, &c.

Let not beauty make you vain,
Men of worth deſerve your care;
Never give a lover pain,
If you find his heart ſincere.
When the ſhepherds, &c.

Love, the ſource of ev'ry joy,
Aſks whatever we can give;
Love ſhould ev'ry hour employ,
'Tis for love alone we live.
When the ſhepherds, &c.

TENDER

TENDER virgins ſhun deceivers,
Who with baſe ſeducing arts,
When they find you fond believers,
Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.
Tender, &c.

If a fickle ſwain purſue ye,
O, beware his ſubtle wiles!
All his aim is to undo ye,
Ruin lurks beneath his ſmiles.
Tender, &c.

SHEPHERD, would you here obtain
Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain,
Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere,
Gentle ſhepherd lend an ear.

Learn to reliſh calm delights,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
Caves that echo murm'ring rills.

Tranquil pleaſures never cloy,
Baniſh each tumultuous joy,
All but love, for love inſpires
Tender wiſhes, fiercer fires.

See, to ſweeten thy repoſe,
Bloſſoms bud, the fountain flows:
Lo! to crown thee, at thy word
All that muſic can afford.

STREPHON

STREPHON, when you ſee me fly,
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often ſhy
Out of love as out of hate;
When from you I fly away,
It is becauſe I dare not ſtay.

Did I out of hatred run
Leſs you'd be my pain and care;
But the youth I love, to ſhun,
Who can ſuch a trial bear?
Who that ſuch a ſwain did ſee,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands me ſtay;
Duty's ſtill to love a foe.
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid ſmiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by theſe cryſtal ſtreams
I could ſit and hear thee ſigh,
Raviſh'd with theſe pleaſing dreams,
O 'tis worſe than death to fly:
But the danger is ſo great,
Fear gives wings, inſtead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
If you ſtay I am undone;
Oh! with eaſe you may deceive me,
Prithee charming ſwain be gone.
Heav'n decrees that we ſhould part,
That has my vows, but you my heart.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Aminta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus ſhe made her moan;
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover,
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death, come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more!

TELL my Strephon that I die;
Let echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To Strephon's ear, and all is well.

But

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And ſoften every harſher ſound,
For Strephon's ſuch a tender youth,
The ſofteſt words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb;
For ſhould I coſt my ſwain a tear,
I ſhould repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my reſt ſo dear.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
With downcaſt eyes, a ſilent ſhade;
Forbidden to declare my woe;
To ſpeak, till ſpoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my ſecret grief,
My ſoft conſenting looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no relief;
Why ſpeaks not he who may?

BOAST not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdu'd my heart
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps, by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

Vain youth, to your confuſion, know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire,
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

YOUNG I am, and yet unſkill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my ſoul diſguiſe,
Heave my breaſts, and roll my eyes:

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie and to betray;
He that has me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth,
Briſk, and of a janty mien,
I ſhould long to be fifteen.

AS now my bloom comes on a-pace,
The ſwains begin to teaze me;
But two who claim the foremoſt place,
Try different ways to pleaſe me:

To judge aright, and chuſe the beſt,
Is not ſo ſoon decided;
When both their merits are expreſs'd
I may be leſs divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd ſtray,
He's rich beyond all meaſure;
Would I but ſmile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treaſure:
But then our years do diſagree
So much, as I remember;
It is but May I'm ſure with me,
With him it is December.

Can I, who ſcarcely am in bloom,
Let froſt and ſnow be ſuing;
'Twould ſpoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin:
For dreſs and ſhew, to touch my pride,
My little heart is panting;
But then there's ſomething elſe beſide
I ſoon ſhould find was wanting.

Then Colin, thou my choice ſhall gain,
For thou will ne'er deceive me;
And grey hair'd wealth ſhall plead in vain,
For thou haſt more to give me:
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks ſo young and tender;
Love beats his new and fond alarms—
To thee I now ſurrender.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love,
The hyperboles of love;

Be

Be honeſt to yourſelf and me,
Speak truly what you hear and ſee,
And then your ſuit may move,
And then your ſuit may move.

Why call me angel? why divine?
Why muſt my eyes the ſtars outſhine?
Can ſuch deceits prevail?
For ſhame, forbear this common rule;
'Tis low, 'tis inſult; calls me fool;
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honeſt heart,
Addreſs my nobler, better part;
Pay homage to my mind:
The paſſing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a roſe behind.

Let then your open manly ſenſe
The moral ornaments diſpenſe,
And to my worth be true:
So may your ſuit itſelf indear,
Not for the charms you ſay I wear,
But thoſe I find in you.

AMIDST my admirers when Damon appears,
How great is the contraſt to their foppiſh airs,
How great is the contraſt to their foppiſh airs:
Good-ſenſe and good-nature beam forth in his face,
And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace.
Good-ſenſe and good-nature, &c.

He's handſome, polite; his wit eaſy and free;
Their talk's only nonſenſe, and pert repartee;
Their flatt'ry unmeaning, no charms can impart;
He praiſes my form, but makes love to my heart.

The

The flame of thoſe lovers, ſo trifling and gay,
Would be mighty inſipid, or ſoon would decay;
But he loves with paſſion—then blame me who can,
If I glory in owning that Damon's the man.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may
Set ſpies and guards to watch my way;
Or mark my looks with jealous eye,
When any well-dreſs'd ſwain is nigh;
Yet woman's wit a way will find,
In ſpite of caution, to be kind;
For, if myſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

Would you ſecure the fair at home,
Go, bid her wander, bid her roam;
Tir'd out with fops and fools all day,
No more ſhe'll aſk abroad to ſtray;
'Tis freedom's ſelf muſt make her true,
And fix her choice on none but you;
For, if ourſelves we do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

O How weak will power and reaſon
To this boſom tyrant prove;
Ev'ry act is fancy'd treaſon
By the jealous ſovereign love.

Paſſion urg'd the youth to danger,
Paſſion calls him back again;
Paſſion is to peace a ſtranger,
Seek I muſt my bliſs or bane.

So

So the fever'd minds that languiſh,
And in ſcorching torments rave;
Thus to end or eaſe their anguiſh,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

OF all my experience how vaſt the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever poor damſel ſo ſadly betray'd,
For to live to theſe years, and yet ſtill be a maid!

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by ſea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,
You can ſtorm a ſtrong fort, or can form a blockade,
Yet ye ſtand by, like daſtards, and ſee me a maid!

Ye lawyers ſo juſt, who with ſlippery tongue
Can do what you pleaſe, or with right or with wrong,
Can it be or by law or by equity ſaid,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid?

Ye learned phyſicians, whoſe excellent ſkill
Can ſave or demoliſh, can cure or can kill,
To a poor forlorn damſel contribute your aid,
Who is ſick—very ſick—of remaining a maid.

You, fops, I invoke not to liſt to my ſong,
Who anſwer no end, and to no ſex belong,
Ye echoes of echoes, and ſhadows of ſhade—
For if I had you—I might ſtill be a maid.

ALEXIS, how artleſs a lover,
How baſhful and ſilly you grow!
In my eyes can you never diſcover
I mean yes, when I often ſay no, ſay no,
I mean yes, when I often ſay no.

When

When you pine and you whine out your paſſion,
And only intreat for a kiſs,
To be coy and deny is the faſhion,
Alexis ſhould raviſh the bliſs.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reaſon
To make ſome defence for the town;
To ſurrender without it were treaſon,
Before that the out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my bluſhes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modeſty's ſake;
He is but a pitiful lover,
Who is foil'd by a ſingle attack.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
The beſt and the braveſt muſt yield;
I'm not to be won by a coward,
Who hardly dares enter the field.

I'LL ſing of my lover all night and all day,
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay,
His voice is as ſweet as the nightingale's lay,
And well on his bagpipe my ſhepherd can play,
And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
And a bonny, &c.

He ſays that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praiſes my eyes, and my lips, and my hair;
Roſe, vi'let, nor lily with me can compare:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I ſwear:
And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a ſigh
He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply?
If you mean to deſtroy me, why do it, I'll die.
I trembled all over, and anſwer'd, Not I:
And a bonny, &c.

Around

Around the tall may-pole he dances ſo neat,
And ſonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
He's conſtant, he's valiant, he's wiſe and diſcreet,
His looks are ſo kind, and his kiſſes ſo ſweet:
And a bonny, &c.

At eve, when the ſun ſeeks repoſe in the weſt,
And May's tuneful choriſts all ſkim to their neſt,
When I meet on the green the dear boy I love beſt,
My heart is juſt ready to burſt from my breaſt:
And a bonny, &c.

But ſee how the meadows are moiſten'd with dew,
Come, come, my dear ſhepherd, I wait but for you;
We live for each other, but conſtant and true,
And taſte the ſoft raptures no monarch e'er knew:
And a bonny, &c.

DID you ſee e'er a ſhepherd, ye nymphs, paſs this way,
Crown'd with myrtle and all the gay verdure of May?
'Tis my Strephon, Oh! bring him once more to my eyes;
From his Lucy in ſearch of new pleaſures he flies.
All the day have I travel'd and toil'd o'er the plains,
In purſuit of a rebel that's ſcarce worth my pains,
In purſuit of a rebel, &c.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters and ſwears,
How you truſt your own eyes, or believe your own ears;
Like the roſe-bud in June ev'ry hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of ſight;
And

And truſt me, whoe'er my falſe ſhepherd detains,
She'll find him a conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her pains,
She'll find him a conqueſt, &c.

Three months at my feet did he languiſh and ſigh,
Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply;
Love, honour, and truth, were the themes that he ſung,
And he vow'd that his heart was a-kin to his tongue:
Too ſoon I believ'd, and reply'd to his ſtrains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.
And gave him too frankly, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
The wanton grew weary and flung it away;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In ſearch of another as ſilly as I:
But truſt me, whoe'er my falſe ſhepherd detains,
She'll find him a conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her pains,
She'll find him a conqueſt, &c.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you ſoothe the fond flame,
And believe in good time all the ſex are the ſame;
Like Strephon from beauty to beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, diſſemble, and change:
And do all we can, ſtill the maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him, is ſcarce worth our pains,
That a man, when we've got him, &c.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a ſingle heart,
Yet I'm not old nor ugly:
Let me conſult my faithful glaſs—
A face much worſe than this might paſs,
Methinks, I look full ſmugly.

Yet bleſs'd with all theſe pow'rful charms,
The young Palæmon fled my arms,
That wild unthinking rover:
Hope, ſilly maids, as ſoon to bind
The rolling ſtream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage nooſe,
In vain they ſtruggle to get looſe,
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen how they rave and ſtare!
A while they ſhake their chains and ſwear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
And loſe the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a ſacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars, ſhall me controul,
I death and danger dare;
Reſtraint but fires the active ſoul,
And urges fierce deſpair.

The window now ſhall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;
Before I'll live with them I hate,
For him I love I'll die!

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain;
The conqueſt I prize, tho'the ſlaves I diſdain;
I'll teaze them and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them:
Since men try all arts our weak ſex to betray,
I'll ſhew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain;
By turns I encourag'd each amorous ſwain;
They knelt and they trembled,
They ſmil'd and diſſembled:
Since men try all arts our weak ſex to betray,
I'll ſhew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counſel believe,
Reſiſt all their wiles, the deceivers deceive:
Their canting and whining,
Their ſighing and pining,
Are all meant as baits our weak ſex to betray;
Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A ſickly flame, which if not fed expires,
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a ſwain
For whom inferior beauties ſigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a rival's eyes;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I ſee
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing on the plain,
Song nor ſonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occaſion,
And be maſter of the field;
To a powerful kind invaſion
'Twere a madneſs not to yield.

Love gives out a large commiſſion,
Still indulgent to the brave;
But one ſin of baſe omiſſion
Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful, for ſhame.

When the fierce aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find
This her cruel furious lover
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
And not make a ſecond trial?
You might ſee my eyes conſenting,
All above me was relenting;
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth that boldly ſtorms.

Lovers when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your anguiſh,
To the nymph you'll be more pleaſing
When thoſe ſorrows you are eaſing:
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wiſh the foe to ſpare.

STREPHON has faſhion, wit and youth,
With all things elſe that pleaſe;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with eaſe:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle ſtrong deſire;
His pow'r inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

O! how it does my ſoul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he ſhould deſpiſe the ſex,
Or worſe, ſhould love 'em all.
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus ſeeks in vain for reſt;
Finding no hope to fix its love,
Returns into my breaſt.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine;
Roſy wine, roſy wine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine!

Farewel-lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I am ſcorn'd becauſe enjoy'd;
Sure the ſqueamiſh fops are free
To rid me of dull company;
Sure they're free, ſure they're free,
To rid me of dull company:

They have charms, whilſt mine can pleaſe;
I love them much, but more my eaſe:

No jealous fears my love moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt;
Break my reſt, break my reſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.

Why ſhould they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

PURSUING beauty, men deſcry
The diſtant ſhore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treaſures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians ſtand,
Inviting from our golden coaſt
The wand'ring rovers to our land;
But ſhe who trades with them is loſt.

With humble vows they firſt begin,
Stealing unſeen into the heart;
But by poſſeſſion ſettled in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we reſign
In ignorance our ſhining ſtore;
Diſcover nature's richeſt mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wiſe, be wiſe, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but diſcovery;
When that is made, the pleaſure's done.

FLATT'RING hopes the mind deceiving,
Eaſy faith too often cheat;
Woman fond, and all-believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty ſhow of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lovely maids too oft bewitches:
Flatt'ry is the beauty's ſnare.
Flatt'ring hopes the mind, &c.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

GENTLEMEN.

WHEN here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How briſk the nymphs, the ſwains how gay!
Content inſpir'd each rural lay:
The birds in livelier concert ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the ſweets of Arno's Vale.

But ſince the good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of ſhepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's ſons muſt all give place
To northern men, an iron race:
The taſte of pleaſure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, pleaſe no more;
The Muſes droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the ſweets of Arno's Vale!

HOW

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,
Ere while I paſs'd the day;
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flow'rs,
Were ever flow'rs ſo gay!
How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landſcape round;
The rivers gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I ſpeed to meet my dear;
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And ſtop my fond career.
No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee;
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

AT once I'm in love with two nymphs that are fair,
And to ſweets in my garden theſe nymphs I compare;
Nor can ſhrub, nor can bloſſom, be better than thoſe,
And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my roſe.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to diſplay,
With the roſe in her cheek, ſhe to all would be gay;
On all paler beauties ſhe looks down with pride,
And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her ſide.

She thinks not how quickly theſe charms will expire,
That with May they firſt came, and with ſummer retire;
That pride, ſo ſoon over, is fooliſh and vain,
And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a ſwain.

But Jenny, my myrtle, ne'er changer her face,
No ſeaſon nor age can her features diſplace;
She covets no praiſe, nor with envy is ſtung,
She always is pleas'd, and is pleaſing and young.

Then, Chloe, I ſudden muſt make my retreat,
Thy roſe is too blooming, too ſhort-liv'd and ſweet;
But, Jenny, thy myrtle is laſting and green,
And all the year thro' thou the ſame ſtill art ſeen.

OH! would'ſt thou know what ſacred charms
This deſtin'd heart of mine alarms,
This deſtin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me,
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the ſigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender tear,
Who melts to ſee, &c.
From each ungen'rous paſſion free;
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch the maid, &c.

Whoſe heart with gen'rous friendſhip glows,
Who feels the bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
Who feels the bleſſings, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me;
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch the maid, &c.

Whoſe ſimple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
Are all the natives, &c.
A gentle train, from falſhood free;
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch the maid, &c.

Avaunt!

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire!
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd, your tinſel'd charms I ſee,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine beauties are for me.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarſe, can raiſe
A note to melodize his lays,
And quit the ſwelling ſeas to praiſe
The charms of Highland Nelly.

The droning bagpipe ſhall be mute,
Such muſic with ſuch charms can't ſuit,
When ev'ry muſe will tune her lute
In praiſe of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where blythe content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honeſt ſtrains
Which flow in praiſe of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland laſſes fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That ſhines in Highland Nelly?

Amidſt her nymphs when Venus ſtood,
Fair as ſhe left the briny flood,
Unleſs ſhe mov'd, no gazer cou'd
Diſcern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a Lowland ball I've ſeen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen;
But when ſhe danc'd, ye gods! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

YE virgins of Britain, who wiſely attend
The dictates of reaſon, who value a friend,
Come liſt to my counſel, and mark what I ſay,
Ye damſels beware of the dangers of May.
Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all foſtering hand;
Tho' modeſty lend you her magical wand;
Tho' innocence deck you with ſpotleſs array,
Ye damſels beware of the dangers of May.

When firſt the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phœbus' bright ſmile chears the juvenile year;
When the birds chaunt their amorous notes from each ſpray.
Ye damſels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propoſe you the vernal delight,
Her delicate paintings exhibit to ſight;
In her meadows and fields, ſhould you frolic and play,
Beware, oh! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briſkly flows, the all-eloquent eyes
Reveal ev'ry ſecret the heart would diſguiſe;
The boſom quick-panting with force ſeems to ſay,
'Tis hard to reſiſt all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth this ſoft ſcene to improve,
With ardour implore the reward of his love;
If Hymen attend you his dictates obey,
For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

NOW the ſun is gone to bed,
Let each lift his roſy head,
All our pain is o'er and care,
Let us haſte to better fare;

Try

Try with nectar to repay
All the mighty toils of day.

Who at ills can meanly pine,
O'er the brimming joys of wine;
Who can dare a coward prove,
In the field of war or love,
Fear and ſpleen, that ſhakes the ſoul,
All lie drown'd within the bowl.

Wine then, balm and friend of life,
Baniſh thought, and baniſh ſtrife,
Arm the mind 'gainſt ev'ry ill,
Make us happy, come what will;
Taſte the preſent, ſcorn the paſt,
Live as tho' to day's the laſt.

Here's the charm againſt deſpair,
See it laughs at ſurly care;
Come, my boys, and nobly join,
In the praiſe of ſparkling wine,
Fill the glaſs and raiſe the ſong,
Keep the revels all night long.

YES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,
My boaſted liberty how vain,
Thy eyes triumphant prove:
My freedom now I ceaſe to boaſt,
But think that freedom nobly loſt,
By ſerving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair,
No jealous pang, no anxious care,
Did e'er my heart perplex;
Till I beheld, too lovely maid!
In thee, with ev'ry grace diſplay'd,
The charms of all thy ſex.

O Venus, queen of ſoft delights,
Accept a ſuppliant's pray r,
Who wiſhes to attend the rites
In which thy vot'ries ſhare:
Inſpire his tongue with gentleſt airs,
Yet void of art or ſkill,
Whilſt he his unfeign'd love declares
For Patty of the Hill.

What ſtrains, O goddeſs! muſt he find
To melt her frozen heart,
Since words can ne'er expreſs his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart?
Unleſs thy ſon ſhall aid his lays,
And love in her inſtill,
In vain will prove his artleſs praiſe
Of Patty of the Hill.

Her cheeks with roſe and lily vies,
Her breath with ſweet woodbine,
Inferior far unto her eyes
The ſparkling diamonds ſhine;
Her voice excels the linnet's notes,
Exceeds the thruſh's ſtile,
In vain they ſtrive to raiſe their notes
Like Patty's of the Hill.

How ſhall I paint her tender mind,
(The charms I moſt admire)
In her is ev'ry virtue join'd
That paſſion can inſpire.
Her ſoul the Graces all refine,
She bends to Reaſon's will;
I'd freely all the world reſign
For Patty of the Hill.

THE

THE ſmiling morn, the blooming ſpring,
Invite the chearful birds to ſing;
And, while they warble on each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day,
Among the Birks of Endermay.
Among, &c.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age life's winter will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them then ſing and play
About the Birks of Endermay.

TO keep my gentle Jeſſe
What labour would ſeem hard!
Each toilſome taſk how eaſy,
Her love the ſweet reward!

The bee thus uncomplaining,
Eſteems no toil ſevere;
The ſweet reward obtaining
Of honey all the year.

CONSIDER

CONSIDER fond ſhepherd how fleeting the pleaſure,
That flatters our hope in purſuit of the fair;
The joys that attend it by moments we meaſure,
But life is too little to meaſure our care.

VAINLY now ye ſtrive to charm me,
All ye ſweets of blooming May;
How ſhould empty ſunſhine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye clouds, the ſmiling ſky;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer ſunſhine fills her eye.

WHILE you, Felicia, heedleſs ſtray
Thro' woods and groves and flow'rets gay,
Exempt from ev'ry fear,
Exempt from ev'ry fear;
Secure within thy roſy bow'rs,
Content the ſweeteſt influence pours,
And gilds the blooming year,
And gilds the blooming year.

No anxious doubts invade thy breaſt,
All, all, is tranquil, calm and bleſt,
And joys on joys abound;
Where'er thy fragrant footſteps lead,
Or in the grove, or on the mead,
The graces ſmile around.

Such ever be Felicia's fate,
Such tranſports ever round her wait,
Whom gods and men approve;
O may theſe bleſſings never ceaſe,
May all her days be crown'd with peace,
And all her hours be love.

SINCE

SINCE artiſts, who ſue for the trophies of fame,
Their wit, and their taſte, and their genius proclaim,
Attend to my ſong, where you'll certainly find
A ſecret diſclos'd for the good of mankind;
And deny it who can, ſure the laurel's my due—
I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddeſs preſide o'er your dame,
With the ardours of youth all her paſſions inflame;
Should her beauty lead captive each ſofter deſire,
And languiſhing lovers ſtill ſigh and admire;
Yet fearleſs you'd truſt her, tho' thouſands may ſue,
When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the huſband may think that he wiſely reſtrains
With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and chains;
How fatally weak muſt this artifice prove!
Can fetters of ſteel bind like fetters of love?
Throw jealouſy hence, bid ſuſpicion adieu;
Reſtraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
All-complying and kind you muſt give her her way;
While her taſte and her judgment you fondly approve,
'Tis reaſon ſecures you the treaſures of love:
And, believe me, no coxcomb admiſſion can find,
For the fair-one is ſafe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles ſhould frequently blend,
Let the huſband be loſt in the lover and friend;
Let doubts and ſurmiſes no longer perplex,
'T is the charm of indulgence that binds the ſoft ſex;
They ne'er can prove falſe while this maxim's in view;
Good-humour's the Padlock to keep a wife true.

HOW

HOW heavy the time rolls along
Now Julia is out of my ſight?
How dull is the nightingale's ſong
That formerly gave ſuch delight?
The meadows that ſeemed ſo green,
Now loſe all their verdure of May;
The cowſlip and violet are ſeen
To droop, fade, and wither away.

Bright Phœbus no longer can pleaſe,
Gay proſpects no longer can charm;
E'en muſic affords me no eaſe,
Tho' wont ev'ry paſſion to calm:
My flocks too diſorderly ſtray,
And bleat their complaints in my ear;
No more they leap, frolic, and play,
But ſad, like their maſter, appear.

But ah! if my Julia were ſeen,
My lambs they'd rebound on the plain;
Each flow'ret would ſpring on the green,
And nightingales charm me again:
Return then, my fair one, return,
Your coming no longer delay;
O leave not your ſhepherd to mourn,
But haſten, my charmer, away.

THE goodneſs of women ſome men will diſpute,
But I ſhall their arguments fairly confute;
Undeniably prove that they do what they ought,
And ſay what you will, they are never in fault.

You ſometimes object to their voluble tongues,
That they harraſs your ears, and deſtroy their own lungs;

Should

Should they talk, pretty creatures! from morning
till night,
From fifteen to fifty they're all in the right.

If reſentment againſt the fair-ſex you conceive,
Give attention to ſlanders, and ſlanders believe;
Behold their ſweet faces—reſentment will fly,
Vexation turn pleaſure, and jealouſy die.

The poets ſtrange tales tell of Orpheus, you know,
How he went for his wife to the regions below;
But it muſt be a falſhood, becauſe one ſo fair,
So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at theſe charmers, ye unthinking, rail,
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail;
Perfection to kings and to females belong,
For women, like monarchs, can never do wrong.

SOME love to range, ſo fond of change,
Variety's their ſhrine;
Each has his ſcheme, and fav'rite whim,
But woman, woman's mine.

The feſtive bowl, the martial ſoul,
The miſers I decline;
Like childiſh toys, to ſome their joys,
But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts ſhe charms our hearts,
And makes this life divine;
For all the tricks of all the ſex,
I'd ſtill have woman mine.

Let

Let idiots rave, who what they'd have
The ſex they can't define;
Juſt as ſhe is, ſhe's form'd to pleaſe,
And long be woman mine.

The ſparkling eye, the melting ſigh,
When heart and heart conjoin;
The bliſs of love, all bliſs above,
Make charming woman mine.

In pomp and ſtate, ſucceed, ye great,
I'll envy nor repine;
If bleſt with pow'r, to life's laſt hour,
To keep dear woman mine.

WHEN I ſurvey thee, matchleſs fair,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm;
O! how can I from love forbear?
Or how the paſſion calm?
Such beauteous charms in thee appear,
Bright as the morning ſun:
Why gaze I, ſimple ſhepherd, here,
And ſeek to be undone?

But nature ne'er deſign'd us harm,
When ſhe ſuch ſkill employ'd;
Each heav'nly grace, and beauteous charm,
Were giv'n to be enjoy'd.
Then let your beauteous ſmiles confeſs
Complacency of mind,
And ev'ry ſoft deſire expreſs;
And as you're fair, be kind.

Then you, replete with ev'ry grace,
Will ſhew how you deſpiſe
Thoſe little arts, coquettes embrace,
To catch unguarded eyes.

So

So may you then, with juſtice claim
The loſs they muſt deplore,
Unblemiſh'd manners, pureſt fame,
When beauty'll be no more.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to ſee
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapleſs day,
My heart was lively, blythe and gay,
Could ſport with ev'ry nymph but ſhe
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
That death muſt be my hapleſs ſtate,
If love and you do not agree
To ſet me at my liberty.

Now to the darkſome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I ſee
Enjoy the ſweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And ev'ry idle care diſdain;
We'll live in ſweet tranquillity,
Nor wiſh for greater liberty.

IF that man is happy, whoſe life is moſt free,
How bliſsful a ſtate muſt a batchelor's be;
From one friend to t'other, with pleaſure he roams,
For a batchelor's welcome wherever he comes.

If

If he's bleſt with enough, and content with his ſtation,
The whole world he may claim for his own re-creation;
He's in no place a ſtranger from London to Rome,
For wherever he comes is a batchelor's home.

If a huſband can boaſt greater pleaſures than theſe,
They're obtain'd at th' expence of his freedom and eaſe;
Whilſt with liberty, pleaſure, and merriment crown'd,
A batchelor's minutes paſs jovially round.
Tho' his houſe ben't ſo nice, he is ſure to be neat,
And the ladies are always well-pleas'd with his treat;
By the ſmack of their lips, at a parting, declare
How delicious a feaſt they think batchelor's fare.

O rather, far rather, good fortune, for me,
The peaceable ſtall of a cobler decree,
Undiſturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life.
To my wiſhes, inſtead of a miſtreſs, commend
The ſolid delights of a bottle and friend;
Go marry, if hen-peck'd and wretched you'd be,
But if bleſt, you'd continue ſtill ſingle as we.

LET the philoſophic wiſe
Preach up rules the gay deſpiſe;
Let the hoary bearded ſage
Cenſure follies of the age:
Yet, while briſk the vital tide,
Pleaſure thou ſhalt be my guide:
Live, O goddeſs, live with me,
All in dear variety.
Live, O goddeſs, &c.

Dwell

Dwell thou, love, within my breaſt,
Juſt enough to make me bleſt;
Let thy ſweets inceſſant ſpring,
But protect me from thy ſting:
Be thy paſſion unconfin'd,
Under no reſtraint the mind;
But, like birds, as fond and free,
Pleas'd with dear variety.

Keep, O Plutus, all thy wealth,
Give me competence and health;
Care ſurrounds the miſer's board,
Pain ſucceeds the miſer's hoard,
Pain ſucceeds the ſpendthrift's board;
Bacchus, in thy roſy bowl
Let me ſlake my thirſty ſoul;
But let reaſon wait on thee,
Reaſon prompts variety.

Life on wings of joy ſhould haſte,
Gloomy thought the minutes waſte;
We ſhould baniſh care and fear,
Fate predeſtines all things here:
Hail to friendſhip, beauty, wine,
Theſe make tranſient life divine;
May they ever live with me,
All in dear variety.

FAR ſweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
Whoſe fragrance ſheds a rich perfume,
And all the meadows fill;
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the bluſhing roſe,
Is Patty of the Mill.

The neighbouring ſwains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder ſtruck they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the hill;
Each ſtrove, with all his ruſtic art,
To ſooth and charm the honeſt heart
Of Patty of the Mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A chearful ſoul, a pleaſing grace,
And ſweet content ſmiles in the face
Of Patty of the Mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalts the honeſt virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill;
Ye fair, for ever conſtant prove,
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like Patty of the Mill.

LOVELY nymph aſſwage my anguiſh,
At your feet a tender ſwain
Prays you will not let him languiſh;
One kind look would eaſe his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, of ſports, you
Scarce will meet his like again.

GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd,
No goddeſs for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

Be ſhe young, ſhe's not ſtubborn, but eaſy to mold;
Or ſhe claims my reſpect, like a mother, if old:
Thus either can pleaſe me, ſince woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

Like Venus ſhe ogles, if ſquinting her eye;
If blind ſhe the roving of mine cannot ſpy:
Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

If rich be my bride, ſhe brings tokens of love;
If poor, then the farther from pride my remove:
Thus either contents me; for woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

I ne'er ſhall want converſe, if tongue ſhe poſſeſs;
And if mute, ſtill the rarity pleaſes no leſs:
I'm ſuited to either; for woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

Then ceaſe, ye prophane, on the ſex to diſcant;
If you've wit to diſcern, of charms they've no want:
Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize;
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

DEAR Chloe, whilſt thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain;
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The paſſion, from beauty firſt drawn,
Your kindneſs will vaſtly improve;
Soft ſmiles and gay looks are the dawn,
Fruition's the ſunſhine of love: And

And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs poſſeſs all the ſkies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his ſide,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropſical, ſhe is ſore-ey'd;
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not ſmoak a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to ſmother;
Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
To make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did beſtow;
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of all bleſſings below.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
Which ſickneſs nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

A Fond father's bliſs is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that juſt buds on each face;

With

With their prattle he'll daily himſelf entertain,
And read in their ſmiles their lov'd mother again.
Men of pleaſure be mute; this is life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones, our youth we renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy;
No deceit here diſtracts, no debauches deſtroy;
From the May morn of youth to winter's white age,
Hand in hand with contentment we ſing thro' life's ſtage;
And when death bids us ſtop we end eaſy our ſong,
Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well ſo long.

YE fair, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will;
Whoſe ſmiles can rage itſelf diſarm,
Whoſe frowns at once can kill;
Say, will you deign the verſe to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An honeſt verſe, that flows ſincere
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage:
Each nymph a thouſand hearts may take;
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a priſ'ner make,
Unleſs you've ſtrength to bind?

Attend the counſel often told,
Too often told in vain;
Learn that beſt art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gameſters to little purpoſe win,
Who loſe again as faſt;
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly thro' the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light:
To courts be gone, heart-ſoothing ſleep,
Where you've ſo ſeldom been,
While I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and ſwains expectant wait,
In primroſe chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall all declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouſe yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark miſtakes,
And quits the new-dreſs'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now

Now blitheſome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves deſportive play,
The feſtal dance young ſhepherds lead,
Or ſing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and ſwains exulting cry,
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

YE fair who ſhine thro' Britain's iſle,
And triumph o'er the heart;
For once attentive be a-while
To what I now impart.
Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As ſoon as nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Iſabel from ſchool is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The ſureſt way to keep him.

When firſt the pleaſing pain is felt
Within the lover's breaſt;
And you by ſtrange perſuaſion melt,
Each wiſhing to be bleſt;
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
Aſſume a modeſt pride;
And, leſt your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide:

The maid who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late
That's not the way to keep him.

In dreſſing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the ſex;
Nor let the arts of dear ſpadille
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reaſon guide;
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is faſt,
And both its bleſſings ſhare,
To make thoſe joys for ever laſt,
Of jealouſy beware:
His love with kind compliance meet;
Let conſtancy the work complete,
And you'll be ſure to keep him.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the ſwains,
And rivals all the fair:
The beams of Sol delight and clear,
While ſummer ſeaſons roll;
But Sally's ſmiles can all the year
Give pleaſure to the ſoul.

When from the eaſt the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her preſence bids the god of day
With emulation glow:
Freſh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds ſweeter notes prepare;
The playful lambkin ſkip around,
And hail the ſiſter fair.

The lark but ſtrains his liquid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimics, while he ſwells his note,
The ſweetneſs of her voice:
The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
While Flora ſheds perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret ſeems to ſay,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unſpotted fame
Make vocal ev'ry vale;
The ſtream meand'ring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praiſe.

No more ſhall blitheſome laſs and ſwain
To mirthful wake reſort,
Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
Advance in rural ſport:
No more ſhall guſh the purling rill,
Nor muſic wake the grove,
Nor flocks look ſnow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

WHILE beaus to pleaſe the ladies write,
Or bards, to get a dinner by't,
Their well-feign'd paſſions tell,
Let me in humble verſe proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young.
That ſhe has danc'd, that ſhe has ſung,
Alas! I know full well:
I feel, and I ſhall ever feel,
The dart more ſharp than pointed ſteel,
That came from Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, *&c.*

Of late I hop'd, by reaſon's aid,
To cure the wounds which love had made,
And bade a long farewell:
But t'other day ſhe croſs'd the green;
I ſaw, I wiſh I had not ſeen,
My charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, *&c.*

I aſk'd her why ſhe paſs'd that way?
To church, ſhe cry'd—I cannot ſtay:
Why, don't you hear the bell?
To church—oh! take me with thee there,
I pray'd: ſhe would not hear my prayer,
Ah! cruely Kitty Fell.
Cruel Kitty, *&c.*

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love, and to complain,
Condemn'd in chains to dwell:
For tho' ſhe caſts a ſcornful eye,
In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
Adieu! dear Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
Adieu, ſweet Kitty, Kitty Fell!

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight and my pride,
I always have boaſted and ſeek not to hide;

I dwell

I dwell on her praiſes wherever I go;
They ſay, I'm in love, but I anſwer, No, no;
They ſay, I'm in love, but I anſwer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleaſure I ſee
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!
But ſay not 'tis love, for I anſwer, No, no;
But ſay, &c.

She ſings me a ſong, and I echo its ſtrain;
Again, I cry Jenny, ſweet Jenny again:
I kiſs her ſweet lips, as if there I could grow;
But ſay not 'tis love, for I anſwer, No, no;
But ſay, &c.

She tells me her faults as ſhe ſits on my knee;
I chide her, and ſwear ſhe's an angel to me:
My ſhoulder ſhe taps, and ſtill bids me think ſo:
Who knows but ſhe loves, tho' ſhe anſwers, No, no;
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour, how I
Should prudence adviſe, and compel me to fly:
Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haſte to beſtow,
And let me deſerve her, or ſtill I'll ſay, No;
And let me deſerve her, or ſtill I'll ſay, No.

SURE Sally is the lovelieſt laſs]
That e'er gave ſhepherd glee;
Not May-day, in its morning dreſs,
Is half ſo fair as ſhe.
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore;
Ye bards, had ye my Sally ſeen,
You'd think on thoſe no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey ſip,
Did ye but know the ſweets that dwell
On Sally's love-taught lip:
But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful ſwains,
The ripe temptation ſhun;
Or elſe like me you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot ſecure I ſlept,
And lark-like hail'd the dawn;
More ſportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
And did my truth aver;
Yet, ere the parting kiſs was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I ſee,
Where love-lorn ſhepherds ſtray;
There to the winds my grief I ſpeak,
And ſigh my ſoul away:
Nought but deſpair my fancy paints,
No dawn of hope I ſee;
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
And laughs at love and me.

Since theſe my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have loſt their tender fleecy dams,
And ſtray'd I know not where:
Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat:
My lambkins loſt, adieu!
No more we on the plains ſhall meet,
For loſt's your ſhepherd too.

THE

THE bird that hears her neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the ſky,
To nurſe the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thouſand harms;
And ſickens for the darling boy,
When abſent from her arms.

Such fondneſs with impatience join'd
My faithful boſom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my deſires:
The pow'rs of verſe too languid prove,
All ſimilies are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The ſaint with fervent zeal inſpir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine;
The ſaint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine:
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddeſs I adore.

BY the dew-beſprinkled roſe;
By the blackbird piping clear;
By the weſtern gale, that blows
Fragrance on the vernal year;
Hear Amanda, hear thy ſwain,
Nor let me longer ſigh in vain;
Hear Amanda, &c.

By the cowſlip, clad in gold;
By the ſilver lily's light;
By thoſe meads, where you behold
Nature rob'd in green and white;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy ſwain,
And to his ſighs, oh! ſigh again;
Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race;
By the muſic that it makes;
By bright Sol's inverted face,
Who for the ſtream his ſky forſakes;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy ſwain,
And into joy convert his pain;
Hear, &c.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
I peeviſh began, Where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four:
A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals:
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air;
Thus far, &c.

Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, let a body but ſpeak;
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fall'n into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to ſuch a degree;
Look here! for you never believe me, pray ſee,
On the left ſide my breaſt, what a mark it has made!
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd:
That ſcene of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

ASSIST

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful nine,
With numbers ſoft and witty;
To Beſſy I inſcribe the line,
Then raiſe my humble ditty.
To Beſſy, &c.
Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous ſong;
And, as ye waft the ſound along,
Attend, ye liſt'ning ſylvan throng,
To praiſe my charming Beſſy;
My lovely, charming Beſſy.

Let others ſing the cruel fair,
Who glories in undoing,
And proudly bids the wretch deſpair,
Rejoicing in his ruin;
And proudly, &c.
Such haughty tyrants I deteſt;
And let me ſcorn them, while I reſt
Upon thy gentle-ſwelling breaſt,
My lovely, charming Beſſy;
My lovely, &c.

The roſe I'll pluck to deck her head,
The vi'let and the panſy:
The cowſlip too ſhall quit the mead,
To aid my am'rous fancy;
The cowſlip, &c.
Ye fragrant ſiſters of the ſpring,
Who ſhed your ſweets on Zephyr's wing,
Around my fair your odours fling,
Around my charming Beſſy;
Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the ſkies,
The ſun no longer burning,
Methinks I ſee before my eyes
Thy well-known form returning,

On hill or dale, by wood or ſtream,
Thou art alone my conſtant theme,
My waking wiſh, my morning dream,
Thou lovely, charming Beſſy;
Thou lovely, &c.

ON Pleaſure's ſmooth wing, how old time ſteals away,
And love's fatal flame leads the ſhepherd aſtray?
My days, O ye ſwains! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the ſtillneſs of night:
No care found a place in my cottage or breaſt;
But health and content all the year was my gueſt.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could enſnare
With voice or with feature, with dreſs or with air:
So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
That I gather'd the ſweets, but I miſſed the ſmart:
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
But ſtill all my ſong was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object freſh raptures did yield:
If I ſtray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thouſand gay ſcenes were diſplay'd to my ſight;
If the nightingale ſung, I could liſten all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the ſtream,
And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, ſince for Hebe in ſecret I ſigh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I!
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
Their ſweets now all ſicken, their colours all fade;
No muſic I find in ſoft Philomel's ſtrain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They

They ſay that ſhe's kind, but no kindneſs I ſee;
On others ſhe ſmiles, but ſhe frowns upon me:
Then teach me, bright Venus, perſuaſion's ſoft art,
Or aid me, by reaſon, to ranſom my heart;
To crown my deſire, or to baniſh my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give eaſe to the ſwain.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious deſign
To 'ſcape from her charms, and to drown 'em in wine;
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and ſtill love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reaſon, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my caſe, and each circumſtance weigh'd;
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was faireſt of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counſel, to find out a fault:
If that's all, quoth Reaſon, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While, like lightning, ſhe darts thro' each throbbing vein?
My ſenſes ſurpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reaſon confirms me a ſlave to her charms.

ASK if yon damaſk roſe is ſweet,
That ſcents the ambient air;
Then aſk each ſhepherd that you meet,
If dear Suſanna's fair.

Say,

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the ſpray,
Then doubt thy ſhepherd's love.

The ſpoils of war let heroes ſhare,
Let pride in ſplendor ſhine;
Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Suſanna mine.

HOW bleſt has my time been! what days have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain;
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me;
And borrow, &c.

To try her ſweet temper oft-times am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles;
And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her eaſe and good-humour bloom all the year thro':
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth;
And gives, &c.

Ye

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to inſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home;
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

YE belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolickſome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency ſprings,
The ſexes at once to confound?
What means the cock'd hat and the maſculine air,
With each motion deſign'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languiſh, not ſtare,
And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex—dear girls,
And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex.

The girl who on beauty depends for ſupport,
May call ev'ry art to her aid;
The boſom diſplay'd, and the petticoat ſhort,
Are ſamples ſhe gives of her trade:
But you on whom fortune indulgently ſmiles,
And whom pride has preſerv'd from the ſnare,
Should ſlily attack with coyneſs and wiles,
Not with open and inſolent air—brave girls,
Not with, &c.

The Venus, whoſe ſtatue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modeſtly back from the view,
And kindly ſhould ſeem by the artiſt deſign'd
To ſerve as a model for you.
Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;
Nor venture too much to reveal:
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal—ſweet girls,
And double, &c.

The bluſhes of morn, and the mildneſs of May,
Are charms which no art can procure;
Are charms, &c.
Oh! be but yourſelves, and our homage we'll pay,
And your empire is ſolid, and ſure:
But if Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for ſiſters or aunts;
Believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
Believe me, you'll never be wives.

GO, Roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace,
My Chloe's boſom grace;
How happy ſhould I prove,
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
With never-fading love!

There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die;
Involv'd in, &c.
Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there,
More fragrant, &c.
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair,
With envy, &c.

One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with envy, I with love,
You die with envy, I with love.

OH!

OH! how ſhall I, in language weak
My ardent paſſion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to ſpeak
That cruel word, Farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray;
Go where I will, my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
Let the fair-one I love have but prudence in view,
That, tho' ſhe deceive, I may ſtill think her true:
Be her perſon not beauteous, but pleaſing and clean;
Let her temper be cloudleſs, and open her mien:
By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in moſt of the ſex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex:
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jeſt,
For prudes I deſpiſe, and coquettes I deteſt:
May her humour the taſte of the company hit,
Not affectedly wiſe, nor too pert with her wit:
Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
And I'll love her for ever—I mean, if I can.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem, that in ſearching around,
This ſource of content is ſo rare to be found?

O, friend-

O, friendſhip! thou balm, and rich ſweetner of life;
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty deluſion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with ſafety depend?
Our joys, when extended, will always increaſe,
And griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into peace:
When fortune is ſmiling, what crouds will appear
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere;
Yet change but the proſpect, and point out diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they'll eagerly preſs.

WHY heaves my fond boſom! ah! what can
it mean?
Why flutters my heart that was once ſo ſerene?
Why this ſighing and trembling when Daphne is
near;
Or why, when ſhe's abſent, this ſorrow and fear?
Or why when ſhe's abſent, &c.

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
The thouſand ſoft charms that embelliſh thy face:
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enſlav'd by thy
mind;
With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unſully'd by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reſide:
Pray heaven that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him, who without thee muſt die.
With compaſſion, &c.

'GAINST

'GAINST the deſtructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair-ones, guard;
Their only ſtudy's to trepan,
And play a trickſter's card:
With ſtrange delight poor women they ſlight,
Amuſe, cajole, belie:
Hence, girls! beware—look ſharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous ſly.

That Proteus, man, like him of old,
A thouſand forms will take;
His venal ſoul is all for gold,
A crocodile, or ſnake.
See his dire thread! this ſpider ſpread
To catch the female fly:
Hence, girls! beware—look ſharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous ſly.

A porcupine, with rage inſpir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills;
A baſiliſk by frenzy fir'd,
His glance by poiſon kills:
With fraudful arts he ſteals their hearts,
Then throws the baubles by:
Hence, girls! beware—look ſharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous ſly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-ſpreading plain,
Of conſtancy, of faith, to treat,
And virtue's ſpotleſs train,
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages you might try:
Hence, girls! beware—look ſharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous ſly.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To eaſe my pain, and ſooth my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind,
And as I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle uſage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy
Where nature has no part?
Freſh beauties may my eyes employ,
But you alone my heart.

Thus wretched exiles, when they roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where;
But languiſh for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

TO Reaſon, ye fair-ones, aſſert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath common ſenſe:
When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thouſand gay ſcenes are preſented to view,
Ten thouſand oaths ſwore, but not one of them true;
Such paſſions, O heed not, unleſs to deride,
Leſt a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to ſound,
True bleſſings can ne'er without goodneſs be found;
Leave folly and faſhions, miſguiders of youth,
And ſtick to their oppoſites, freedom and truth.

NO

NO more ſhall meads be deckt with flow'rs,
Nor ſweetneſs dwell in roſy bow'rs;
Nor greeneſt buds in branches ſpring,
Nor warbling birds delight to ſing;
Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forſake my Celia's love.

The fiſh ſhall in the ocean burn,
And fountains ſweet ſhall bitter turn,
The humble vale no flood ſhall know,
When floods ſhall higheſt hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe ſhall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love ſhall his bow and ſhaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The ſun refuſe to ſhew his light,
And day be turned into night;
And in that night no ſtar appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear.

ANGELIC Fair, beneath yon pine,
On graſſy verdure let's recline,
And like the morn be gay:
See how Aurora ſmiles on ſpring,
See how the larks ariſe and ſing,
To hail the infant day.

Muſic ſhall wake the morn—the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play
In wiles, impell'd by love:
When weary, we ſhall deign to reſt
Alternate on each other's breaſt,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boaſt more happineſs
Than I (poſſeſſing thee) poſſeſs?
All care is baniſh'd hence,
Say, mortals, who our deeds deſpiſe,
In what ſuperior pleaſure lies,
Than love and innocence?

YOU ſay, at your feet that I wept in deſpair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever ſo fair;
How could you believe all the nonſenſe I ſpoke?
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next ſtand indicted for ſwearing to love,
And nothing but death ſhould my paſſion remove;
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;
And not yet contented! have conſcience, my dear.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal ſhell,
To hills and dales my paſſion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy:
You, greater bards, the lyre ſhould hit;
For ſay, what ſubject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The ſun firſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangled thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He not ſo beauteous as, undreſt,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damaſk roſe,
It does not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And (truſt me) nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

Was ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy:
With her a cottage would delight;
All's happy when ſhe's in my ſight;
But when ſhe's gone, 'tis endleſs night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r ſtill rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the water love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy:
And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that rives my heart,
My words ſhall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

THE winter's dreary ſcene is o'er,
The ſun unlocks the frozen ground;
The veſſels leave the verdant ſhore,
And woods with vocal muſic ſound:
Warm'd by the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
The feather'd ſongſters of the grove,
Tranſported, hop from ſpray to ſpray,
And feel the genial pow'r of love.

A fea-

A feather of peculiar dye,
  A ſofter note, a ſweeter voice,
May teach their little breaſts to ſigh,
  And guide them in their tranſient choice:
No wonder that theſe trifles pleaſe,
  Transfix their hearts, and charm their ear;
Their nuptial union ſoon muſt ceaſe,
  Nor can ſurvive the circl'ing year.

Far nobler gifts my fancy warms,
  Far nobler gifts muſt ſtrike my eyes;
I rove in queſt of brighter charms,
  And ſeek a mate diſcretely wiſe.
In Chloe all thoſe charms combine,
  That wit and virtue can impart;
She then ſhall be my Valentine,
  And ever triumph o'er my heart.

WHEN, lovely maid, with thee I join'd
  In humble ſuit to heav'n,
Unuſual comfort cheer'd my mind,
  And ſpoke my faults forgiv'n.

My griefs were huſh'd, my joy ſerene,
  No anxious care I knew:
Loſt to my thought this earthly ſcene,
  All but my love for you.

Fain would I think, that thou, dear maid,
  By pitying heav'n waſt ſent
To lend an erring ſinner aid,
  And teach him to repent.

Vouchſafe me ſtill the pious care,
  O! crown the great deſign;
Reward my paſſion, charming fair,
  And fix me heav'n's—and thine.

YES, theſe are the ſcenes where with Iris I
ſtray'd;
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid:
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyſter ſhe run;
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love!

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs and the
plains;
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my
pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my
love!
Be ſtill tho' my heart, thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of love is no more.

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathleſs, with ardour, my fair-one purſu'd,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe
view'd!
But be ſtill, my fond heart, this emotion give o'er;
Fain would'ſt thou forget, thou muſt love her no
more.

EV'RY bliſs that heav'n can give,
With dear Myra is to live,
Hear her talk, and ſee her ſmile,
Fondly gazing all the while:
Conſtantly with raptures trace
Ev'ry charm of mind and grace;
Snatch her to my glowing breaſt,
When with tenderneſs oppreſt.
Ev'ry bliſs, &c.

But of theſe, if once depriv'd,
Long, too long, I ſhall have liv'd;
Frankly I'd reſign my breath;
Myra loſt is worſe than death.
Ev'ry bliſs, &c.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more;
I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
I ſay to my heart, be at reſt, and believe
That whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will leave.

But, ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace,
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my love;
But doubts, caus'd by paſſion, you never can blame,
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the ſame.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my ſtubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepare with ſcorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then, relapſing, fly to meet her,
And confeſs myſelf her ſlave.

THE

THE honeſt heart, whoſe thoughts are clear,
From fraud, diſguiſe, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's ſmile.

The greatneſs that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king!

AS bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I ſung acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their pleaſing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing thro' the tufted grove
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the Queen of Love,
When Chlora's charms I view'd:
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I preſs'd her ſtay,
To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain—ſhe fled away,
Nor could my ſighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,
Came pity to my breaſt,
And thus I (as compaſſion bade)
The feather'd pair addreſs'd:
"Ye little warblers, chearful be,
"Remember not ye flew;
"For I who thought myſelf ſo free,
"Am far more caught than you."

WHEN beauty on the lover's ſoul
Imprints its firſt and faireſt charms,
It ſoon does reaſon's force controul,
And ev'ry paſſion quite diſarms.

'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'ry feature blooms divine;
'Tis beauty makes the king a ſlave,
When in an angel's form, like thine.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I ſpeak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being ſet in their ſight,
They're ſure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll ſnivel,
They'll coax and they'll ſimper—
In ſhort, they're the devil;
And ſo there's an end of my ſong.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruiſes, and blows;
Not a ſword, but a ſword-knot, rejoices the fair:
And what are rough ſoldiers to beaux?
Away then with laurels! come beauty and love,
And ſilence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with ſoft myrtle my brows bare involve,
And tenderly combat at home.

HEAR

HEAR me, blooming goddeſs, hear me!
Queen of ſmiles and ſoft deſire;
Send the beauty to endear me,
Who has lit this am'rous fire.

Oh! how ſweet the mild dominion
Of the charmer we approve!
Honour clips the wanton pinion,
And we're willing ſlaves to love.

TO heal the ſmart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek ſhe laid,
And bid me kiſs the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both ſweet and ſmart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The ſting within my heart.

WHEN real joy we miſs,
'Tis ſome degree of bliſs,
To reap ideal pleaſure,
And dream of hidden treaſure.

The ſoldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without ſcars;
The ſailor in his ſleep
With ſafety ploughs the deep:

So I, through fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
And, bleſt with thee and love,
Am greater far than Jove.

THEN hey for a frolickſome life;
I'll ramble where pleaſures are rife;
Strike up with the free-hearted laſſes,
And never think more of a wife.
Plague on it, men are but aſſes,
To run after noiſe and ſtrife.

Had we been together buckled,
'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
And boys pointing, cry'd—Look there!

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet, I ſwear, I can't tell how
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me:
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there the graces revel;
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman:
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
In ſhort, 'tis that provoking charm
In ſhort, 'tis that provoking charm
Of Celia all together,
Of Celia all together.

TO

TO ſigh and complain,
Alike I diſdain,
Contented my wiſh to enjoy:
I ſcorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a ſcar;
And if my proud enemy yield,
The joy that remains
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich ſpoils of the field.

WHY ſhould I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful ſwain;
Since labour oft a ſweet beſtows,
Which lazy ſplendor never knows?

Hence ſprings the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wiſh, the poor man's wealth;
And ſpread thoſe bluſhes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dreſs, the pomp of ſhow,
Are trappings oft that cover woe;
But we, whoſe wiſhes never roam,
Shall taſte of real joys at home:

THO' my dreſs, as my manners, is ſimple and plain,
A raſcal I hate, and a knave I diſdain;
My dealings are juſt, and my conſcience is clear,
And I'm richer than thoſe who have thouſands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for ſporting uncouth,
I feel no remorſe for the follies of youth;
I ſtill tell my tale, and rejoice in my ſong,
And my boys think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, thoſe dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of Honeſt I prize—and that title's my own.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I ſtrove in vain
My wild deſires to rally:
But now they're of themſelves come home,
And, ſtrange! no longer ſeek to roam,
They center all in Sally.

Yet ſhe, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy;
Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes, I ſwear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh! come, thou ſweeter fa
Than jeſſamine and roſes are,
Or lilies of the valley;
O follow Love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make me bleſt in Sally.

N.H. HARDING

THO' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wiſdom I hate and deteſt;

Not

Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
And my heart is as light as the beſt.

When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myſelf in my children I ſee;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young
Oh! I caper'd and ſung,
The laſſes came flocking apace;
But now turn'd of threeſcore,
I can do ſo no more—
Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleaſures we crack;
For we ſtill love the ſmack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why ſhould we repine?
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

CONSTANTIA, ſee thy faithful ſlave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave:
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond purſuing Love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding, aching heart;
Regard my ſighs, and flowing tears,
And with a ſmile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'ſt be,
By ſacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the weſtern ſun decline,
My hand and heart ſhall both be thine.

THY origin divine I ſee,
Of mortal race thou can'ſt not be:
Thy lip a ruby luſtre ſhows,
Thy purple cheek outſhines the roſe:
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any ſtar.
Thy ſordid way of life deſpiſe;
Above thy ſlav'ry, Silvia, riſe:
Diſplay thy beauty, form, and mien,
And grow a goddeſs, or a queen.

LOVELY Phillis, when thou'rt kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind;
Then I think thee ſo divine,
Thou excell'ſt e'en mighty wine:
But when you inſult me and laugh at my pain,
I waſh thee away in ſparkling champaign;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

Eyes relenting when I ſee,
Friends I freely quit for thee;
Love perſuades and charms me then,
Freedom I'd not wiſh to gain:
But when thou art cruel and heed'ſt not my care,
Then ſtraight with a bumper I baniſh deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

WAS

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
And I her only ſwain,
To tend her flocks in verdant mead,
And on the verdant plain;
Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
To pleaſe my lovely maid;
While of all ſenſe of care we're freed,
Beneath an oaken ſhade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And rain ſeems in the ſky,
Then to our oaken, ſafe retreat,
We'd both together hie!
There I repeat my vows of love
Unto my charming fair,
Whilſt her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
A mind like mine, ſincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
I'd live in rural eaſe;
Then grandeur, buſtle, pride, and noiſe,
Could ne'er my fancy pleaſe:
In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
With grace and blooming youth,
Sincerity and virtue ſhines,
With modeſty and truth.

THrice-lov'd Conſtantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a ſervant's form I wear;
Tho' bleſt with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee both wealth and birth I ſcorn.

Truſt me, fair maid, my conſtant flame
For ever will remain the ſame:
My love that ne'er will ceaſe, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
You ſay I'm falſe, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a flake of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that never dies.
Then take and try me, you ſhall find
That I've a heart that's true:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

FArewell, ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dreſs'd without art:
No pleaſure ye now can afford,
Nor muſic can lull me to reſt;
For Phillis proves falſe to her word,
And Strephon can never be bleſt.

Oft-times, by the ſide of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would ſing,
For Strephon was all ſhe held dear:
But as ſoon as ſhe found, by my eyes,
The paſſion that glow'd in my breaſt,
She then, to my grief and ſurprize,
Prov'd all ſhe had ſaid was a jeſt.

Too late, to my ſorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt:
Beware, then, beware how ye truſt
Coquets, who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been juſt,
If nature had bleſs'd her with ſenſe.

YE virgins attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan;
Ne'er let it be ſaid,
There goes an old maid,
But get married as faſt as you can.

As ſoon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd
To beat quick at the ſight of a man;
Then chooſe out a youth
With honour and truth,
And get married as faſt as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms ſoon will ſhroud,
And this whimſical life's but a ſpan;
Then, maids, make your hay,
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as faſt as you can.

The treacherous rake
Will artfully take
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
But baffle their ſnare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as faſt as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame ſtill continue to fan;
Ne'er harbour the ſtings
That jealouſy brings,
But be conſtant, and bleſt while you can.

SURE never poor Shepherd was tortur'd like me,
From morning to night I could never be free;
The charms of young Phillis ſo ran in my head,
I wiſh'd ſhe was mine, or I wiſh'd myſelf dead.

Whenever I ſaw her and told her my caſe,
She gave me a frown, or ſhe laugh'd in my face;
Yet ſtill I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
My paſſion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love
Produc'd no effect, nor affection could move;
So ſchem'd a contrivance her paſſion to try,
And boldly reſolv'd, or to conquer, or die.

'Twas ſpread round the village I courted young Prue,
And Phillis had left, her own ſchemes to purſue;
This anſwer'd my wiſhes, ſhe ſoon prov'd more kind,
And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.

I catch'd the occaſion, and ſent for a prieſt,
For fear ſhe ſhould alter, I thought it the beſt;
From hence learn, ye virgins, be bleſt if ye can,
And never refuſe the ſincere honeſt man.

ERE

ERE Phœbus ſhall peep on the freſh-budding flow'r,
Or blue-bells are robb'd of their dew;
Sleep on, my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roſes and jeſs'min each other ſhall greet,
And mingle, to copy thy hue;
The lily to match with thy boſom ſo ſweet,
How faint its reſemblance of you.

With ſweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let ſhall vie,
But weakly, and pay it its due;
The thorn ſhall be robb'd of the ſloe for thine eye,
Yet Nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the ſenſitive-plant muſt declare
The truth of my well-belov'd ſhe;
Whoſe hand if to touch it bold ſhepherds ſhould dare,
Would ſhrink from all others but me.

LET miſers hug their darling ſtore,
And kiſs each guinea o'er and o'er,
I'm richer with a ſhilling;
It brings me out to chearful air,
To meet my lovely, cruel fair,
Oh! that ſhe was but willing.

To make her ſuch, I point to groves,
And bid her mark the heart-ſick doves,
How ſweetly they are billing;
But all in vain, as yet, my art,
For, oh! I feel acroſs my heart,
Love's god his poiſon ſpilling.

The ſtreams which flow like my ſad eye,
Will leave, at laſt, their channels dry,
  Unleſs the ſprings are filling;
And ſofteſt rain, on hardeſt ſtone,
Will wear, tho' drops fall one by one,
  A hole, by conſtant drilling.

But, oh! my ſprings will ne'er again
Repleniſh, but with freſher pain,
  Her frowns are ſtill ſo killing;
Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
Though conſtant drops bedew my verſe,
  From eyes, like limbecks ſtilling.

I ſung the ſong, it pleas'd her too,
"How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,"
  While neighbour's griſt was milling;
But all was vain, if you muſt know,
So I reſolv'd to let her go,
  Becauſe ſhe was not willing.

THE gentle ſwan, with graceful pride,
  Her gloſſy plumage laves;
And ſailing down the ſilver tide,
  Divides the whiſp'ring waves:
The ſilver tide that wand'ring flows,
  Sweet to the bird muſt be;
But not ſo ſweet, blithe Cupid knows,
  As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
  On yonder fruit-tree ſung;
And ſtill the pendent neſt ſhe view'd,
  That held her callow young:

Tho'

Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood muſt be,
They're not ſo dear, the thouſandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roſes that my brow ſurround,
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before the hue grew pale:
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckleſs torn from thee;
For what the root is to the roſe,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n ſnow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds to Delia I'll beſtow,
They're like her boſom fair:
May they of our connubial love
A happy omen be;
Then ſuch fond bliſs as turtles prove
Shall Delia ſhare with me.

COME Roſalind, oh, come and ſee
What pleaſures are in ſtore for thee,
What pleaſures are in ſtore for thee;
The flow'rs in all their ſweets appear,
The fields their gayeſt beauties wear,
The fields their gayeſt beauties wear.

The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
Now warble out their ſongs of love;
For thee they ſing, and roſes bloom,
And Colin thee invites to come.

Come,

Come, Roſalind, and Colin join;
My tender flocks and all are thine:
If love and Roſalind be near,
'Tis May and pleaſure all the year.

Come, ſee a cottage and a ſwain:
Can'ſt thou my love or gifts diſdain?
Can'ſt thou, &c.
Leave all behind, no longer ſtay,
For Colin calls, then haſte away,
For Colin calls, then haſte away.

BREATHE ſoft, ye winds, be calm ye ſkies,
Ariſe, ye flow'ry race, ariſe;
Ye ſilver dews, ye vernal ſhow'rs,
Call forth a blooming waſte of flow'rs.

The fragrant roſe, a beauteous gueſt,
Shall flouriſh on my fair one's breaſt,
Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flow'r moſt ſweet, the nymph moſt fair.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Can madneſs and reaſon agree?
O Molly! who'd ever be wiſe,
If madneſs is loving of thee?
Let ſages pretend to deſpiſe
The joys they want ſpirits to taſte;
Let me ſeize old time as he flies,
And the bleſſings of life while they laſt.

Dull wiſdom but adds to our cares;
Briſk love will improve ev'ry joy;
Too ſoon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being coy:

Then,

Then, Molly, for what ſhould we ſtay
Till our beſt blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to-day;
We may always find time to grow old.

BEHOLD the ſweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, ſo lovely, as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair.
Ye warblers, come raiſe your ſweet throats,
No longer in ſilence remain,
No longer in ſilence remain;
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
To ſoften, to ſoften my Celia's diſdain?
To ſoften my Celia's diſdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
I breathe my complaints in a ſong,
I breathe my complaints in a ſong;
Fair Flora attends the ſad tale,
And ſweetens, and ſweetens the borders along,
And ſweetens the borders along.
But Celia, whoſe breath might perfume
The boſom of Flora in May,
The boſom of Flora in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardleſs, regardleſs of all I can ſay,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong;
Tell her the ſounds that ſooth her ear,
To Damon's native plaints belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with ſcorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

I Am marry'd and happy, with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age;
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliſs,
And who only looſe pleaſures engage:
You may laugh, but, believe me, you're all in the wrong,
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleaſures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawleſs connections ariſe,
Are fugitive, never ſincere;
Oft ſtolen with haſte, or ſnatch'd by ſurprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
But thoſe which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's lateſt hour will endure.

The love which ye boaſt of, deſerves not that name,
True love is with ſentiment join'd;
But your's is a paſſion, a feveriſh flame,
Rais'd without the conſent of the mind.
When, dreading confinement, ye miſtreſſes hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;
Ye are led, and miſled, by a flatt'ring falſe fire,
And are oft by that fire deſtroy'd.

If you aſk me—from whence my felicity flows?
My anſwer is ſhort—From a wife,
Who for chearfulneſs, ſenſe, and good-nature, I choſe,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.—
To make home the ſeat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each ſtudies to ſeize;
And we find ourſelves happy from morning to night,
By our mutual endeavours to pleaſe.

NOT on beauty's tranſient pleaſure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of ſordid treaſure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind;
Nor her form, the boaſt of nature;
'Twas alone her ſpotleſs mind.

Not on beauty's tranſient pleaſure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of ſordid treaſure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take,

Take, ye ſwains, the real bleſſing
That will joys for life enſure;
The virtuous mind alone poſſeſſing,
Will your laſting bliſs ſecure.

THO' Chloe's out of faſhion,
Can bluſh and be ſincere;
I'll toaſt her in a bumper,
If all the belles were here.
What tho' no diamonds ſparkle
Around her neck and waiſt,
With ev'ry ſhining virtue
The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modeſt plain apparel,
No patches, paint, nor airs,
In debt alone to nature,
An angel ſhe appears:
From gay coquets, high finiſh'd,
My Chloe takes no rules,
Nor envies them their conqueſts,
The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her muſt have merit,
Such merit as her own;
The graces all poſſeſſing,
Yet knows not ſhe has one:
Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
The gift you muſt approve,
And Chloe, charming Chloe,
Will bleſs me with her love.

FAIR is the ſwan, the ermine white,
And fair the lily of the vale;
The moon, reſplendent queen of night,
And ſnows that drive before the gale:
In fairneſs theſe the reſt excel,
But fairer is my Iſabel.

Sweet is the vi'let, ſweet the roſe,
And ſweet the morning breath of May;
Carnations rich their ſweets diſcloſe,
And ſweet the winding woodbines ſtray:
In ſweetneſs theſe the reſt excel,
But ſweeter is my Iſabel.

Conſtant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the ſparrow call:
Fond is the ſky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers all:
In fondneſs theſe the reſt excel,
But fonder I of Iſabel.

TO curb the will, with vain pretence
Philoſophy her force employs,
And tells us, in deſpite of ſenſe,
That life affords no real joys:
Such idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not, immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliſs to your's,
Claſp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n deſires to men,
Deny us not enjoyment free:
Muſt I be happy only then,
When I, alas! ſhall ceaſe to be?

Such

Such idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not, immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliſs to your's,
Claſp'd in the arms of her I love.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
Sweeter than the morning roſe,
Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
Richer ſweets does ſhe diſcloſe.
Long ſecure from Cupid's pow'r,
Soft repoſe had lull'd my breaſt,
Till in one ſhort fatal hour,
She depriv'd my ſoul of reſt.

Cupid, god of pleaſing anguiſh,
From whoſe ſhafts I bleed and burn!
Teach, O! teach the maid to languiſh!
Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
From that torment in her breaſt,
Soon to pity ſhe'll incline,
And, to give her boſom reſt,
Kindly heal the wound in mine.

COME, Chloe, and give me ſweet kiſſes,
For ſweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midſt of my bliſſes,
Do'ſt aſk me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure;
Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind;
For, ſince I love thee beyond meaſure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that in Tempe are ſtraying,
And the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many ſtars are in heaven;
Go number the ſands on the ſhore;
And when ſo many kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be aſking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on your lips ſhall be ſpent:
The wretch that can number his kiſſes,
Will always with few be content.

FArewel, my Paſtora, no longer your ſwain,
Quite ſick of his bondage, can ſuffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with ſuch haughty diſdain;
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol, &c.

I'll live like the birds, thoſe ſweet tenants of May,
Who always are ſportful, who always are gay;
How ſweetly their ſonnets they carol all day!
Their love is but frolic, their courtſhip but play.
Sing tol derol, &c.

If ſtruck by a beauty they ne'er ſaw before,
In chirping ſoft notes they her pity implore:
She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er,
'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.
Sing tol derol, &c.

THE nymph that I love was as chearful as day,
And as ſweet as the bloſſoming hawthorn in May;
Her temper was ſmooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the Mother's of Love:
Tho' mild as the pleaſanteſt Zephyr that ſheds
And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaſte as the ſilver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unſully'd as new-fall'n ſnow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow;
As clear as the ſtream and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wiſe, and tho' beautiful, good:
The ſweets that each virtue or grace had in ſtore,
She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r,
Which, treaſur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

COME, give your attention to what I unfold,
The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,
The moral is true, &c.
My honeſt confeſſion's intended to prove,
How taſteleſs, inſipid, is life without love;
My honeſt confeſſion's, &c.

In works of old ſophiſt my mind I employ'd;
My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd,
My bottle, &c.
I laugh'd at the ſex, and preſumptuouſly ſtrove
Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love:
I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
A patriot in politics, fond of debate,
A patriot, &c.

Each paſſion indulging, my doubts did remove:
They center'd in pleaſure, and pleaſure in love:
Each paſſion, &c.

How ſweet my reſolves, I confeſs'd with a ſigh,
When Phillis, ſweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by,
When Phillis, &c.
I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove;
Conſenting ſhe made me a convert to love:
I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain;
We're born fellow-ſubjects of beauty's ſoft chain,
We're born, &c.
My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
That life is not life when divided from love:
My purchas'd experience, &c.

BEHOLD, faireſt Phœbe, yon garden ſo fair,
So rural the arbours, ſo pleaſant the air;
The trees how they're clad with a bright lovely green,
And lovers, for pleaſure, a walking are ſeen.

See the meadows and fields, with what beauty they grow,
And the clear limpid ſtreams uninterruptedly flow;
See the innocent lambs how they chearfully play,
While their dams, on the bank, do a ſun-burning lay.

In the air hear the birds, with ſweet warbling throats,
All chanting their lays in the ſweeteſt of notes;
The lark in the morning, as ſoon as 'tis light,
With out-ſtretched wings tow'rds the ſky takes her flight.

The cowſlips and vi'lets adorn the green banks,
And pleaſantly grow in irregular ranks;

Not a thing is there wanting to make it look neat,
But you, my dear Phœbe, to render't compleat.

Suppoſe, then, for pleaſure, we juſt take a walk
Around yonder green, and let love be our talk:
What ſay you, my fair one, to you I'll reſign;
What pleaſes your fancy, will likewiſe pleaſe mine.

I would ſcorn to be rude; my thoughts I'd employ
To drive away that which I thought would annoy;
I am plain and ſincere, as a lover ſhould be;
I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

THE flame of love ſincere I felt,
And ſkreen'd the paſſion long;
A tyrant in my ſoul it dwelt,
But awe ſuppreſs'd my tongue.
At length I told my deareſt maid,
My heart was fix'd upon her:
But think not I can love, ſhe ſaid;
I can't, upon my honour.

The heart that once is roving caught,
All prudent nymphs diſtruſt;
And muſt it for a youthful fault
Be always deem'd unjuſt?
So Celia judg'd, ſo ſenſe decreed,
And bid me ſtill to ſhun her:
Your ſuit, ſhe ſaid, won't here ſucceed,
It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
I with a ſigh confeſs;
But thou, who canſt the rake reclaim,
My new-born paſſion bleſs!

Had

Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd,
I could not have undone her;
On thee, bright maid, thou beſt-belov'd,
I doat, upon my honour.

Awhile the nymph my ſuit repreſs'd,
My conſtancy to prove,
Then with a bluſh conſent expreſs'd,
And bleſs'd me with her love.
To church I led the blooming fair,
Enraptur'd that I'd won her;
And now life's ſweeteſt joys we ſhare,
We do, upon my honour.

LET the tempeſt of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms:
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or ſkill,
Seek honour and conqueſt in arms.

To live ſafe, and retire,
Is what I deſire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe poſſeſt;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the laſting enjoyment of reſt:

In ſome cottage or cell,
Like a ſhepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at eaſe;
In a peaceable life,
To be bleſt with a wife,
Who will ſtudy her huſband to pleaſe.

WHERE virtue encircles the fair,
There lilies and roſes are vain;
Each bloſſom muſt drop with deſpair,
Where innocence takes up her reign:
No gaudy embelliſhing arts
The fair-one need call to her aid,
Who kindly by nature imparts
The graces that Nature has made.

The ſwain who has ſenſe, muſt deſpiſe
Each coquettiſh art to enſnare;
If timely ye'd wiſh to be wiſe,
Attend to my counſel, ye fair;
Let virgins whom Nature has bleſt,
Her ſovereign dictates obey;
For beauties by Nature expreſt,
Are beauties that never decay.

MY fair, ye ſwains, is gone aſtray;
The little wand'rer loſt her way
In gath'ring flow'rs the other day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.
Ah! lead her home, ye gentle ſwains,
Who know an abſent lover's pains,
And bring her ſafely o'er the plains;
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind;
And, if you'll be ſo juſt and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis, &c.
Whene'er a charming form you ſee,
Serenely grave, ſedately free,
And mildly gay, it muſt be ſhe;
'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not

Not boldly bare, nor half undreſt,
But under cover ſlightly preſt,
In ſecret plays the little breaſt
  Of Phillis, &c.
When ſuch a heavenly voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
Ah! ſeize her, and bring home my dear:
  'Tis Phillis, &c.

The nymph, whoſe perſon, void of art,
Has ev'ry grace, in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmleſs heart,
  Is Phillis, &c.
Whoſe teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whoſe ſkin is like the cleareſt ſnow,
Whoſe face like—nothing that I know,
  Is Phillis, &c.

But reſt, my ſoul, and bleſs your fate;
The gods, who form'd a piece ſo neat,
So juſt, exact, and ſo compleat
  As Phillis, &c.
Proud of their hit in ſuch a flow'r,
Which ſo exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
  My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

WHILE others ſtrip the new-fall'n ſnows,
And ſteal its fragrance from the roſe,
  To dreſs their Fancy's Queen;
Fain would I ſing, but words are faint,
All muſic's powers too weak to paint
  My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beſide this ſtream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
And told my tale unſeen!
While, faithful in the lover's cauſe,
The winds would murmur ſoft applauſe
To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my ſoul revives the day,
When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
She hail'd the ſylvan ſcene;
Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to pleaſe,
Firſt ſtrove to catch the grace and eaſe
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's ſigh,
On me ſhe caſt her partial eye,
Nor ſcorn'd my humble mien;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love,
I'll ſeek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Tho' now ſhe treads ſome diſtant plain,
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, till that bleſt night
That brings her back with ſpeedy flight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loſs repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my ſtay
With Jenny of the Green.

SOFT pleaſing pains, unknown before,
My beating boſom feels,
When I behold the bliſsful bow'r
Where deareſt Delia dwells.
That way I daily drive my flock;
Ah! happy, happy vale!
There look, and wiſh; and while I look,
My ſighs increaſe the gale,
My ſighs increaſe the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do ſtray
Beneath th' inclement ſkies,
And there my true devotion pay
To Delia's ſleep-ſeal'd eyes:
So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious travel faint,
To kiſs alone the clay-cold tomb
Of ſome lov'd fav'rite ſaint,
Of ſome, &c.

O tell, ye ſhades, that fold my fair,
And all my bliſs contain,
Ah! why ſhould ye thoſe bleſſings ſhare
For which I ſigh in vain?
But let me not at fate repine,
And thus my grief impart:
She's not your tenant;—ſhe is mine;
Her manſion is my heart,
Her manſion is my heart.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
From fair to fair I rov'd;
To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
Tho' all alike I lov'd:

Yet, when the joy I wiſh'd was paſt,
My truth appear'd a jeſt;
But, truſt me, I'm convinc'd at laſt
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

Like other fools, at female wiles
'Twas my delight to rail;
Their ſighs, their vows, their tears, their ſmiles,
Were falſe, I thought, and frail:
But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
I ſee their worth confeſt;
That man cannot enough adore,
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

The roving heart at beauty's ſight
May glow with fond deſire;
Yet, tho' poſſeſſion yield delight,
It damps the lawleſs fire:
But love's celeſtial faithful flames
Still catch from breaſt to breaſt;
While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

No ſolid bliſs from change reſults,
No real raptures flow;
But, fix'd to one, the ſoul exults,
And taſtes of heav'n below.
With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
Is truth's fair form impreſt;
And reaſon dictates to mankind,
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

CUPID, god of love and joy,
Wanton roſy winged boy,
Guard her heart from all alarms,
Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
Bluſhing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I aſk below,
Is to uſe thy darts and bow,
Could I have them in my pow'r,
One ſweet ſmiling happy hour,
One ſweet woman I'd ſecure.

She's the firſt which Venus made,
With her graces full array'd;
When ſhe treads the velvet ground,
We feel the zone with which ſhe's bound,
All is paradiſe around.

IN purſuit of the fox and the hare
What joys and what comforts abound!
But I am alone in deſpair,
Since Sylvia's not there to be found.

When I join with my friends round the bowl,
What rapture I view in each face!
But Sylvia poſſeſſes my ſoul,
And no pleaſures her form can eraſe.

I have told her a tale of ſoft love,
As we ſat in the cool myrtle ſhade;
But nothing I ſaid could remove
Her idea of being betray'd.

O! could I but make her my wife,
I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu!
And reſolve for the reſt of my life
To center my wiſhes with You.

O Betſy! wilt thou gang with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the ſlaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown?
Nae longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare;
Say, can'ſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert Faireſt of the Fair?

O Betſy! when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say, can'ſt thou face the flaky ſnaw,
Nor ſhrink beneath the northern wind?
Say, can that ſaft and gentleſt mien,
Severeſt hardſhips learn to bear?
Nor ſad regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert Faireſt of the Fair.

O Betſy! can'ſt thou love ſa true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when miſhap the ſwain ſhould rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of woe?
Or when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care?
Nor wiſhful thoſe gay ſcenes recall,
Where thou wert Faireſt of the Fair?

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And chear with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert Faireſt of the Fair.

IN pity, Celia, to my pain,
No more my heart reprove,
Nor let the blaſts of cold diſdain
Deſtroy my riſing love.
My love, as yet, but newly blown,
Muſt die for want of care;
'Tis your's (as you the ſeeds have ſown)
To ſave the flow'rs they bear.

When firſt the ſpringing flow'r appears,
And ſhews its riſing head,
Each gentleſt wind it ſhiv'ring fears,
And courts the gardner's aid.
In pity then, no longer ſtrive
To grieve my faithful mind;
Since love and faith, and juſtice too,
Expect you to be kind.

SAY, why muſt the poet's ſoft lay
To beauty be always confin'd?
Or why not the tribute of praiſe
Be paid to the charms of the mind?
Why need we obſerve what we know,
That beauty will quickly decay,
Like flow'rs, which as ſoon as they blow,
Droop, wither, and then fade away?

Tho' not with that raviſhing form,
Which blooming Lucinda can boaſt,
Shall Celia be treated with ſcorn,
Or ſlighted, becauſe ſhe's no toaſt?
No, ſurely, for all muſt revere
The charms of her temper and mind;
Her judgment ſo ſolid and clear,
Her taſte ſo correct and refin'd.

Then why not the tribute of praiſe
Be paid to the charms of the mind?
Or why muſt the poet's ſoft lays
To beauty be always confin'd?
Ye ſwains, then be prudent and wiſe,
Nor liſten to beauty's falſe voice;
A happineſs pure if ye prize,
Let merit alone claim your choice.

WHILST on thy dear boſom lying,
Celia! who can tell my bliſs?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiſs?
Ev'ry look with love inſpires me;
Ev'ry touch my boſom warms;
Ev'ry melting tranſport fires me;
Ev'ry joy is in thine arms.

Thoſe dear eyes that ſweetly languiſh,
Make my heart with rapture beat;
Pleaſure almoſt turns to anguiſh,
When the tranſport is ſo great.
Look not ſo divinely on me;
Celia! I ſhall die with bliſs:
Yet, oh! turn thoſe eyes upon me;
Who'd not die a death like this?

THE fragrant Lily of the Vale,
So elegantly fair,
Whoſe ſweets perfume the fanning gale,
To Chloe I compare:

What

What though on earth it lowly grows,
And ſtrives its head to hide;
Its ſweetneſs far out-vies the roſe,
That flaunts with ſo much pride.

The coſtly tulip owes its hue
To many a gaudy ſtain;
In this we view the virgin white
Of innocence remain:
See how the curious floriſt's hand
Uprears its humble head;
And to preſerve the charming flower,
Tranſplants it to his bed.

There while it ſheds its ſweets around,
How ſhines each modeſt grace;
Enraptur'd how its owner ſtands,
To view its lovely face:
But pray, my Chloe, now obſerve
The inference of my tale;
May I the Floriſt be—and thou
The Lily of the Vale.

WHEN once I with Phillida ſtray'd,
Where rivers ran murmuring by,
I heard the ſoft vows that ſhe made,
What ſwain was ſo happy as I?
My breaſt was a ſtranger to care,
For my wealth by her kiſſes I told;
I thought myſelf richer, by far,
Than he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
The kiſſes, I once thought my own,
Are beſtow'd on a happier ſwain:

But ceaſe, gentle ſhepherd, to deem
Her vows ſhall be conſtant and true;
They're as falſe as a Midſummer dream,
As fickle as Midſummer dew.

O Phillis, ſo fickle and fair,
Why did you my love then approve?
Had you frown'd on my ſuit, thro' deſpair,
I ſoon had forgotten to love:
You ſmil'd, and your ſmiles were ſo ſweet,
You ſpoke, and your words were ſo kind,
I could not ſuſpect the deceit,
But gave my looſe ſails to the wind.

When tempeſts the ocean deform,
And billows ſo mountainous roar,
The pilot, ſecure from the ſtorm,
Ne'er ventures his bark from the ſhore;
As ſoon as ſoft breezes ariſe,
And ſmiles the falſe face of the ſea,
His art he too credulous tries,
And ſailing is ſhipwreck'd like me.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover;
After walking three long miles,
One kind look, at leaſt, diſcover,
Come and ſpeak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can ſee your roguiſh ſmiles.

Addſlids! my mind is ſo poſſeſs'd,
'Till we're ſped I ſhan't have reſt;
Only ſay the thing's a bargain,
Here, an you like it, ready to ſtrike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I am her's, ſhe is mine;
Thus we ſeal, and thus we ſign.

THE

THE ſmiling plains, profuſely gay,
Are dreſt in all the pride of May,
The birds around in every vale,
Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor ſpring nor ſummer ſmiles on me!
All lonely in the ſecret ſhade,
I mourn thy abſence, charming maid.

O ſoft as love! as honour fair!
More gently ſweet than vernal air,
Come to my arms, for you alone
Can all my anguiſh paſt atone!

O come! and to my bleeding heart,
Th' ambroſial balm of love impart!
Thy preſence laſting joy ſhall bring,
And give the year eternal ſpring.

HOW ſweet are the roſes of June,
The pink and the jeſſamine gay;
But ſtripp'd of their bloſſoms, how ſoon,
How ſudden thoſe ſweets will decay!
Juſt ſuch is the maid in her prime,
Adorn'd with the bloom of fifteen;
But robb'd of her beauty by time,
No traces of youth can be ſeen.

Then, Phillis, be wiſe whilſt you may,
To Damon's addreſſes prove kind,
Relent, or, believe what I ſay,
Too late you will alter your mind.
When next the fond youth ſhall declare,
The paſſion which glows in his breaſt,
With him to the altar repair,
Nor longer refuſe to be bleſt.

YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
For greater bliſs deſign her;
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to reſign her.

ADIEU, dear maid, whoſe charms inſpire
A never-fading love;
Once more to rural ſcenes retire,
And range the thoughtful grove;
Where peace ſhall all thy ſteps attend,
And Nature's various beauties blend,
And Nature's various, &c.

There no corroding cares intrude,
Which haunt th' ambitious throng:
Th' embow'ring ſhades of ſolitude
To humble minds belong;
To thoſe whoſe virtue is too great
To live in regions of deceit.

Though now ill-nature throws her darts,
And wounds our ſocial joy,
Bleſt friendſhip ſtill unites our hearts
With her endearing tie.
While thus ſupported, we can brave
Each cruel ſtorm and threat'ning wave.

Vice ſhall try all her arts in vain
Our union to divide:
For pureſt love's eternal chain
Our ſpirits has ally'd:
Then let not parting give us pain,
We parted but to meet again.

SAY,

SAY, oh! too lovely creature,
Thou cauſe of all my ſmart,
What means this palpitation,
Without a feeling heart?
There's conjuration in it:
It ceaſes—Then, in a minute,
Such rapping,
And tapping,
As if it ne'er would reſt;
Mine too, I vow,
I can't tell how,
Is like to burſt my breaſt.

I Am a young ſhepherd, the pride of the plain;
The laſſes all ſtrive my affection to gain;
I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue:
Say, what would you have ſuch a young ſhepherd do?

I cannot be eaſy wherever I go,
Nor know I the reaſon they follow me ſo;
'Tis ſtrange I am ſure you will readily own,
That, tho' I refuſe, they wont let me alone.

Laſt night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green,
Such numbers came round me as never were ſeen;
To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,
So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her eaſe and good-nature, I vow and proteſt,
Have gain'd my affection beyond all the reſt;
She has wit, youth and beauty, the paſſions to move,
And at laſt, I muſt own, I am ſmitten with love.

THE

THE fool that is wealthy is ſure of a bride;
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedneſs hide;
The ſlave that is poor muſt ſtarve all his life,
In a batchelor's bed, without miſtreſs or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
In ſettling of jointures, or making of deeds;
But Adam and Eve, when they firſt enter'd courſe,
E'en took one another, for better, for worſe.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an eſtate:
You can never be poor, who have all thoſe charms;
And I ſhall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Muſt my fond ſuit miſcarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry;
With you I'll toy, &c.

Then ſpeak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry:
With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit aſſail,
The ſtroke I well can parry;
I love to kiſs, to toy and play;
But do not chooſe to marry:
I love, &c.

Young

Young Molly of the dale
Makes a mere ſlave of Harry;
Becauſe, when they had toy'd and kiſs'd,
The fooliſh ſwain would marry;
Becauſe, &c.

Theſe fix'd reſolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry;
With you I'll toy, &c.

ADIEU, ye groves, adieu ye plains!
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
Obſcure the lab'ring ſkies:
See from afar th' impending ſtorm
With ſullen haſte appear;
See winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gameſome bound
Rejoice the gladden'd light;
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or ſylvan ſcenes delight:
Thus Zephalinda, much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms ſhall fail;
The roſe muſt droop, the lily fade,
And winter ſoon prevail.

Again the lark, ſweet bird of May,
May riſe on active wing;
Again the ſportive herds may play,
And hail reviving ſpring:

But youth, my fair, ſees no return;
The pleaſing bubble o'er,
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

Haſte then, dear girl, that time improve
Which art can ne'er regain,
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain:
So ſhall life's ſpring, like jocund May,
Paſs ſmiling and ſerene;
Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide way,
And Winter cloſe the ſcene.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content!
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield;
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

WHAT

WHAT beauteous ſcenes enchant my ſight!
How eloſely yonder vine
Does round that elm's ſupporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine!
That elm (no more a barren ſhade)
Is with her cluſters crown'd;
And that fair vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
Connubial joys to prove,
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtleſs ruſh on love:
Know thy own bliſs, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms.

While ſome with ſhort-liv'd paſſion glow,
His love remains the ſame;
On him alone thy heart beſtow,
And crown his conſtant flame:
So ſhall no froſt's untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming ſpring;
So ſhall thy trees, from blaſts ſecure,
Their wonted tribute bring.

THE gaudy tulip ſwells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the ſun,
With heav'n-born tints of Iris's bow;
While low the vi'let ſprings beſide,
And in the ſhade it ſtrives to ſhun
The hand of ſome rapacious foe.

Of

Of worth intrinſic, ſmall the ſtore
That from the tulip can ariſe,
When parted from its glowing bed:
While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
Like innocence in its native ſkies,
When crop'd to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how theſe flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe:
Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe:
But ſweet compliance makes ye wives.

YE chearful virgins, have ye ſeen
My fair Myrtilla paſs the green,
To roſe or jeſs'mine bow'r?
Where does ſhe ſeek the woodbine ſhade?
For ſure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-blown flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden roſe,
Join'd with the lily as it blows,
Where each in ſweetneſs vie;
Like dew-drops gliſt'ning in the morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health ſparkles in her eye.

Her ſong is like the linnet's lay,
That warbles chearful on the ſpray,
To hail the vernal beam:
Her heart is blither than her ſong,
Her paſſions gently move along,
Like the ſmooth gliding ſtream.

ADIEU, ye ſtreams, that ſmoothly flow;
Ye vernal airs, that ſoftly blow;
Ye plains, by blooming ſpring array'd;
Ye birds, that warble thro' the glade,
Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my ſoul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor hear one ſigh;
But, forc'd from Celia's ſmiles to part,
All joy deſerts my drooping heart,
All joy, &c.

O! fairer than the roſy morn,
When flow'rs the dewy field adorn;
Unſully'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of May,
That warms, &c.

Thy charms divinely ſweet appear,
And add new ſplendor to the year;
Improve the day with freſh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night,
And gild, &c.

THE glitt'ring ſun begins to riſe
On yonder hill, and paints the ſkies;
The lark his warbling matin ſings;
Each flow'r in all its beauty ſprings;
The village up, the ſhepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
My Delia, lovely maid, were ſeen,
Freſher than the roſes bloom,
Sweeter than the meads perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
As ſome lone turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with ſhrill echoes fills the ſounding ſhores,
So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
With ceaſeleſs plaints my abſent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along:
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love:
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Nor balmy ſleep to lab'rers ſpent with pain,
Nor ſhow'rs to larks, nor ſunſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo pleaſing as thy ſight to me.

I Love thee, by heavens, I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my paſſion a cooling:
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I am but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words it ſhall make up in deeds;
Then why ſhould we waſte time in ſtuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a promiſe exceeds;
A word to the wiſe is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a goddeſs my heart, ſhe ſhou'd e'en lie alone,
If ſhe made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee be thou ſo too; ſeek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy yea, or thy nay, in.

I cannot

I cannot bear love like a Chancery ſuit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a ſpirit; no longer be mute;
Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtſhip's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical ſinners;
Where the ſtomachs are loſt, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men ſit down to their dinners.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
Serene was all the ſky,
When on the waves I left my dear,
The center of my joy;
Heaven and nature ſmiling were,
And nothing ſad but I.

Each roſy field did odours ſpread,
All fragrant was the ſhore;
Each river-god roſe from his bed,
And ſigh'd, and own'd her pow'r;
Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
Her hero went to ſee,
Cindus ſwell'd o'er her banks with pride,
As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear theſe lines,
And tell her how diſtreſs'd:
Bear all my ſighs, ye gentle winds,
And waft 'em to her breaſt:
Tell her, if e'er ſhe proves unkind,
I never ſhall have reſt.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
Yet Moggy's, ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed:
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh;
The black-bird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Moggy not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While, happily, ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell:
She's faireſt when thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt,
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope, at laſt,
Their only wiſh to ſee:
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare,
Your heart is ſtill the ſame,
And heal each idle anxious care,
Our fears in abſence frame?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When we ſhall ſhortly meet,
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
That you've forgot to love:
All I of Venus aſk, is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I;
You, like me, may cares defy;
All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Aſk me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms, and drunken joys;
I have pleaſure more divine,
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows,
More than fortune e'er beſtows;
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Aſk me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows and faithleſs hearts:
Tell me wretch, who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can beſtow,
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

YES, ſhe is fair, divinely fair,
And ſofter than the balmy air
That vernal Zephyr blows;
Her cheeks tranſcend the roſe's bloom,
And ſweeter is the rich perfume
Her ruby lips diſcloſe.

I

Fly ſwift, oh! Love, and in her ear
Whiſper ſoft, her lover's near,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
If my raſhneſs ſhould offend,
Intercede,
My pardon plead,
Her angry brow unbend.

OH!

OH! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage ſwain,
In fair Roſetta's ſight to feed
My flocks upon the plain,

What bliſs had I been born to taſte,
Which now I ne'er muſt know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why haye ye plac'd
My fair-one's lot ſo low?

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
You never can gueſs it aright:
I'll tell you the reaſon—ſhe knows not her own;
It changes ſo often ere night.
'Twou'd puzzle Apollo,
Her whimſies to follow;
His oracle would be a jeſt:
She'll frown when ſhe's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change with the wind,
And often abuſes
The man that ſhe chuſes,
And what ſhe refuſes
Likes beſt.

IN all the ſex ſome charms I find;
I love to try all womankind,
The fair, the ſmart, the witty,
The fair, the ſmart, the witty.
In Cupid's fetters, moſt ſevere,
I languiſh out a long, long year,
The ſlave of wanton Kitty,
The ſlave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
And ſwore that love was endleſs pain,
One conſtant ſcene of folly,
One conſtant, &c.
I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
But ſoon I felt a ſecond ſtroke,
And ſigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
And ſigh'd, &c.

With treſſes next of flaxen hue,
Young Jenny did my ſoul ſubdue,
That lives in yonder valley,
That lives, &c.
Then Cupid threw another ſnare,
And caught me in the curling hair
Of little tempting Sally,
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
My roving heart from bondage ſprung,
This heart of yielding mettle,
This heart, &c.
And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will ſettle,
But never more will ſettle.

NATURE gave all creatures arms,
Faithful guards from hoſtile harms;
Jaws the lion brood defend,
Horrid jaws that wide diſtend;
Horns the bull, reſiſtleſs force;
Solid hoofs the vig'rous horſe;
Nimble feet the fearful hare;
Wings to fly the birds of air.

To

To the fox did wiles ordain,
The craftieſt of the ſylvan train;
Tuſks ſhe gave the grunting ſwine,
Quills the fretful porcupine;
Fins to ſwim, the wat'ry kind;
Man the virtues of the mind;
Nature, laviſhing her ſtore,
What for woman had ſhe more?

Helpleſs woman! to be fair
Beauty fell to woman's ſhare;
Beauty, that nor wants or fears
Swords, or flames, or ſhields, or ſpears;
Beauty ſtronger aid affords,
Stronger far than ſhields or ſwords;
Stronger far than ſwords or ſhields;
Man himſelf to beauty yields.

HASTE, haſte, Amelia, gentle fair,
To ſoft Elyſian gales;
From ſmoke to ſmiling ſkies repair,
And ſun-illumin'd vales:
No ſighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
But bleſſings crown the plains;
Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
And Peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roſes bloom,
The deep carnation grows;
For thee ſweet vi'lets breathe perfume,
The white-rob'd lily blows;
For thee their ſtreams the Naiads roll,
The daiſied hills are gay,
Where (emblems of Amelia's ſoul)
The ſpotleſs lambkins play.

From vale to vale the Zephyrs rove,
To rob th' unfolding flow'rs;
And muſic melts in ev'ry grove,
To charm thy rural hours;
The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will ſtrive to pleaſe Amelia fair,
Who pleaſes all beſide.

THE morning freſh, the ſun in eaſt
New gilds the ſmiling day;
The morning freſh, &c.
The lark forſakes his dewy neſt,
The fields all round are gaily dreſt;
Ariſe, my love, and play, and play;
Ariſe, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And bleſs thy ſhepherd's ſight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the roſe's bluſhing ſhade,
And give them ſweet delight,
And give, &c.

Thy preſence makes all nature ſmile,
Thoſe ſmiles your charms improve;
Thy preſence, &c.
Thy ſtrains the liſt'ning birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their toil,
And tune their notes to love,
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
Beneath, &c.

E'er

E'er other eyes ye beauties ſee,
Then on my brows adorn'd ſhall be;
Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
Thy happy fate be mine.

WHEN Chloe firſt, with blooming charms,
Invited lovers to her arms,
She look'd a dainty thing;
We ſaw her beauty, own'd her wit,
And, as the ſimile moſt fit,
We call'd the period, Spring.

The haſty moments paſs'd away;
We ſaw her bright meridian day,
And woman's ſtate become her:
The prudent mother, and the wife,
Diffus'd around her all the life,
And all the bliſs of Summer.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lent an ear,
And what ſhe knew ſhe taught 'em;
Her ſage advice diſperſing round,
Till every prudent virgin found
The richeſt fruits of Autumn.

But Chloe's charms are faded quite;—
Yet honour can't allow it right,
Of well-earn'd praiſe to ſtint her;
For ſhe who Summer well employs,
Will reap the Autumn's ſolid joys,
Nor dread the froſt of Winter.

YE nymphs and ye ſhepherds that join in this throng,
Pray tarry a while, and attend to my ſong:
The ſtory, tho' ſimple, is true that I tell;
I hope it will pleaſe you all wonderful well.

I went, t'other day, to a wake on the green,
And met with a laſs fair as beauty's gay queen;
I aſk'd for a kiſs, but the damſel cry'd no;
And ſtruggled and frown'd, and ſaid, pray let me go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude;
But ſtill, ſhe return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude:
The more that I preſs'd her, the more ſhe cry'd no,
And ſtruggled and frown'd, and ſaid, pray let me go.

I found no intreaties would make her comply;
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Colin, fye:
So I ſent for a parſon, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiſs her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiſs;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the beſt way to make ſure of your man.

PHILIRA's charms poor Damon took;
How eager he for billing!
When, lo! the nymph the ſwain forſook,
To ſhew her pow'r of killing:
In either eye ſhe ſheath'd a dart,
He felt it, never doubt him:
Odzooks! a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he could look about him.

But

But mark the end—with ſcythe ſo ſharp
Time o'er the forehead ſtruck her;
And all her charms began to warp—
Then ſhe was in a pucker:
She then began to rave and curſe,
Her time ſhe paſs'd no better;
Yet ſtill had hopes, ere bad grew worſe,
Some comely ſwain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad ſhe meets,
Now makes an am'rous trial;
But each with ſcorn her warmneſs treats;
Each frowns in cold denial.
Coquets, take warning; change your tune;
This woeful caſe remember:
The bed-fellow you ſlight in June,
You'll wiſh for in December.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets ply;
Behold the winter ſtorms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the ſky.

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and muſic all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we ſee.

Come, let us mark the gradual ſpring,
How peep the buds, the bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the roſe.

Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming day;
For ſoon, too ſoon, it will be night;
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

ATTEND

ATTEND all ye ſhepherds and nymphs to my lay—
You may learn from my tale, and go wiſer away.
A damſel once dwelt at the foot of the hill,
Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd
Her face to improve, and embelliſh her mind;
Nor pride or deceit e'er her boſom did fill;
'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill:

The lord of the village beheld the ſweet maid:
Each art to ſubdue her was preſently laid;
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

Her virtue ſhe priz'd beyond ſplendor and ſtate;
Tho' poor, yet ſhe never repin'd at her fate;
His proffers ſhe ſlighted—in vain all his ſkill
To ruin the fame of the Maid of the Mill.

Young Colin addreſs'd her with hope and with fear,
His heart was right honeſt, his love was ſincere;
With rapture his boſom each moment would thrill,
When'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His paſſion was founded in honour and truth—
The nymph read his heart, and of courſe lov'd the youth;
At church little Patty ſoon anſwer'd, "I will."
His lordſhip was baulk'd of the Maid of the Mill.

What happineſs waits on the chaſte nuptial pair!
Content, they are ſtrangers to ſorrow and care!
The flame they firſt rais'd in each other, burns ſtill
And Colin is bleſs'd with the Maid of the Mill.

YOUNG

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
And whoſe fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bleſs'd with ſo ample a ſhare,
That men call her the laſs with the delicate air.

One ev'ning laſt May when I travers'd the grove,
In thoughtleſs retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to eſpy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really ſhe'd got a moſt delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green moſſy bed,
A chaplet compoſing, the fair-one was laid:
Surpriz'd and tranſported, I could not forbear
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid ſelected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart:
And from thence, how to win the dear maid was my care;
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When ſhe ſaw me, ſhe bluſh'd, and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude:
I anſwer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air;

Said her heart was the prize which I ſought to obtain,
And hop'd ſhe would grant it to eaſe my fond pain.
She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my ſoul with her delicate air.

A thouſand times o'er I've repeated my ſuit;
But ſtill the tormentor affects to be mute:
Then tell me, ye ſwains, who have conquer'd the fair,
How to win the dear laſs with the delicate air.

WHILE

WHILE ſervile ſcribblers take the pen,
To flatter ſome great ruling men,
In hopes to get a dinner;
Not ſo the bard who now invokes
The nine, and ſuch celeſtial folks,
In praiſe of Betſy Skinner.

Before my tongue ſhould frame a lye,
For wealth, or fame, I'd ſooner die,
An unforgiven ſinner;
If truth direct me on my way,
Do thou approve my feeble lay,
Oh charming Betſy Skinner!

Though Stella boaſts a ſparkling eye,
And Flavia's cheek a crimſon dye,
A ſhape and air, Corinna;
No more thoſe fading charms ſhall ſhine
At court, when once compar'd with thine,
Oh lovely Betſy Skinner.

An angel's heav'nly form we find,
With reaſon, ſenſe, and wiſdom join'd,
Such beauties dwell within her;
That Venus, though the faireſt ſhe,
Enrag'd would ſeek her native ſea,
At ſight of Betſy Skinner.

If happineſs can be expreſs'd
In wedlock, how ſupremely bleſs'd
The youth that's doom'd to win her;
He need not envy kings, who wear
The diadem of pain and care,
Poſſeſs'd of Betſy Skinner.

BEAU-

BEAUTEOUS nymph approve the flame
Thy merit rais'd within my breaſt;
Let ev'ry tender thought proclaim
How much I love, and how diſtreſs'd;
Since words themſelves want energy to prove
What Damon ſuffers by capricious love.

Suppreſs not then the pleading thought,
Which thy ſoft nature muſt advance;
Nor bluſh, if in the conteſt caught,
The pureſt minds have fell by chance.
Then deign, Belinda, generous and kind,
To ſmile compliance on the humble mind.

AT Windſor, where Thames glides ſo ſmoothly along,
Lives the wiſh of my heart, the dear girl of my ſong;
Her name all the day I with rapture repeat,
And am bleſt when the ſhepherds but talk of my Kate.

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay,
For 'tis ſhe, not the ſun, that enlivens the day;
The lads are all happy when round her they wait,
And the laſſes learn beauty by watching my Kate.

Should I join the pale lily, or bluſh-painted roſe,
And with pinks and ſweet woodbines a garland compoſe,
More lovely to ſight are her looks, and more ſweet
Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my Kate.

Huſh, huſh, ye vain warblers, no more croud the ſpray,
Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd lay;
With ſucceſs each may tune the ſhrill note to his mate,
But your notes are all harſh to the voice of my Kate.

As

As ſhe ſits on the banks by the ſide of the ſtream
The fiſh, without fear, feed and play by the brim:
And why ſhould they not? they can think no deceit
Such truth is confeſt in the looks of my Kate.

The ſhepherds bring poſies of flow'rs: but the maid
Cries, theſe are but emblems that I too muſt fade:
But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date,
Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my Kate.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where,
Tell thy fond and faithful ſwain
When we thus ſhall meet again?
When ſhall Strephon fondly ſee
Beauties only found in thee?
Kiſs thee, preſs thee, toy and play,
All the happy live long day?
Deareſt Kitty! kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy day, 'tis true,
Bleſs'd, but only when with you;
Nightly Strephon ſings alone,
Sighs till Hymen makes us one.
Tell me then, and eaſe my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful ſwain,
When the prieſt ſhall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine?
Deareſt Kitty! kind and fair,
Tell me when—I care not where.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you ſuggeſt,
That I, unconſtant, have poſſeſs'd,
Or lov'd a fairer ſhe:

If

If that, at once, you would be cur'd,
Of all the pain you've long endur'd,
Conſult your glaſs and me.

In gardens did you never ſee
The little, wanton, curious bee,
Where ev'ry bloſſom blows,
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,
And, for the quinteſſence of ſweets,
He raviſhes the roſe.

So I, my fancy to employ,
On each variety of joy,
From fair to fair I roam,
Perchance, to thouſands in a day;
Thoſe are but viſits which I pay—
My Chloe, you're my home.

GRANT me, ye pow'rs, a calm repoſe,
Exempt from noiſe, and ſtrife, and pride,
Where I may pity human woes,
And taſte the pleaſures you provide.

Unenvy'd by the proud and great,
My hours ſhall ſweetly glide away;
While, conſcious of my ſtill retreat,
Chearful I hail the opening day.

And if I may ſelect the maid
From all the ſofter ſex below,
May Stella be alone convey'd,
Whoſe beauties bid my boſom glow.

At length, when life is in decline,
Celeſtial manſions let me view;
Without a groan my breath reſign,
And peaceful bid the world adieu.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd;
Inflam'd with rage and ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe mama ordain'd,
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
While wit and beauty reign'd.
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Muſt lady Jenny friſk about
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?
What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Dear, dear mama, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why.
Fond love prevail'd, mama gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire,
And ſet the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire.

THE woodlark whiſtles through the grove,
Tuning the ſweeteſt notes of love
To pleaſe his female on the ſpray;
Perch'd by his ſide, her little breaſt
Swells with a lover's joy confeſs'd,
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair one, let us prove
From their example how to love:
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
And when my flock returns to fold,
Their ſhepherd to thy boſom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

HOW happy the lover,
How eaſy his chain,
How pleaſing his pain!
How ſweet to diſcover
He ſighs not in vain!

For love ev'ry creature
Is form'd by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleaſures of love.

THINK, oh! think, within my breaſt,
While contending paſſions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of reſt;
And, in pity, eaſe my pain.

To a lover thus diſtreſs'd,
Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Ev'ry moment, till he's bleſs'd,
Is a thouſand, thouſand years.

IN purſuit of ſome lambs from my flocks that have ſtray'd,
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
But, alas! after all my reſearches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeleſs my lambs to reſtore,
I reſolv'd to return back again;
It was uſeleſs, I thought, to ſeek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I ſaw,
And to love her I could not refrain;
To ſolicit a kiſs I approach'd her with awe,
But ſhe told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cry'd, to my ſuit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain:
She reply'd, with a frown, and an aſpect ſevere,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly claſp'd her quite cloſe to my breaſt,
And kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her again;
O Colin, ſhe cry'd, if you're rude, I proteſt
That your labour ſhall ſtill be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kiſſes and vows,
Compaſſion ſhe took on my pain;
She now has conſented to make me her ſpouſe,
So no longer I labour in vain.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to ſing,
For emblems of beauty I ſearch'd thro' the ſpring;
To flowers ſoft blooming compar'd the ſweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.

Of

Of ſunſhine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes ſo calm, and of ſunſhine ſo bright;
But theſe with my fair no reſemblance will hold,
For ſun ſets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
While the ſun-beams behind them peep'd glittering through,
Tho' to rival her charms they can never ariſe,
Yet methought they look'd ſomething like Celia's ſweet eyes;
Theſe beauties are tranſient; but Celia's will laſt
When ſpring, and when ſummer, and autumn, are paſt;
For ſenſe and good-humour no ſeaſon diſarms,
And the ſoul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a bloſſom I found,
Which beauty diſplay'd, and ſhed fragrance around.
I then thought the muſes had ſmil'd on my pray'r:
This bloſſom, I cry'd, will reſemble my fair;
Theſe colours, ſo gay, and united ſo well,
This delicate texture, and raviſhing ſmell,
Be her perſon's dear emblem: but where ſhall I find,
In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This bloſſom, now pleaſing, at ſummer's gay call
Muſt languiſh at firſt, and muſt afterwards fall;
But behind it the fruit, its ſucceſſor, ſhall riſe,
By nature diſrob'd of its beauteous diſguiſe:
So Celia, when youth, that gay bloſſom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, ſhall engage me the more;
Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

THO'

THO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet nature does their ſtrength ſupply;
Their will is too ſtrong to ſurrender;
They're obſtinate ſtill till they die.

In vain you attack 'em with reaſon,
Your ſorrows you only prolong;
Diſputing is always high treaſon;
No woman was e'er in the wrong.

Your only relief is to bear;
And, when you appear content,
Perhaps, in compaſſion, the fair
May perſuade herſelf to relent.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waſte thy prime,
Stranger to the joys of love?
Thou haſt youth, and that's the time
Ev'ry minute to improve:
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys
Sweetly ſounding in thy ear,
Sweetly ſounding in thy ear,
Infant prate and mother's joys?

Only view that little dove,
Softly cooing to his mate;
As a farther proof of love,
See her for his kiſſes wait.
Hark! that charming nightingale,
As he flies from ſpray to ſpray,
Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
Sweetly tunes, &c.
I love, I love, he ſtrives to ſay.

Could

Could I to thy ſoul reveal
  But the leaſt, the thouſandth part
Of thoſe pleaſures lovers feel
  In a mutual change of heart;
Then, repenting, would'ſt thou ſay,
  Virgin fears from hence remove;
All the time is thrown away,
All the time is thrown away,
  That we do not ſpend in love.

MY deareſt life, were you my wife,
  How happy ſhould I be;
And all my care, in peace and war,
  Should be to pleaſure thee.
When up and down, from town to town,
  We jolly ſoldiers rove,
Then you, my queen, in chaiſe marine,
  Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I prize, beyond the ſkies,
  Beyond the ſpoils of war,
Would'ſt thou agree to follow me,
  In humble baggage car;
For happineſs, tho' in diſtreſs,
  In ſoldiers wives is ſeen;
And pride in coach, has more reproach,
  Than love in chaiſe marine.

Oh! do not hold your love in gold,
  Nor ſet your heart on gain;
Behold the great, with all their ſtate,
  Their lives are care and pain:
In houſe or tent, I pay no rent,
  Nor care nor trouble ſee,
And ev'ry day, I get my pay,
  And ſpend it merrily.

Love not thoſe knaves, great fortune's ſlaves,
Who lead ignoble lives,
Nor deign to ſmile on men ſo vile,
Who fight none but their wives:
For Britain's right, and you we fight,
And ev'ry ill defy,
Should but the fair reward our care,
With love and conſtancy.

If ſighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
Cant't win your harden'd heart,
Let love in arms, with all his charms,
Then take a ſoldier's part;
With fife and drum, the ſoldiers come,
And all the pomp of war,
Then don't think mean of chaiſe marine,
'Tis love's triumphant car.

DEAR Sally, thy charms have undone me,
They've robb'd me of freedom and joy;
Then deareſt, ſweet Sally, ſmile on me,
For death is my fate if thou'rt coy:
Be cautious, dear charmer, in ſlaying,
Since murder's ſo heinous, comply;
And torture me not with delaying
What ev'ry croſs chit can deny.

Conſider, my angel, why nature
In forming you took ſuch delight;
Don't think you were made that fair creature
For nought but to dazzle the ſight:
No; Jove, when he gave you thoſe graces,
Intended you wholly for love;
And gave you the faireſt of faces,
The kindeſt of females to prove.

Beſides,

Beſides, pretty maiden, remember,
The flower that's blooming in May
Is wither'd and ſhrunk in December,
And caſt unregarded away:
So it fares with each ſcornful young charmer,
Who takes at her lover diſtaſte;
She trifles till thirty diſarm her,
And then dies forſaken at laſt.

NOT long ago how blythe was I!
My heart was then at reſt;
I knew not what it was to ſigh,
Of love I made a jeſt.
But ſoon I found 'twas all in vain
To thwart the urchin's will;
For now I'm forc'd to drag the chain
For Fanny of the hill.

When walking out upon the green,
We chance to toy and kiſs,
The lads and laſſes vent their ſpleen,
In envy of the bliſs.
By turns they cenſure ev'ry part,
Her face, her ſhape, and air;
But let 'em rail, with all my heart,
If I but think her fair.

With golden locks her head is grac'd,
That fan each dimpled cheek;
With lips might tempt e'en Jove to taſte,
And eyes which ſeem to ſpeak.
If then ſuch beauties ſhe diſplays,
Ye paltry critics hence;
For ſuch a form was made for praiſe,
And not to give offence.

Great gods! who make mankind your care,
And judge unſeen above;
For once be grateful to my pray'r,
Give me the girl I love:
That when poſſeſs'd of Fanny's charms,
The world I may defy;
And when you ſnatch her from my arms,
With pleaſure then I'll die.

A Twelvemonth and more I had courted young Kate,
And offer'd to wed her and make her my mate;
But the ſilly damſel was froward and ſhy,
And always declar'd ſhe a maiden would die.

"You know, my dear Kitty, one evening I ſaid,
"What danger awaits if you die an old maid;
"The ſentence is cruel, then pr'ythee comply."
Yet ſtill ſhe declar'd, ſhe a maiden would die.

But for an old gypſey, I vow and declare,
Kate had dy'd an old maid, and I dy'd with deſpair;
But ſhe, by me tutor'd, ſoon made her comply,
And Kitty now fear'd ſhe a maiden ſhould die.

That hanging and marriage by deſtiny went,
The beldame aſſur'd her, which made her relent;
So ſhe met me next day, and with looks very ſhy,
Declar'd 'twas decreed ſhe no maiden ſhould die.

Her innocence charm'd me, I made her my wife,
And Kitty and I ſhall be happy for life;
No bliſs now I find like the conjugal tie,
And Kitty ne'er wiſhes a maiden to die.

I Have ſeriouſly weigh'd it, and find it but juſt,
That a wife makes a man either bleſſed or curſt;
I declare I will marry, ah! can I but find,
Mark me well ye young laſſes, the maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miſs, who advice will deſpiſe,
Nor the girl that's ſo fooliſh to think herſelf wiſe;
Nor ſhe who to all men alike would prove kind,
Not one of theſe three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude, who in public will never be free,
Yet in private for ever a toying will be;
Nor coquet that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind,
Not one of theſe three is the maid to my mind.

Nor ſhe who for pleaſure her huſband will ſlight,
Nor the poſitive dame who thinks always ſhe's right;
Nor ſhe who a dupe to the faſhion's inclin'd;
Not one of theſe three is a maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good-nature and carriage genteel,
Who her huſband can love, and no ſecrets reveal;
In whoſe boaſt I may virtue with modeſty find;
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

FROM ſweet bewitching tricks of love
Young men your hearts ſecure,
Left from the paths of ſenſe you rove,
In dotage premature,
In dotage premature.
Look at each laſs thro' wiſdom's glaſs,
Nor truſt the naked eye:
Gallants beware, look ſharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly,
The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrow'd white you'll find;
Some belles, when intereſt directs,
Can even paint the mind, &c.
Joy in diſtreſs they can expreſs,
Their very tears can lye:
Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a ſpinſter in the realm
But all mankind can cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave, the great, &c.
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
T'entangle us they try:
Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made;
Was ev'ry ſingle ſtick a quill,
Each man a ſcribe by trade, &c.
To write the tricks of half the ſex
Would ſuck that ocean dry:
Gallants beware, look ſharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly, &c.

GODDESS of eaſe, leave Lethe's brink,
Obſequious to the muſe and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
O ſweet Inſenſibility!
Siſter of Peace and Indolence,
Bring, muſe, bring numbers ſoft and ſlow,
Elaborately void of ſenſe,
And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow,
And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near

Near to ſome cowſlip-painted mead,
  There let me doze away dull hours;
And under me let Flora ſpread
  A ſofa of her ſofteſt flowers;
Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
  Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine,
While murmurs of the ſtream beneath
  Still flow in uniſon with thine, &c.

For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes
  Of life we patiently endure;
Thou art the ſource whence labour flows,
  We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure;
For who would bear war's toil and waſte,
  Or who the thund'ring of the ſea,
But to be idle at the laſt,
  And find a pleaſing end in thee?
  And find, &c.

I Tell with equal truth and grief,
  That Chloe is an arrant thief:
Before the urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And more, that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn.

She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And ſtole the cow's ambroſial breath;
The cherry, ſteep'd in morning-dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips and hue:
Theſe were her infant-ſpoils, a ſtore,
To which in time ſhe added more.

At twelve ſhe ſtole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;

Stole Juno's dignity, and ſtole
From Pallas ſenſe to charm the ſoul.
Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next the beam that lights the day.

There's no repeating all her wiles;
She ſtole the Graces winning ſmiles;
She ſung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to aſſert their voice appear'd;
She play'd, the Muſes from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their ſkill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart.
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on the fair;
To trial bring her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be—my arms.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon without a maſter;
Then let us only ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breaſt,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But if thus bleſs'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your Sherlock give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

WHEN

WHEN firſt I ſought fair Celia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the gods above,
To be for ever true.

ut long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and ſigh'd in vain;
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd and ſwore
She ne'er would eaſe my pain.

At laſt, o'ercame, ſhe made me bleſs'd,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forſook her when poſſeſs'd,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Celia, now
Thy breaſt to rage incline;
For why, ſince you forgot your vow,
Should I remember mine?

MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thouſand ſoft pleaſures I felt in my breaſt,
Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone and has left me behind,
What a marvelous change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought it was ſpring, but alas! it was She.

The fountain that us'd to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful whilſt I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
Come hither poor fellow, and patted his head:
But now when he's frowning I with a ſour look
Cry, ſirrah, and give him a blow with my crook;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his maſter when Phœbe's away?

Sweet muſic went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet:
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing elſe an agreeable ſound.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove;
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair:
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how you love one ſo fair.

TO make the man kind, and keep true to the bed,
Whom your choice or your deſtiny brings you to wed,
Take a hint from a friend, whom experience has taught,
And experience you know never fails when 'tis bought.

The art which you practis'd at firſt to enſnare,
(For in love little arts, as in battle, are fair ;)
Whether neatneſs, or prudence, or wit were the bait,
Let the hook ſtill be cover'd, and ſtill play the cheat.

Should he fancy another, upbraid not his flame ;
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim :
'Tis more to recover than conquer the heart,
For this is all nature, but that is all art.

Good ſenſe is to them what a face is to you ;
Flatter that, and, like us, they'll but think it their due :
Doubt the ſtrength of your judgment compar'd to his own,
And he'll give you perfections at preſent unknown.

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty partakes,
And your meriting favour ungrateful forſakes ;
Still, ſtill debonair, kind, engaging, and free,
Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you ſee !

COME all you young lovers, who, wan with deſpair,
Compoſe idle ſonnets, and ſigh for the fair ;
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms :
Be wiſe by example, take pattern by me,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free ;
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I ſaw, in the net I was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as cuſtom had taught ;
I preſs'd her to bliſs, which ſhe granted full ſoon,
But the date of my paſſion expir'd with the moon.

She vow'd ſhe was ruin'd, I ſaid it might be;
I'm ſorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis as bright as the morn,
The love that I proffer'd ſhe treated with ſcorn;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none could be handſome but ſuch as were kind:
Her pride and ill-nature were loſt upon me,
For in ſpite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noiſe;
Some chuſe to be hamper'd, 'tis ſure a ſtrange rage,
Like birds they ſing beſt when they're put in a cage:
Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me;
Let who will be bondſlaves, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let the briſk bumper run over the glaſs,
In a toaſt to the young and the beautiful laſs,
Who, yielding and eaſy, preſcribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover ſhould cool:
I'll bill like the ſparrow, and rove like the bee,
For in ſpite of grave leſſons, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free;
For in ſpite of grave leſſons, by Jove I'll be free.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern clouds were lin'd with gold,
The ſky was clear, the winds were ſtill,
The flocks were pent within the fold;
When from the ſilence of the grove
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love.

Who

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the bare rock or oozy beach,
Who from each barren weed that grows
Expects the grape or bluſhing peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, nor garden fair,
A damſel's venal heart to gain:
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk not vows of ſacred truth;
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold:
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what treaſure can ſuffice?
Not all their fire can ever boaſt
The living luſtre of her eyes:
For theſe the world too cheap would prove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

Oh Sylvia! ſince nor gems, nor ore,
Can with your brighter charms compare,
Conſider that I proffer more,
More ſeldom found—a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With paſſions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reaſon my life let me ſquare:
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt are but folly and care.

The bleſſings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
While ſweet meditation and chearful content
Shall make me both healthy and wiſe.

In the pleaſures the great man's poſſeſſions diſplay
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ſtrife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undiſturbed by all but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun, leſs intenſe, to the weſtward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake.

Where

Where my faireſt and I, on the verge as we paſs,
(For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme)
Our ſhadows may view in the watery glaſs,
While the fiſh are at play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain;
All be ſilent and huſh'd, unleſs echo repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
Juſt direct us and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its note in our walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And no ſingle thought be expreſs'd in our talk,
But friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with theſe rural delights,
And ſecure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

THE blooming damſel, whoſe defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her ſteps, for modeſty's her friend.
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring ſpear, and maſſy ſhield;
Yet ſafe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With

With this artillery ſhe goes
Not only 'mongſt the harmleſs beaux,'
But ev'n unhurt and undiſmay'd,
Views the long ſword and fierce cockade.
Tho' all a ſyren as ſhe talks,
And all a goddeſs as ſhe walks,
Yet decency each motion guides,
And wiſdom o'er her tongue preſides.

Place her in Ruſſia's ſhow'ry plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns;
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, Ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongſt the more dangerous golden ſhow'rs;
Ev'n there ſhe'd ſpurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms againſt the bribe.

Leave her defenceleſs and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The funſhine there might vainly vie
With the bright luſtre of her eye;
But Phœbus' ſelf, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaſte thought inſpire;
But virtue's path ſhe'd ſtill purſue,
And ſtill, ye fair, would copy you.

WHene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,
Sweet raptures in my boſom riſe,
My feet forget to move;
She too declines her lovely head,
Soft bluſhes o'er her cheeks are ſpread:
Sure this is mutual love!

My

My beating heart is wrapt in bliſs,
Whene'er I ſteal a tender kiſs
Beneath the ſilent grove;
She ſtrives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet anger dwells not in her eye:
Sure this is mutual love!

And once, oh! once, the deareſt maid,
As on her breaſt my head was laid,
Some ſecret impulſe drove;
Me, me, her gentle arms careſs'd,
And to her boſom cloſely preſs'd:
Sure this was mutual love!

Tranſported with her blooming charms,
A ſoft deſire my boſom warms
Forbidden joys to prove:
Trembling for fear ſhe ſhould comply,
She from my arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh! ſtay, I cry'd—let Hymen's bands
This moment join our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove:
She bluſh'd conſent, her fears ſuppreſs'd,
And now we live, ſupremely bleſs'd,
A life of mutual love.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, Phillis, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him;
To me what a heaven 'twou'd be!
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an angel to me.

Thoſe

Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go.
That arm, like a lily ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they would preſs it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

DEAR madam, when ladies are willing,
A man muſt needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a ſhilling
For one that can love out of rule:
At leaſt you ſhould wait for our offers,
Nor ſnatch like old maids in deſpair;
If you've liv'd till theſe years without proffers,
Your ſighs are now loſt in the air.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs at your bluſhing,
And not ſpeak the matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and puſhing,
And yours to affect a diſdain.
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond ogling I ſee;
But the fruit that will fall without ſhaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

LOVE's

LOVE's a dream of mighty treaſure,
Which in fancy we poſſeſs;
In the folly lies the pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.

When we think, by paſſion heated,
We a goddeſs have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe.

But the wretch, that would be knowing
What the fair-one would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

YOU may ſay what you will, but Belinda's too tall,
And Stella's all bone, and her ſhape is too ſmall;
Dear Chloe's my wiſh, tho' extenſive her charms,
Tho' the front of her ſtays is too wide for my arms.

'Tis certain Miſs Fanny's a ſweet little dear,
And Zephyrs bring odours when Lucy is near;
But Chloe's all ſweetneſs by nature deſign'd,
We might call her a hogſhead of double-refin'd.

When ſhe dances, then leaps my fond heart like a frog;
When with rapture I preſs her, I'm loſt in a fog:
I beg for a kiſs, while my vows I renew,
And imbibe half a pint of ambroſial dew.

She frequently mentions young Strephon the beau,
But why ſhould I reckon my rival a foe?
E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain;
We both ſhall find more than our arms will contain.

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd expreſſion,
That beauty ſo bulky muſt pall in poſſeſſion:
In his notion the critic is ſurely miſled,
Love's flame by her fat will be conſtantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical ſweetneſs and grace,
But Chloe has rather a cherubim's face:
She's always good-humour'd, facetious, and free,
And only gives pain when ſhe ſits on my knee.

I ſtart not, as timorous fribbles have done,
At the ſubſtance of three or four females in one;
Firſt balance her weight with his majeſty's coin,
Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt.

While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow,
And the innocent flock run for eaſe to the fold,
With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And they ſend forth their breath like a ſteam;
And the neat looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Flakes of ice that ſhe finds in the cream.

When

When the ſweet country maiden as freſh as a roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips, often ſlides,
And the ruſtics laugh loud, if by falling ſhe ſhews
All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the lads and the laſſes for company join'd,
In a croud round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts till they're all in a ſweat.

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire!

Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from ſurpriſe,
We may live and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure.

THE new-flown birds, the ſhepherds ſing,
And welcome in the May;
Come, Paſtorella, now the ſpring
Makes ev'ry landſcape gay;
Wide-ſpreading trees their leafy ſhade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in reflecting fountains play'd
Their quiv'ring branches bend,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taſte the ſeaſon in its prime,
And bleſs the riſing year:
Oh! how my ſoul grows ſick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear.
Then ſhall I paſs the gladſome day,
Warm in thy beauty's ſhine,
When thy dear flocks ſhall feed and play,
And intermix with mine, &c.

For

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
In ſilken band I hold;
For thee a firſtling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold:
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkin pleaſe,
My ſpotleſs heart without deceit
Be offer'd up with theſe,
Be offer'd up with theſe.

WHERE is pleaſure, tell me where,
What can touch my breaſt with joy?
All around the ſpacious ſphere,
Let my muſe her ſearch employ.

Wealth, thy ſhining ſtores produce,
Heap'd in golden mountains riſe;
Thee let ſenſeleſs miſers chuſe,
Thou can'ſt ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms;
Thou may'ſt charm th' ambitious ſoul,
But for me thou haſt no charms.

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy pow'r,
Gaily laugh aſtride thy tun;
Thee let frantic bards adore,
Pleaſure thou for me haſt none.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
Can the precious boon beſtow:
Give, ye pow'rs, O give me her!
She's the All I aſk below.

YE

YE ſwains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me:
Tho' ſmall experience I've had,
I'll give you good counſel and free.
For women are changeable things,
And ſeldom a moment the ſame,
As time a variety brings,
Their looks new humours proclaim,
Their looks their humours proclaim.

But he who in love would ſucceed,
And his miſtreſs's favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his creed,
To make hay while the ſun is ſerene.
There's a ſeaſon to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay;
To catch the occaſion take care,
When 'tis gone in vain you'll aſſay, &c.

WAS Nancy but a rural maid,
And I her only ſwain,
To tend our flocks on flow'ry mead,
And on the verdant plain;
Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
To pleaſe the lovely maid!
While from all ſenſe of care we're freed
Beneath an oaken ſhade,
Beneath, &c.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And rain ſeems in the ſky;
Then to our oaken ſafe retreat
We'd both together hie;

There

There I'd repeat my vows of love
  Unto the charming fair;
Whilſt her dear flutt'ring heart ſhould prove,
  Her love, like mine, ſincere,
  Her love, &c.

When Phœbus bright ſinks in the weſt,
  And flocks are pent in fold,
Beneath our oaken tree we'd reſt,
  In joys not to be told;
Then when Aurora's beams ſet free
  The next enliv'ning day,
We'd turn our flocks at liberty,
  Then down we'd ſit and play,
  Then down, &c.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
  I'd live in rural eaſe;
Their grandeur, and their pride and noiſe
  Cou'd ne'er my fancy pleaſe.
In Nancy ev'ry joy combines,
  With grace and blooming youth;
In her with lucid brightneſs ſhines
  Love, conſtancy, and truth,
  Love, conſtancy, and truth.

THOU riſing ſun, whoſe gladſome ray
  Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt, and clear the ſkies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmoſt bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What woods conceal my ſleeping maid?
Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and ſkies,
Or on the raven's pinions riſe!
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwains, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliſs too long my bride denies,
Apace the waſting ſummer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms or nights ſhall keep me here.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Oh! love has ſtronger fetters far:
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt;
When thoughts perplex, the firſt are beſt:
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay;
Away to Orra, haſte away.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly ſatisfy our eyes,
More with your number than your light,
Like common people of the ſkies;
What are you when the moon doth riſe?

You violets, that firſt appear,
By your fine purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the ſpring were all your own;
What are you when the roſe is blown?

You warbling chanters of the wood,
Who fill our ears with nature's lays,
Thinking your paſſion's underſtood
By meaner accents: what's your praiſe,
When Philomel her voice doth raiſe?

You glorious trifles of the Eaſt,
Whoſe eſtimation fancies raiſe,
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, and the reſt
Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praiſe,
When the bright di'mond ſhews his rays?

So when my princeſs ſhall be ſeen
In beauty of her face and mind,
By virtue firſt, then choice, a queen;
Tell me, if ſhe were not deſign'd
Th' eclipſe and glory of her kind?

The roſe, the vi'let, the whole ſpring,
Unto her breath for ſweetneſs run;
The di'mond's darken'd in the ring;
If ſhe appears, the moon's undone,
As in the preſence of the ſun.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove to weſtward each ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear;
The ſwallows amain,
Nimbly ſkim o'er the plain,
And our ſhadows like giants appear.

In a jeſſamine bow'r,
When the bean was in flow'r,
And Zephyr breath'd odours around;
Lovely Sylvia was ſat,
With a ſong and ſpinnet,
To charm all the grove with the ſound.

" Roſy bowers" ſhe ſung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds they all fluttering ſtrive;
Th' induſtrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with the ſweets to their hive.

The gay god of love,
As he rang'd o'er the grove,
By Zephyr conducted along;
As ſhe touch'd o'er the ſtrings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the ſong.

O ye rovers beware,
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is arm'd for to wound;
Your fate you can't ſhun,
And you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

I'M in love with twenty,
I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore
As many more,
For nothing's like a plenty.
Variety is charming,
Variety is charming,
For conſtancy
Is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love,
Looks as poor
As any boor,
Or like a man with one glove:
Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
Of eaſtern kings,
The poet ſings,
But oh! the fine ſeraglio.
Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,
And can't inſpire
The ſame deſire,
As when they're young and ſmugly.
Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions,
If not to fly
Through all the ſky,
And ſee his favourite minions.
Variety, &c.

Love was born of beauty,
And when ſhe goes,
The urchin knows,
To follow is his duty.
Variety, &c.

BY love too long depriv'd of reſt,
Fell tyrant of the human breaſt;
His vaſſal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant, late I ſpurn'd the chain:
In verſe, in proſe I ſung, and ſwore
No charms ſhould e'er enſlave me more;
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again ſhould force one tender ſigh.

Then freedom's praiſe inſpir'd my tongue,
With freedom's praiſe the vallies rung;

And

And ev'ry night, and ev'ry day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:
My cares are gone, my ſorrows ceaſe,
My breaſt regains its wonted peace;
And joy and hope returning, prove
That reaſon is too ſtrong for love.

Such was my boaſt, but ah! how vain,
How ſhort was reaſon's vaunted reign!
The firm reſolve I form'd ere while,
How weak! oppos'd to Clara's ſmile:
Chang'd is the ſtrain; the vallies round
With freedom's praiſe no more reſound;
But ev'ry night and ev'ry day
My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

SOME ſing in the praiſe of a friend or a glaſs,
The theme of my ſong is my favourite laſs:
For her I relinquiſh my friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my ſoul.

In friendſhip, 'tis true, many pleaſures we prove;
But what are all theſe to the raptures of love:
For Chloe I leave both the friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my ſoul.

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire;
But Chloe enjoys ev'ry wiſh and deſire:
Her wit, youth, and beauty, my paſſions controul,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my ſoul.

Then Chloe, dear Chloe, ſhall bleſs me for life,
I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife;
For her I relinquiſh my friends and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my ſoul.

'TIS a maxim I hold, whilſt I live to purſue,
Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do:
This piece of good council attend to, I pray,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
In her ear gently pour the ſoft poiſon of love:
With kiſſes and preſſes your rapture convey,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind and gives ear to your plaint,
Declare your whole ſentiments free from reſtraint:
Enforce your petition, and make no delay,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

But ſhould you the preſent occaſion let paſs,
The world may with juſtice proclaim you an aſs:
Then briſkly attack her, if longer you ſtay,
The ſun may not ſhine, and you cannot make hay.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the paſſion void of art,
The pure, the conſtant flame.

Tho' ſighing ſwains their torments tell,
Their ſenſual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous ſhell,
But ſlight the inward gem.

Poſſeſſion cures the wounded heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets deſire.

By

By age your beauty will decay,
  Your mind improves with years;
As when the bloſſoms fade away,
  The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my ſuit,
  And bleſs the future hour,
That Damon, who can taſte the fruit,
  May gather ev'ry flow'r!

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
  Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering ſhall I make
  Expreſſive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
  Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
  The gift, who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
  My rivals give—and let 'em:
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
  I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown roſe,
  Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd offerings but diſcloſe
  A tranſitory paſſion:

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
  Not leſs ſincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—Ah! too charming maid,
  I'll give thee—to the devil.

FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly die,
But not for a lip, nor a languiſhing eye;
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree,
For I am as falſe and as fickle as ſhe;
We neither believe what either can ſay,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to ſay things of courſe,
We mean not the taking for better for worſe;
When preſent we love, when abſent agree,
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;
The legend of love no couple can find,
So eaſy to part, or ſo equally join'd.

I Toſs and tumble through the night,
And wiſh th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkneſs yields to light,
I'll baniſh care away:
But when the glorious ſun doth riſe,
And chears all nature round,
All thought of pleaſure in me dies,
My cares do ſtill abound.

My tortur'd and uneaſy mind
Bereaves me of my reſt;
My thoughts are to all pleaſure blind,
With care I'm ſtill oppreſt:
But had I her within my breaſt
Who gives me ſo much pain,
My raptur'd ſoul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt joys regain.

I'd envy not the god of war,
Bleſs'd with fair Venus' charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
In fair Alcmena's arms:

Paris

Paris with Helen's beauty bleſt,
Would be a jeſt to me;
If of her charms I were poſſeſt,
Thrice happier I would be.

But ſince the gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
Who rule my deſtiny.
With ſprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cheriſh ſtill my ſoul;
Whene'er I think of my loſt fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl.

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,
Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
With pleaſing, painful ſmart:
My boſom dear content forſook,
And ſooth'd the ſoft dejection;
The melting eye, the ſpeaking look,
Prov'd love and ſweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
What could a ſhepherd do?
And to ſubmit to ſad deſpair,
Was not the way to woo.
At length I told the lovely maid,
I hop'd we'd no objection
To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)
Of love and ſweet affection.

A bluſh my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
A bluſh devoid of guile,
"And what from me can you expect?"
She anſwer'd with a ſmile.

" How many nymphs have been betray'd,
" Through want of calm reflexion!
" Then don't my peace of mind invade
" With love and ſweet affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, miſtruſt me not,
In wedlock's bands let's join;
My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
My ſoul itſelf is thine.
To church I led the charming fair,
To Hymen's kind protection;
And now life's deareſt joys we ſhare,
With love and ſweet affection.

FArewel, Ianthe, faithleſs maid,
Source of my grief and pain;
Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
And fan'd love's kindling flame;
Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
To Corydon's rich heir,
Who with gay veſtments did adorn
Thee, falſe, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native ſoil; ye vales,
High woods, and tufted hills:
Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
Clear ſtreams and cryſtal rills:
Adieu; ye bring into my mind
Thoſe paſt, thoſe happy days,
When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
And pleaſure ſtrew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely ſteps I'll bend,
Where diſtant mountains riſe,
In hopes that reaſon there may ſend
That aid ſhe here denies;

That time and abſence may efface
Her image from my breaſt,
Which, while ſhe there maintains a place,
Can never taſte of reſt.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock muſt needs know the mill,
At the ſign of the Horſe, at the foot of the hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all diſtinction promiſcuouſly go.
Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter ſo fair,
With ſo pleaſing a ſhape, and ſo winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I ſtood,
I'd ſwore ſhe was Venus juſt ſprung from the flood.
That once, &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my miſtake;
For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a rake,
While nothing but virtue and modeſty fill
The more beautiful looks of the laſs of the mill.
While nothing, &c.

Prometheus ſtole fire, as the poets all ſay,
To enliven that maſs which he model'd of clay:
Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
Had ſav'd him the trouble of robbing the ſkies.
Had Polly, &c.

Since firſt I beheld the dear laſs of the mill,
I can never be quiet; but do what I will,
All day and all night I ſigh, and think ſtill
I ſhall die if I have not the laſs of the mill.

NO more of my Harriet, of Polly no more,
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before;
Myſelf for a ſlave to gay Venus I've ſold,
And have barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
And will ſing of my laſs with the golden locks.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt treſſes flow,
Like the rays of the ſun on a hillock of ſnow;
Such, painters of old, drew the queen of the fair,
'Tis the taſte of the antients, 'tis claſſical hair;
And tho' witlings may ſcoff, and tho' raillery mocks,
Yet I'll ſing of my laſs with the golden locks.

Than the ſwan, in the brook, ſhe's more dear to my ſight,
Her mien is more ſtately, her breaſt is more white;
Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above,
Which are fit for the labour or language of love.
At the Park in the Mall, at the play in the box,
My laſs bears the belle with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or ſhall weep for my woe;
She ſhall eaſe my fond heart, or ſhall ſooth my ſoft pain,
While thouſands of rivals are ſighing in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
While I have the laſs with the golden locks.

HAD I but the wings of a dove,
Enraptur'd I'd haſten away,
And quickly repair to my love,
Whoſe beauties enliven the day.

W. HARDING

Bring

Bring ſoon from the hamlets again,
Ye gods, her I aſk for my wife;
Without her I'm ever in pain,
And reliſh no pleaſure in life.

Ah! cruel decree of hard fate,
To keep me ſo long from my fair;
Come, pity my deſolate ſtate,
And baniſh all thoughts of deſpair.
With her, oh! what ſcenes I enjoy
Of mirth and good-humour all day:
Such bleſſings as never will cloy,
Nor ceaſe till our ſouls leave the clay.

AH! Chloe, thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee I'm a ſtranger to reſt:
I fly to the grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my charmer, and long to return:
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay;
But they ſmile all in vain, for my Chloe's away:
The field and the grove can afford me no eaſe,
But bring me my Chloe, a deſert will pleaſe,
But bring me my Chloe, &c.

No virgin I ſee that my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with charms;
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye,
Theſe are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry:
Theſe looks, where bright love, like the ſun, ſits enthron'd,
And, ſmiling, diffuſes his influence round:
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
Thus view'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd,
Thus view'd thee, &c.

Then,

Then, then the dear fair one was ſtill in my ſight,
It was pleaſure all day, it was rapture all night:
But, now my hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to deſpair:
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;
O! would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I ſhould be bleſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, &c.

O Would'ſt thou know what ſacred charms,
This deſtin'd heart of mine alarms,
This deſtin'd heart, &c.
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me,
The maid that's made, &c.

Who joys to hear the ſigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender tear,
Who melts, &c.
From each ungentle paſſion free,
O be the maid that's made for me,
O be the maid, &c.

Whoſe heart with gen'rous friendſhip glows,
Who feels the bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch the maid, &c.

Whoſe ſimple thoughts devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
Are all, &c.
A gentle train from falſhood free,
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch the maid, &c.

Avaunt,

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring, &c.
Unmov'd your tinſel charms I ſee,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine, &c.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey:
In each creature we may ſee
The effect of love's decree:
Thus their ſtate, ſuch their fate;
Do not, Polly, ſtay too late,
Do not, Polly, ſtay too late.

Look around, and ſee them play;
All are wanton while they may:
Why ſhould precious time be loſt?
After ſummer comes a froſt:
All purſue nature's due;
Let us, Polly, do ſo too,
Let us, Polly, do ſo too.

Flowers all around us blowing;
Herds on ev'ry meadow lowing:
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing;
Turtles all around are cooing:
Hark! they coo; ſee, they woo;
Let us, Polly, do ſo too,
Let us, Polly, do ſo too.

Hark! how kind that ſwain and laſs,
Yonder ſitting on the graſs;
See, how earneſtly he ſues,
While ſhe, bluſhing, can't refuſe:

See yon two, how they woo;
Let us, Polly, do ſo too,
Let us, Polly, do ſo too.

Mark that cloud above the plain;
See, it ſeems to threaten rain:
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking ſhelter from the weather.
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Let us, therefore, do ſo too,
Let us, therefore, do ſo too.

FOR ever Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh, the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy, buſy, ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs vow;
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly ſits by thee;
And ſees, and hears thee, all the while,
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd, a ſubtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

THY fatal ſhafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love;
I feel the ſoft reſiſtleſs flame
Glide ſwift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my boſom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of tranſport whelm my ſoul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In ſoothing numbers to complain;
My tongue ſome ſecret magic tries,
My murmurs ſink in broken ſighs.

Condemn'd to nurſe eternal care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

YES

YES, faireſt proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart;
Nature points this my fatal hour;
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear,
Leſt yet my half-cloſ'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealouſy's tormenting ſtriſe
For ever be thy boſom freed;
That nothing may diſturb thy life
Content I haſten to the dead.

Yet when ſome better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth,
Who dying thus perſiſts to love thee.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over;
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe which I ſuſtain
From ſlighted vows and cold diſdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſts looſe;
That, thrown again upon the coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows and cold diſdain.

WHEN

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, the ſhadieſt grove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpreads for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

IF ever thou did'ſt joy to bind
Two hearts in equal paſſion join'd,
O ſon of Venus! hear me now,
And bid Florella bleſs my vow.

If any bliſs reſerv'd for me
Thou in the leaves of fate ſhould ſee,
If any white propitious hour,
Pregnant with hoarded joys in ſtore;

Now, now the mighty treaſure give,
In her for whom alone I live;
In ſterling love pay all the ſum,
And I'll abſolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms
Yield her, relenting, to my arms;
Her boſom touch with ſoft deſires,
And let her feel what ſhe inſpires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If ſtill with cold averted eyes
She daſh my hopes, and ſcorn my ſighs;

O! grant ('tis all I aſk of thee)
That I no more may change than ſhe;
But ſtill with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languiſh,
Think not time can heal my anguiſh,
Pity the woes which I endure,
But never, never grant a cure.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breaſt?
Say, ſoft confuſion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewel reſt!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Tho' hopeleſs of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold deſpair,
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle ſmiles aſſwage the pain
Thoſe gentle ſmiles did firſt ereate;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

'TIS

'TIS not the liquid brightneſs of thoſe eyes,
That ſwim with pleaſure and delight;
Nor thoſe fair heavenly arches which ariſe
O'er each of them to ſhade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now ſtraying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with inſidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new ſhorn ſheep, equal and fair;
Nor even that gentle ſmile, the heart's delight,
With which no ſmile could e'er compare;
'Tis not that chin ſo round, that neck ſo fine,
Thoſe breaſts that ſwell to meet my love;
That eaſy ſloping waiſt, that form divine,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's fineſt pencil wrought,
To ſhame the freſh blown roſe, and blooming peach,
And mock the happieſt painter's thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly anſwering my deſire;
That grace with which you look, and ſpeak, and move,
That thus have ſet my ſoul on fire.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain
The liſt'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Like thee ſhe play'd, like thee ſhe ſung.

For while ſhe ſtruck the quiv'ring wire
The eager breaſt was all on fire;
And when ſhe join'd the vocal lay
The captive ſoul was charm'd away.

But

But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster, power to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair had ne'er her soul possest
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

GO plaintive sounds! and to the fair
My secret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart:

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
To some enchanting strain;
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds! yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine;
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds! no longer cross,
Your grief shall soon be o'er;
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds! she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her powers,
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds! your task is done;
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won;
I see you melting there.

Retura

Return, ye ſmiles, return again,
Return each ſprightly grace;
I yield up to your charming reign
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward ſhew amiſs,
Rove where you will, her eyes;
Still let her ſmiles each ſhepherd bleſs,
So ſhe but hear my ſighs.

WHEN charming Teraminta ſings,
Each new air new paſſion brings;
Now I reſolve, and now I fear;
Now I triumph, now deſpair;
Frolic now, now faint I grow;
Now I freeze, and now I glow.
The panting Zephyrs round her play,
And trembling on her lips would ſtay:

Now would liſten, now would kiſs
Trembling with divided bliſs;
Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
And in low pleaſing murmurs die.
Nor do I aſk that ſhe would give
By ſome new note, the pow'r to live;
I would, expiring with the ſound,
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart,
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes, ſhe did enſlave me:

But

But her conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day aſunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Wounding pleaſures, killing bliſſes,
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kiſſes;
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day aſunder.

LET the ambitious favour find
In courts and empty noiſe,
Whilſt greater love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,
And the world think 'em wiſe,
Whilſt I lie dying at her feet,
And all that world deſpiſe.

Let conquering kings new trophies raiſe,
And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

FROM all uneaſy paſſions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealouſy,
Contented, I had been too bleſt
If love and you had let me reſt:

Yet

Yet that dull life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind deſires
Which beauty moves, and love inſpires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worſt of harms,
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

COME all ye youths, whoſe hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his ſorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt tales of love;
And ſee, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happieſt mortal once was I,
My heart no ſorrows knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But aſk not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heaven whoſe ſtamp ſhe bears,
Think of my fate, and ſhun her ſnares.

FAIR, and ſoft, and gay, and young,
All charm! ſhe play'd, ſhe danc'd, ſhe ſung,
There was no way to 'ſcape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.

Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet deſpairing e'er
To have her to myſelf alone)
Was ſo much ſweetneſs made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
I in ſoft numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to expreſs,
My joys could but be known by gueſs!
Ah! fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
She ſunk into another's arms.
But ſhe that once could faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for one.

WHEN your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex ſhe reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But yet be a woman to you.

ON Belvidera's boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying;
The cold regardleſs maid to move
With unavailing prayers I ſue;
You firſt have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my ſighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondneſs to improve;
If to be happy you ſhould learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

IT is not, Celia, in our power
To ſay how long our love will laſt;
It may be we within this hour
May loſe the joys we now do taſte:
The bleſſed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

Then ſince we mortal lovers are,
Aſk not how long our love will laſt;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt:
Were it not madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die?

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move;
Which can be juſt and kind?

Is it becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breaſt?

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

YE little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whiſper—Strephon dies.

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair diſdains to love,
Smile and ſay 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephon ſcorns to die.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That Chloe's falſe and common;
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

But

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing?
Perhaps ſhe fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

CHLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature graciouſly inclin'd
With liberal hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs bent to eaſe us.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whoſe ſnow is ſpread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of ſmoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambuſh lies.

If naked eyes ſet hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inſpire;
Thro' glaſs, who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
My peace or bliſs deſtroy;
Alive, ſhe gives no jealous fears,
And dead, ſhe crowns my joy.

ASPASIA rolls her ſparkling eyes,
And every boſom feels her power;
The Indians thus view Phœbus riſe,
And gaze in rapture, and adore.
Quick to the ſoul the piercing ſplendors dart,
Fire every vein, and melt the coldeſt heart.

Aſpaſia ſpeaks; the liſtening croud
Drink in the ſound with greedy ears;
Mute are the giddy and the loud,
And ſelf-admiring folly hears.
Her wit ſecures the conqueſts of her face;
Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

Aſpaſia moves; her well-tun'd limbs
Glide ſtately with harmonious eaſe;
Now thro' the mazy dance ſhe ſwims,
Like a tall bark o'er ſummer ſeas;
'Twas thus Æneas knew the queen of love,
Majeſtic moving thro' the golden grove.

But ah! how cruel is my lot,
To doat on one ſo heavenly fair;
For in my humble ſtate forgot,
Each charm but adds to my deſpair.
The tuneful ſwan thus faintly warbling lies,
Looks on his mate, and while he ſings, he dies.

WHEN

WHEN gentle Celia firſt I knew,
A breaſt ſo good, ſo kind, ſo true,
Reaſon and taſte approv'd;
Pleas'd to indulge ſo pure a flame,
I call'd it by too ſoft a name,
And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till Chloris came, with ſad ſurprize
I felt the lightning of her eyes
'Thro' all my ſenſes run;
All glowing with reſiſtleſs charms,
She fill'd my breaſt with new alarms,
I ſaw, and was undone.

O Celia! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakneſs to upbraid
Which ought your ſcorn to move:
I know this beauty falſe and vain,
I know ſhe triumphs in my pain,
Yet ſtill I feel I love.

Thy gentle ſmiles no more can pleaſe,
Nor can thy ſofteſt friendſhip eaſe
The torments I endure;
Think what that wounded breaſt muſt feel
Which truth and kindneſs cannot heal,
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft ſhall I curſe my iron chain,
And wiſh again thy milder reign
With long and vain regret;
All that I can, to thee I give,
And could I ſtill to reaſon live,
I were thy captive yet.

But paſſion's wild impetuous ſea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
'Twere vain to ſtruggle more:
Thus the poor ſailor ſlumbering lies,
While ſwelling tides around him riſe,
And puſh his bark from ſhore.

In vain he ſpreads his helpleſs arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
In vain deplore his ſtate;
Still far and farther from the coaſt,
On the high ſurge his bark is toſt,
And foundering yields to fate.

AT Cynthia's feet I ſigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid
Scarce paid me with a ſmile.

Such fooliſh timorous arts as theſe
Wanted the power to charm;
They were too innocent to pleaſe,
They were too cold to warm.

Reſolv'd, I roſe, and ſoftly preſt
The lilies of her neck;
With longing eager lips I kiſt
The roſes of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldneſs, ſhe relents,
And burns with equal fire;
To all my wiſhes ſhe conſents,
And crowns my fierce deſire:

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd
His ſtatue's icy charms;
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted in his arms.

A COL-

A COLLECTION OF PASTORAL SONGS.

ABSENCE:

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear Phillis farewel.

Since Phillis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before:
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd 'em no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought, but it might not be ſo,
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

Hope.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep?
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep.

I ſeldom

I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such a health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed:

For he ne'er could be true ſhe averr'd,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
  Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
  How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
  And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love:
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
  So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
  Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
  Unmov'd when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
  Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
  Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
  If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

But where does my Phillida ſtray?
  And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
  And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
  And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
  But their love is not equal to mine.

SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
  Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
  She is fairer than you can believe.

With

With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the brave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not Phillida frown;
But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is be-ſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.

O Phillis,

O Phillis, he whiſpers, more fair,
More ſweet than the jeſſamin's flow'r!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a ſhow'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

Disappointment.

YE ſhepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs, and I am undone.

Perhaps

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
  Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought,
  By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire:
  It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
  Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
  What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
  Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
  How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
  What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
  The flower, the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
  The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
  Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
  As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artleſs bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſhood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale:
And every bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water lily ſprung
And glittering near its ſide.

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed, ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerleſs bud I found,
And ſhadowing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet!
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline;
Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I theſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
And ſee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain:
In truth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant ſtrain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your maſter bemoan:
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.
No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
(Our hedges ſo vocal before)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

His

His Phillis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his ſong?
Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to my home:
Yellow ſheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor;
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits, and ſhe cull'd me the beſt,
Whilſt thrown off my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.
I told my ſoft wiſhes, ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond ſhepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms,
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now

Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if on the banks, by the ſtream,
Reelin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And mark out new themes for my muſe.
To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her—Content.

DEſpairing beſide a clear ſtream
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And whilſt a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head:
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine folks of the town!

To

To think that a beauty ſo gay
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To be clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What tho' I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my temples have crown'd?
What tho', when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid:
Tho' through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, whilſt my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on the grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at e'ery fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:

Whilſt Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear,
But Chloe mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 'tis my Chloe's ſweeter tongue,
Hark, hark, what ſays my love!

How fooliſh is the nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain,
Then had'ſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſic I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey,
Ah Chloe, thou art won!

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt in broken words, ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

AS on a ſummer's day,
In the greenwood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as ſhe paſſed by,
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a ſwain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie?

And doſt thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed?

There's not a ſingle ſwain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears,
Now buſily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden ſhine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull ſwain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride!
Since thy dear deſert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beſide?

To me thou art more gay
In this homely ruſſet grey,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and ſo ſheen,
Or the brighteſt queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a ſilken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this ſhade,
And a ſhepherd all thy own.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains;
Heaven ſhield us all from Cupid's bow!
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came,
His grief ſome pity, others blame,
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe;
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien
That made it eaſily foreſeen
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cauſe of all my care;
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart,
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart,
I love and I deſpair.

Too much Alexis have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

I Said on the banks by the ſtream
I've pip'd for the ſhepherds too long:
Oh grant me, ye muſes, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my ſong!
But Pan bids me ſtick to my ſtrain,
Nor leſſons too lofty rehearſe;
Ambition befits not a ſwain,
And Phillis loves paſtoral verſe.

The roſe, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
The dew-drop ſo limpid and gay,
That looſe on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants luſtre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride
Its fairneſs with her's to compare;
And fooliſhly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How

How, Corydon, could you miſtake?
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt:
You ſaid the white ſwans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might rival her breaſt.

While thus I went on in her praiſe,
My Phillis paſs'd ſportive along:
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She ſmil'd—a reward for my ſong!
I find the god Pan's in the right,
No fame's like the fair one's applauſe!
And Cupid muſt crown with delight
The ſhepherd that ſings in his cauſe.

SEE Neriſſa, the young and the fair,
Far away from her Corylas flies,
Though the Zephyrs float ſoft on the air,
And mild ſeaſons illumine the ſkies:
To the haunts of the great ones ſhe ſtrays;
She deſpiſes our meads and our flow'rs;
She will liſten no more to our lays;
She has left the ſweet ſhade of our bow'rs.

Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains
Oft join'd our gay dances among,
And the Dryads, in murmuring ſtrains,
Through the woodlands have echo'd our ſong.
E'en Pan muſt have own'd that our verſe
Had exceeded the chief of the grove;
E'en with Pan might we dare to reheaſe,
When the theme was Neriſſa and love.

But alas! till the fair one return,
No ſoft muſic ſhall glad the dull ſcene;
The nymphs and the Dryads ſhall mourn,
For their goddeſs has quitted the green.

But ſad Corylas chief ſhall complain,
By the lark, by the thruſh on the ſpray,
Shall invoke the dear goddeſs again,
Whoſe preſence enlivens the May.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream,
Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

Now to the moſſy cave I fly,
Where to my cave I oft have ſung,
Well pleas'd the browſing goats to ſpy,
As o'er the airy ſteep they hung:
The moſſy cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I paſs,
And ſigh to ſee the well-known ſhade;
I weep, and kiſs the bended graſs,
Where love and Damon fondly play'd:
The vale, the ſhade, the graſs remain,
But damon there I ſeek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains, pleaſe no more;
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loſs deplore:
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.

THE

THE laſs of Pattie's mill,
So bonny, blythe, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill
Hath ſtole my heart away:
When tedding of the hay
Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth
To preſs them with his hand:
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd:
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſure at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Pattie's mill,
Should ſhare the ſame with me.

YE nymphs of the plain who once ſaw me ſo gay,
You aſk why in ſorrow I ſpend the whole day:
'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray:
Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
The bloom which once grac'd, has deſerted this cheek;
My eyes no more ſparkle, my tongue can ſcarce ſpeak;
My heart too ſo flutters, I fear it will break:
Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.

Ye lovers ſo true, that attend on my bier,
And think that my fortune has prov'd too ſevere;
Ah! curb not the ſigh, nor refuſe the kind tear;
Then ſtrew all the place round with willow.
Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its ſide,
"Here lies a poor maiden, whoſe love was deny'd;
"She ſtrove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd:"
Then ſhade it with cypreſs and willow.

A Swain of love deſpairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel fate,
His grief the ſhepherds ſharing,
In circles round him ſat:
The nymphs in kind compaſſion,
The luckleſs lover mourn'd;
All who had felt love's paſſion
A ſigh for ſigh return'd.

O friends! your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear,
Should Chloe but diſcover
For me you've ſhed a tear,

Her

Her eyes ſhe'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendſhip ſoon ſubdue:
Too late you'd aſk forgiveneſs,
And for her mercy ſue.

Her charms ſuch force diſcover,
Reſiſtance is in vain,
Spight of yourſelf you'd love her,
And hug the galling chain:
Her wit the flame increaſes,
And rivets faſt the dart;
She has ten thouſand graces,
And each would gain a heart.

But, oh! one more deſerving
Has thaw'd her frozen breaſt,
Her heart for him preſerving,
She's cold to all the reſt:
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought diſtracts my brain.
O cruel maid! then ſwooning,
He fell upon the plain.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come Lucy, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy Colin has room
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions adieu;
I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
To die in his boſom ſo true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung
When Lucy, ſad Lucy aroſe,
And forth to the green turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe:

All wet with the night's chilling dew,
  Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground,
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
  And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, ſhe cry'd,
  How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
  How long e'er it join us again?
For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
  With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly,
For thee ſhe had ſorrow'd and griev'd,
  For thee, would ſhe lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
  Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain;
Her face like the lily ſo fair,
  And eyes that gave light to the plain.
The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone,
  That face and thoſe eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone
  To death ſhall her Colin deplore.

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
  And mourn'd to the echo around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
  And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground:
I hear the kind call and obey,
  Ah Colin! receive me, ſhe cry'd:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
  She hung on his tomb-ſtone and dy'd.

IN the morn as I walk thro' the mead,
  And tread on a carpet of green,
When I view the ſweet flocks as they feed,
  What equals the beautiful ſcene:

Thro'

Thro' the groves do I paſs with delight,
In viewing yon ever-green pine;
What ſenſations I feel at the ſight
Of a proſpect ſo rural and fine!

Hark! the birds as they perch on the bough
With melody pleaſing the ear;
See the hind from afar with his plough
Denoting the time of the year.
As I ſtray thro' the neighbouring vale,
Encompaſs'd by mountains ſo high,
O, what charms do I find in the dale,
By the ſtream that runs bubbling by!

At the foot of yon ſycamore tree
Sits the ſhepherd a tuning his reed,
While his lambs frolic round him with glee,
His ſheep a long ſide of him feed.
O'er yon beautiful lawn do I ſee
The hare with timidity fly;
How delightful's the muſic to me
Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear?
'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring vill,
O, how pleaſing the ſound to my ear
By the ſide of this murmuring rill.
There's no pleaſure to me is ſo ſweet
As that which the country gives;
I am happy, thank God, at my ſeat,
Where rural felicity lives.

WHERE the jeſſamine ſweetens the bow'r,
And cowſlips adorn the gay green,
The roſes, refreſh'd by the ſhow'r,
Contribute to brighten the ſcene;

In a cottage, retir'd, there live
  Young Colin, and Phœbe the fair;
The bleſſings each other receive,
  In mutual enjoyments they ſhare:
And the lads and the laſſes that dwell on the plain,
Sing in praiſe of fair Phœbe, and Colin her ſwain.

The ſweets of contentment ſupply
  The ſplendor and grandeur of pride;
No wants can the ſhepherd annoy,
  While bleſt with his beautiful bride:
He wiſhes no greater delight
  Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
And return to his Phœbe at night,
  His innocent toil to repay;
And the lads and the laſſes that dwell on the plain,
Sing in praiſe of fair Phœbe, and Colin her ſwain.

If delightful her lover appears,
  The fair-one partakes of his bliſs:
If dejected, ſhe ſoothes all his cares,
  And heals all his pains with a kiſs:
She deſpiſes the artful deceit
  That is practis'd in city and court;
Thinks happineſs no where compleat
  But where ſhepherds and nymphs do reſort:
And the lads and the laſſes they die in deſpair,
Unleſs they're as kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accuſtom'd to rove,
  And each innocent fair-one betray,
No longer be faithleſs in love,
  The dictates of honour obey:
Ye nymphs, who with beauty are bleſs'd,
  With virtue improve ev'ry grace;
The charms of the mind, when poſſeſs'd,
  Will dignify thoſe of the face;

And ye lads and ye laſſes whom Hymen has join'd,
Like Colin be conſtant, like Phœbe be kind.

WHAT ſhepherd or nymph of the grove
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting, aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here?
My flocks, if at random they ſtray,
What wonder, if ſhe's from the plains?
Her hand they were wont to obey:
She rul'd both the ſheep and the ſwains.

Can I ever forget how we ſtray'd
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the ſhade,
Or the river that runs by the mill?
There, ſweet, by my ſide as ſhe lay,
And heard the fond ſtories I told,
How ſweet was the thruſh from the ſpray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?

How oft' would I ſpy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew!
How long the ſweet conteſt would laſt!
Till the hours of retirement and reſt;
What pleaſures and pain each had paſt,
Who longeſt had lov'd, and who beſt.

No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair-one was near;
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each ſeaſon that checquer'd the year:

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the boſom of May;
Each morn brought contentment and eaſe,
If we roſe up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wiſhes could aſk;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was nature's moſt beautiful taſk,
The deſpair and the envy of art:
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was dreſt;
For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breaſt.

MY Colin leaves fair London town,
Its pomp, its pride and noiſe;
With eager haſte he hies him down,
To taſte of rural joys.
Soon as my much-lov'd ſwain's in ſight,
My heart is mad with glee;
I never know ſuch true delight,
As when he comes to me.

How ſweet with him all day to rove,
And range the meadows wide!
Not yet leſs ſweet the moon-light grove,
All by the river's ſide.
The gaudy ſeaſons paſs away,
How ſwift, when Colin's by!
How ſwiftly glides the flow'ry May!
How faſt the ſummers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears;
He tends the flock like other ſwains,
A ſhepherd quite appears.

All

All in the verdant month of May,
The rake is all his pride;
He helps to make the new-mown hay,
With Moggy by his ſide.

'Gainſt yellow Autumn's milder reign,
His ſickle he prepares;
He reaps the harveſt on the plain,
All pleas'd with rural cares.
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny ſwains a ſcore.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
To me are muckle cheer.
The folk that chuſe in town to dwell
Are from my envy free;
For Moggy loves the plains too well,
And Colin's all to me.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
And haſten away to the plain,
Where ſhepherds attend with their reeds,
To welcome my love and her ſwain.
The lark is exalted in air,
The linnet ſings perch'd on the ſpray;
Our lambs ſtand in need of our care,
Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleaſures I feel with my dear,
While gameſome young lambs are at ſport,
Exceed the delights of a peer
That ſhines with ſuch grandeur at court.

When

When Colin and Strephon go by,
They form a diſguiſe for a while;
They ſee how I'm bleſs'd with a ſigh,
But envy forbids them to ſmile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,
T'enjoy it take infinite pains;
But liberty's primitive ſtate
Is only enjoy'd on the plains.
With Phillis I rove to and fro,
With her my gay minutes are ſpent;
'Twas Phillis firſt taught me to know,
That happineſs flows from Content.

STREPHON aroſe at early dawn,
And ſought as wont his fleecy care;
His fleecy care, alas! were gone,
Nor knew the hapleſs ſhepherd where:
In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
Each dell, each brake he travers'd round;
Each pathleſs wood and flow'ry vale,
But not one lambkin could be found.

Celia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled,
How ſhall I e'er thy grief aſſuage?
How ſhall I cheer thy drooping head,
If poverty ſhould mark my age?
Said ſhe, my love, misfortune's dart
Is pointed, and is ſpent in vain;
While I poſſeſs my ſhepherd's heart,
I laugh at ills, and ſmile at pain.

Tho' ev'ry lambkin devious ſtray,
And grace our envious neighbours folds,
Nought can thy Celia's ſoul diſmay,
While Strephon to her breaſt ſhe holds:

Said

Said he, My warmeſt thanks, O take,
Hence ſhalt thou be my only care;
If I thy virtues e'er forſake,
May heav'n regardleſs hear my pray'r.

If from thy lovely form mine eyes
Should ſwerve but in the leaſt degree;
Thy dear idea will ariſe,
And lead the wand'rer back to thee.
Thus long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
As oft I've heard the ſtory told;
Kind heav'n their fortitude approv'd,
And amply fill'd the ſhepherd's fold.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves:
But my lov'd ſong is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo fair a broom,
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half ſuch art;
He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-ſide,
Oh! how I bleſt the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a broom,
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes ſo green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor buſh a boon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowden Knows,
My peaceful happy home;
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At eve among the broom:
Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed, and Tiviot, flows;
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bow'r,
With fond impatience lay;
He counted ev'ry anxious hour
That ſtretch'd the tedious day.
The roſy dawn, Paſtora nam'd,
And vow'd that ſhe'd be kind;
But, ah! the ſetting ſun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle ſex the boy defy'd,
And ſwore in terms profane,
That beauty in her brighteſt pride
Might ſue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made,
Was loſt in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
Before Paſtora came:
Inconſtancy, ſhe cry'd, I find
In ev'ry heart's the ſame;

For

For young Alexis ſigh'd and preſt,
With ſuch bewitching pow'r,
I quite forgot the wiſhing gueſt,
That waited in the bow'r.

'TWAS on a river's verdant ſide,
About the cloſe of day,
A dying ſwan with muſic try'd
To chace her cares away.

And, tho' ſhe ne'er had ſtrain'd her throat,
Or tun'd her voice before,
Death, raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a note,
Awhile the ſtroke forbore.

Farewel, ſhe cry'd, ye ſilver ſtreams;
Ye purling waves, adieu;
Where Phœbus us'd to dart his beams,
And bleſs both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whiſtling reeds,
Soft ſcenes of happy love;
Farewel, ye bright enamel'd meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

With you I muſt no more converſe;
Look, yonder ſetting ſun
Waits, while I theſe laſt notes rehearſe,
And then I muſt be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and conſtant mate,
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind decree of fate,
And I with pleaſure go.

While thus ſhe ſung, upon a tree
Within th' adjacent wood,
To hear her mournful melody,
A ſtork attentive ſtood.

From

From whence, thus to the ſwan ſhe ſpoke:
What means this ſong of joy?
Is it, fond fool, ſo kind a ſtroke
That does thy life deſtroy?

Turn back, deluded bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting breath;
It is a diſmal thing to die,
And pleaſure ends in death.

Baſe ſtork, the ſwan reply'd, give o'er;
Thy arguments are vain:
If, after death, we are no more,
Yet we are free from pain.

But there are ſoft Elyſian ſhades,
And bowers of kind repoſe,
Where never any ſtorm invades,
Nor tempeſt ever blows.

There, in cool ſtreams and ſhady woods,
I'll ſport the time away;
Or, ſwimming down the cryſtal floods,
Among young halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee ceaſe, or tell me why
I have ſuch cauſe to grieve;
Since 'tis a happineſs to die,
And 'tis a pain to live?

MY fond ſhepherds of late were ſo bleſt,
Their fair nymphs were ſo happy and gay,
That each night they went ſafely to reſt,
And they merrily ſung thro' the day:
But, ah! what a ſcene muſt appear!
Muſt the ſweet rural paſtimes be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more ſtrike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Muſt

Muſt the flocks from their paſtures be led?
Muſt the herds go wild, ſtraying abroad?
Shall the looms be all ſtopp'd in each ſhed,
And the ſhips be all moor'd in each road?
Muſt the arts be all ſcatter'd around,
And ſhall commerce grow ſick of the tide?
Muſt religion expire on the ground,
And ſhall virtue ſink down by her ſide?

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST

ESTEEMED CANTATAS, &c.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whoſe deep embow'ring ſhade
Seem'd moſt for love and contemplation made,
A cryſtal ſtream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whoſe flow'ry banks are form'd for ſoft repoſe;
Thither retir'd from Phœbus' ſultry ray,
And lull'd in ſleep, fair Iphigenia lay:
Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was ſtumping to the neighb'ring grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of thought:
But when he firſt beheld the ſleeping maid,
He gap'd—he ſtar'd—her lovely form ſurvey'd;
And while with artleſs voice he ſweetly ſung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue:

AIR.

AIR.

The ſtream that glides in murmurs by,
Whoſe glaſſy boſom ſhews the ſky,
Completes the rural ſcene,
Completes the rural ſcene;
But in thy boſom, charming maid,
All heav'n itſelf is ſure diſplay'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and ſtarts—poor Cymon trembling ſtands;
Down falls the ſtaff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence, ſaid he, diſpel all fear;
Where honour's preſent, ſure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, ſhe replies,
Oh Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not riſe;
Thy honeſt heart no wrong can entertain:
Purſue thy way, and let me ſleep again.
The clown, tranſported, was not ſilent long,
But thus with extaſy purſu'd his ſong.

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careleſs break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;
Thy love inſpiring mien,
Thy love inſpiring mien;
Thy ſwelling boſom, ſkin of ſnow,
And taper ſhape, enchant me ſo,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, ſhe liſtens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inſpir'd with ſenſe:

She

She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and ſtraight,
And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;
Bids him be ſecret, and next day attend,
At the ſame hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
And nature's language ſureſt will ſucceed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a ſacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaſte deſire;
Love can rage itſelf controul,
And elevate, and elevate the human ſoul.
Depriv'd of that, our wretched ſtate
Had made our lives of too long date;
But bleſt with beauty, and with love,
But bleſt with beauty, and with love!
We taſte what angels do above;
What angels do above.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where ſad deſpair and famine alway dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madam Granſire's cook,
As home he ſteer'd his carcaſe, that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wiſh'd in vain to dine:
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With roſy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he firſt beheld the greaſy load,

AIR.

[A lovely laſs to a friar came, &c.]

Oh rare roaſt beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I were doom'd to have thee,

When

When dreſs'd and garniſh'd to my mind,
And ſwimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury ſave thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
The theme of Engliſh ballad;
On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taſte exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs and ſallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-ſtarv'd ſoldier, ſhirtleſs, pale and lean,
Who ſuch a ſight before had never ſeen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping ſtood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the Britiſh food.
His morning's meſs forſook the friendly bowl,
And in ſmall ſtreams along the pavement ſtole.
He heav'd a ſigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

[Foot's Minuet.]

Ah, ſacre Dieu! vat do I ſee yonder,
Dat look ſo tempting red and vite?
Begar, it is de roaſt beef from Londre;
Oh! grant to me von lettle bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compaſſion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feaſt my eyes.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whoſe brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honeſt means to gain his daily bread,
Soon as the well-known proſpect he deſcry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR.

[Ellen a Roon.]

Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
So taking thy ſight is,
My joy, that ſo light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah hard-hearted Loui!
Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have ſav'd me from ſtarving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney ſate,
Who fed his noſe, and ſcratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he eſpy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aſide:
With lifted hand he bleſs'd his native place,
Then ſcrubb'd himſelf, and thus bewail'd his caſe:

AIR.

AIR.

[The broom of Cowden Knows.]

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was ſo blythe of late,
To ſee ſuch meat as can't be got,
When hunger is ſo great?
O the beef! the bonny beef,
When roaſted nice and brown;
I wiſh I had a ſlice of thee,
How ſweet it would gang down!

Ah Charley! had'ſt thou not been ſeen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! my muſe to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty ſocially unite;
Where ſmiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
Tho' Britain's frame in loftieſt ſtrains ſhall ring,
In ruſtic fable give me leave to ſing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert nd vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boaſted his ſize he could quickly attain.
O the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Then eagerly ſtretching his weak little frame,
Mama, who ſtood by like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're ſurely to blame."
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirſt;
An effort he ventur'd more ſtrong than the firſt,
'Till ſwelling and ſtraining too hard made him burſt.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monſieur,
Whoſe puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To ſee the Sir Loin ſmoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burſt like the frog in the fable.
O the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend; I ſing, in merry lay,
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-mayor's day:
What ſurfeits caught, what feeding when they dine;
What ſober citizens get drunk by nine;
What ſights are ſeen; what rattling, fuſs and noiſe,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who ſtreets, bulks, windows, tops of houſes throng,
To view his lordſhip paſs in ſtate along.

AIR.

[Oh! London is a fine town, &c.]

Oh! Lord-Mayor's ſhow, ſo brave and gay, does honour to the city;
And old and young, and rich and poor, muſt own 'tis vaſtly pretty,

To ſee the gilded coach and ſix, and man in armour ride,
In pomp and ſplendor, from Guildhall, unto the water-ſide.
And when, in barges cloſely pent, ſuch plenty of good cheer,
What pity 'tis ſo fine a ſight ſhould come but once a year!
Oh! Lord-Mayor's ſhow, ſo brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The buſtle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob diſpers'd, "To dinner's" all the cry.
With haſten'd ſteps, as keeneſt hunger calls,
The ſtarv'd mechanics ſeek their diff'rent halls;
At the full-groaning board each takes his ſeat,
With brandiſh'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR.

[Ghoſts of every occupation.]

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
Ev'ry age, and ev'ry ſtation,
Parſons, juſtices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Preſs to have their plates fill'd firſt.
With the victuals here ſuch work is,
Snatching turtles, geeſe, and turkies,
Hares with puddings in their bellies,
Cheeſecakes, cuſtards, tarts and jellies:
Bawling, ſwearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, ſtuffing,
Juſt as if they all would burſt.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Their proweſs now in eating having prov'd,
The diſhes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;
Again the table ſmiles with wine and ale,
And toaſts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail;
Some talk, ſome laugh, ſome ſmoak, ſome ſnoring lie,
And ſome with jovial ſongs old care defy.

AIR.

[Come hither, my country 'ſquire, &c.]

Come fill the glaſs to the brink;
Briſk wine ſoon away ſorrow drives;
Like cowards ne'er ſhrink, but valiantly drink
Confuſion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS.

Such ſoaking, ſuch ſmoaking and joking,
Such guzzling here you ſee;
The buck and furr'd gown together ſit down,
And all are good company.
To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the ſcripture, is right:
Old Lot us'd they ſay, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.

Such ſoaking, ſuch ſmoaking, and joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But ſoon the luſcious grape too potent grows;
Mirth and good-humour turn to words and blows;
Now Rogue and Cuckold through the hall reſound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats ſtrew the ground;
Till bright Aurora rears her roſy head,
And bids the noiſy crew reel home to bed.

AIR.

[There was a jovial beggar, &c.]

Let heroes, both by land and ſea,
Their deeds in battle boaſt;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the moſt.
Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go;
Then a guttling we will go.

In ſtory we are told, of one
An ox ſlew with his fiſt;
Then at a meal he eat him up,
Gods! what a glorious twiſt!
Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's ſo renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
"God bleſs the Court of Aldermen,
"The Sheriffs and Lord-Mayor,
"When a guttling they do go, do go, do go;
"When a guttling they do go."

RECITATIVE.

AS Dian and her hunting train
Once rov'd to try the woods and plain,
Poor Cupid faſt aſleep they found,
His bows and arrows on the ground.
Well pleas'd to find his godſhip there,
She thus commands her liſt'ning fair:

AIR.

Break, break with ſpeed, each pointed dart!
For if he wakes he'll ſurely turn our foe,
'Tis, 'tis to wound the tender heart,
His only joy's to give us woe.

Now ſhall we ſafely trace the plain,
And haunt the river, lawn and grove,
His arrows broke, his pow'r is vain,
You now may ſafely laugh at love.

RECITATIVE.

When now, too late the god awoke,
Saw Dian and her fav'rites by,
The fatal miſchief thus he ſpoke,
Whilſt malice ſparkled from each eye:

AIR.

Tho' Cupid is vanquiſh'd to-day,
Believe not my empire is o'er,
To Venus I'll hie me away,
She'll arm me as well as before.
Oh Dian! what nymph of thy train
Is ſafe when I aim the ſure dart?
I'm mad with the wrongs I ſuſtain,
Then, goddeſs, take care of thy heart.

RECITATIVE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary,
For once I'll try my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy.

AIR.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſpright,
That lurks in woods unſeen,
Or oft by Cynthia's ſilver light,
Trips gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As antient ſtories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid that lov'd
Thou ſought'ſt a wond'rous ſpell;
O deign once more t'exert thy pow'r;
Hap'ly ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of weſtern flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! haſte and ſhed the ſacred balm,
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſts ſerenely calm
The nymph Indiff'rence bring.
At her approach ſee Fear, pale Fear,
And Expectation fly!
And Diſappointment in the rear,
That blaſts the promis'd joy.
The tear that pity taught to flow,
They eye ſhall then diſown;
The heart that griev'd for other's woe,
Shall then ſcarce feel its own:
And wounds that now each moment bleed,
Each moment then ſhall cloſe;
And tranquil days ſhall then ſucceed
To nights of calm repoſe.

AIR.

O, Fairy Elf, but grant me this,
This one kind comfort ſend,
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
Thy flow'ry paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glitt'ring light
Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heav'n's ambroſial dew,
From ſweeteſt freſheſt flow'rs diſtill'd
That ſheds freſh ſweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to pleaſe.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of pleaſure,
Views tempeſts with deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure
To the loſing of my dear?

Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes thoſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

SHE.

AND can'ſt thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native ſhore,
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

HE.

Yes, I muſt leave my Nancy,
To humble haughty Spain,
Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

SHE.

SHE.

Amidſt the foaming billows,
When thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on theſe green willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on ſhore.

HE.

I fear nor land or water;
I fear nor ſword or fire;
For ſweet revenge and ſlaughter
Are all that I deſire.

SHE.

May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire, or ſteel,
And make no fears affect thee
Like thoſe which now I feel.

HE.

I leave to heav'n's protection,
My life, my only dear;
You have my ſoul's affection,
So ſtill conclude me here.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his lovely Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt:
Tom with uplifted hands th' occaſion bleſt,
And thus, in ſoothing ſtrains, th' maid addreſt.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up duſt, you ſteal our hearts;
You take up duſt, and ſteal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the duſt with you;
And dwells among the duſt with you:
Ah! lovely Sylvia, eaſe my pain;
Give me my heart, you ſtole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you ſtole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her ſparkling eyes about:
She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt, as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain on little folks below:
To Tom ſhe nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, reſolv'd to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, ſtop John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry croud oppreſt?
Ambition now my ſoul does fire;
The youths ſhall languiſh and admire,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart;
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart.

HE. CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the ſportive lambkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May:

Like

Like the ſparrow and the dove,
Liſten to the voice of love.

SHE. Damon, thou haſt found me long
Liſt'ning to thy ſoothing tale,
And thy ſoft perſuaſive tongue
Often heard me in the dale:
Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

HE. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's faireſt flow'r.
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

SHE. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd ſongſters all,
Nor the flute's melodious ſound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

BOTH. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful ſeaſon gay:
Baniſh care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the ſparrow and the dove,
Liſten to the voice of love.

RECITATIVE.

THE feſtive board was met, the ſocial band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their ſilent ſtand;
My ſons (began the ſage) be this the rule;
No brow auſtere muſt dare approach my ſchool,

Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within:
Old Care, begone! here ſadneſs is a ſin.

AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great:
Wealth and wiſdom I deſpiſe;
Cares ſurround the rich and wiſe:
The queen that gives ſoft wiſhes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone:
Bus'neſs, title, pomp and ſtate,
Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine:
Bring me women, bring me wine:
Speed the dancing hours away;
Mind not what the grave-ones ſay:
Gaily let the minutes fly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy:
So ſhall love, ſhall life be mine;
Bring me women, bring me wine.

COLIN.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumults we hear!
How gay all the nymphs and the ſhepherds appear!
With myrtles and roſes new deck'd are the bow'rs,
And every buſh bears a garland of flow'rs.
I can't, for my life, what it means underſtand:
There's ſome rural feſtival ſurely at hand;
Not harveſt, nor ſheep-ſhearing, now can take place;
But Phillis will tell me the truth of the caſe.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honeſt lad!—why ſurely you know
What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
Where gallant young Thyrſis, ſo fam'd and ador'd,
Weds Daphne, the ſiſter of Corin our lord;
That Daphne, whoſe beauty, good-nature, and eaſe,
All fancies can ſtrike, and all judgments can pleaſe;
That Corin—but praiſe muſt the matter give o'er;
You know what he is—and I need ſay no more.

COLIN.

Young Thyrſis too claims all that honour can lend,
His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,
Tho' ſuch ſlight memorials ſcarce ſpeak his deſerts,
And, truſt me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng,
Each ſhepherd conducting his ſweetheart along;
The joyous occaſion all nature inſpires
With tender affections and chearful deſires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preſide,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and bride,
That beauty, and virtue, and valour may ſhine
In a race like themſelves, with no end to the line:
Let honour and glory, and riches and praiſe,
Unceaſing attend them thro' numerous days;
And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh! may they live eaſy as thoſe in a cot!

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

SEE! with roſy banners ſtreaming,
Young-ey'd morn aſcends the ſkies!
Why, dear Chloe, art thou dreaming?
Wake, my fair! my love, ariſe!

AIR.

Break the ſilken bands of Morpheus,
Hark! Ariel concerts flow;
Sweet, methinks, a lyre of Orpheus,
When he ſought the ſhades below.
See! the lark aloft is ſoaring;
Now, with undulating ſtrains,
Philomel, her fate deploring,
Charms the ſpacious happy plains.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with diſdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine addreſt,
Sure refuge of a wounded breaſt.

AIR.

Vouchſafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Fluſh his wan looks, and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd:

AIR

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be briſk and gay,
And quaff his ſneaking form away:
With dauntleſs mien approach the fair;
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The ſwain purſu'd the god's advice;
The nymph was now no longer nice:

AIR.

She ſmil'd, and ſpoke the ſex's mind;
When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themſelves are moſt ſevere,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

DAMON.

CONtented all day I will ſit by your ſide,
Where poplars far ſtretching o'er-arch the cool tide;
And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thruſh and the linnet contend in their ſong;
The thruſh and the linnet contend in their ſong.

LAURA:

While you are but by me, no danger I fear;
Ye lambs, reſt in ſafety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may pleaſe,
For my ſhepherd is kind, and my heart is at eaſe;
For my ſhepherd, &c.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wiſh of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the ſwain till he make you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life;
For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
Then ſcorn to their ruin aſſiſtance to lend,
Nor betray the ſweet creatures you're born to defend;
Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd;
Nor falſe to his vows one young ſhepherd be found:
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preſerve in their age, what they gain'd in their youth;
To preſerve in their age, &c.

AIR.

WHILE others barter eaſe for ſtate,
And fondly aim at growing great,
Let me (with roſy chaplets crown'd)
Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
Alternate ſing, and love and laugh.
Already ſee the purple juice
Reſplendent o'er my cheek diffuſe
A ſecond youth!—again the bowl
With warm deſires inflames my ſoul.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! muſt I leave
The joys which wine and beauty give;
Soon muſt I quit my wonted mirth,
And mingle with my parent earth,
Where kings, diveſted of their ſtate,
With ſlaves ſuſtain a common fate.

AIR.

Let then the preſent hour be mine,
Bleſt in the joys of love and wine:
Come, ye virgin-throng, advance,
And mingle in the ſprightly dance:
To the lyre's enchanting ſound
Nimbly tread the blithſome round;
While the genial bowl inſpires
Soft delight and gay deſires.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Flora o'er the garden ſtray'd,
And ev'ry blooming ſweet ſurvey'd,
As o'er the dew dipt flow'rs ſhe hung,
Thus wrapt in joy ſhe fondly ſung.

AIR.

The early ſnow-drop, primroſe pale,
The tulip gay, the lily fair,
Each flow'r that loads the ſcented gale
Deſerves their Flora's tender care,
Deſerves their Flora's tender care.
But none of ſummer's gaudy pride
Such ſweetneſs breathe, or charms diſcloſe,
As that dear flow'r that blooms beſide,
None pleaſes like the bluſhing roſe,
As that dear flow'r, &c.

The

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
And golden ſuns exert their pow'r
To bring thy beauties to the day,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.
A garland gay, the nymphs and ſwains
May make from ev'ry ſweet that grows,
And meaner things may pleaſe the plains,
But thou art mine thou lovely roſe.
And meaner things, &c.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos iſle, ſo fam'd of old, I come,
To raiſe recruits, with merry fife and drum;
The queen of beauty here, by me, invites
Each nymph and ſwain to taſte of ſweet delights:
Obey the call, and ſeek the happy land,
Where captain Cupid bears the ſole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye ſwains who are youthful and gay,
Attend to the call, and be bleſt while you may;
Lads and laſſes hither come
To the ſound of the drum,
I have treaſure in ſtore which you never have ſeen;
Then haſte, let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of ſixteen who would fain be a wife,
Shall ſoon have a partner to bleſs her for life;
Then laſſes hither come
To the ſound of the drum,
I have ſweethearts in ſtore ſuch as never were ſeen;
Haſte,

Haſte, haſte, let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would a ſwain but be bleſt with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my liſt, and his wiſh he ſhall find;
I can bleſs him for life,
With a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far than was nymph ever ſeen;
Then haſte, let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of nor diſcord nor ſtrife,
Each nymph and each ſwain may be happy for life;
In tranſport and joy,
We each moment employ,
And taſte ſuch delights as were never yet ſeen;
Then haſte, let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
There, fretting, long poor Damon ſtay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour:
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he ſought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his paſſion:

AIR.

To all the ſex deceitful,
A long and laſt adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful,
As long as men prove true.

The

The pains they give are many,
And oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, ſhort, and inſincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from mama got looſe,
Had reach'd the calm retreat;
With modeſt bluſh ſhe begg'd excuſe,
And chid her tardy feet.
The ſhepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
His joy could not reſtrain,
But, as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing ſtrain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe deſiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing or retiring,
All they mean—is more to pleaſe.

RECITATIVE.

AMphytryon and his bride, a god-like pair,
He, brave as Mars, and ſhe as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchleſs ſplendor held the nuptial feaſt.
Whilſt the high roof with loud applauſes rung,
Enraptur'd thus the happy hero ſung.

AIR.

AIR.

Was mighty Jove deſcending,
With all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine;
His ſhafts of bolted thunder
With boldneſs I deride,
Not heav'n itſelf can ſunder,
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

The thund'rer heard, he look'd with vengeance down,
Till beauty's glance diſarm'd his awful frown;
The magic impulſe of Alcmena's eyes,
Compell'd the conq'ring god to quit the ſkies;
He feign'd the huſband's form, poſſeſs'd her charms,
And puniſh'd his preſumption in her arms.

AIR.

He deſerves ſublimeſt pleaſure,
Who reveals it not when won,
Beauty's like the miſer's treaſure,
Boaſt it, and the fool's undone.

Learn by this unguarded lover,
When your ſecret ſighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue diſcover
Raptures that it ſhould conceal.

A COLLECTION OF SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will ſociably ſit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful ſtor'd,
My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, deſcend ev'ry gueſt,
Broach that caſk; aye, that wine we will try,
'Tis as ſweet as the lips of your love to the taſte,
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of ſlit hoop I my candle have ſtuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
And the foot of my glaſs for the purpoſe I broke,
For I hate that a bumper ſhould ſtand.

We are dry where we ſit, tho' the oozy drops ſeem
The moiſt walls with wet pearls to emboſs,
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taſte ſtream,
Like ſtucco work cut out of moſs.

Aſtride on a butt, as a butt ſhould be ſtrod,
I ſit my companions among,
Like grape-bleſſing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a ſentiment give, or a ſong.

I charge ſpoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No antient more patriot-like bled;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myſelf for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and thoſe bins are
well fill'd,
View that heap of Old Hock in the rear;
Yon' bottles of Burgundy, ſee how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my ſoldiers my flaſks,
All glorioufly rang'd in review;
When I caſt my eyes round, I conſider my caſks,
As kingdoms I've yet to ſubdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my drink I'll enjoy,
In defiance of gravel and gout;
Who cry'd when he had no more worlds to deſtroy—
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, ſee the flame brightly
ſhines,
But when wanting moiſture, decays;
Repleniſh the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or elſe there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear ſhould be ſhed,
No hic jacet be cut on my ſtone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And ſay, "A choice fellow is gone."
My brave boys.

WHEN Britain firſt at heav'n's command
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe from out, *&c.*
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

The

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall,
Muſt in, &c.
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Shall to, &c.
Bleſt iſle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

YOU

YOU know that our ancient philoſophers hold,
There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold;
That bliſs in externals no mortal can find,
And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,
'Tis ſomething within him, and nothing without;
This ſomething, they ſaid, was the ſource of content,
And whate'er they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin;
But, ye gods! how divine if we get it within;
'Tis then, of all bleſſings, the flouriſhing root,
And, in 'ſpite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting the ſoul is depreſt,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breaſt;
But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
We can ſing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richeſt and greateſt are poor and repine,
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine;
But wine to the peaſant or ſlave if you bring,
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free,
Externals without it are nothing to me;
Come fill, and this truth from a bumper you'll know,
That wine is, of bleſſings, the bleſſing below.

WHEN mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,

Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good;
O the roaſt beef of Old England!
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef!

But ſince we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaiſance;
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout, and ſtrong,
And kept open houſe with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in thisſong,
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor race, half begotten, and tame,
Who ſully thoſe honours that once ſhone in fame;
O the roaſt beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth ſat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or ſuch ſlip-ſlops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er ſhe did frown;
O the roaſt beef, &c.

In thoſe days, if fleets did preſume on the main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again;
As witneſs, the vaunting Armada of Spain:
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Oh! then they had ſtomachs to eat, and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themſelves right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night:
O the roaſt beef of Old England!
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef!

COME

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure;
Let none at the cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty, ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink and ſing, without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure,
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleaſure:
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

THE ſilver moon that ſhines ſo bright,
I ſwear with reaſon is my teacher;
And if my minute glaſs runs right,
We've time to drink another pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,
Then why ſhould we forſake good liquor;
Until the ſun beams round us play,
Let's jocund puſh about the pitcher.

They ſay that I muſt work all day,
And ſleep at night, to grow much richer;
But what is all the world can ſay,
Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher:
'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boaſt a handſome wife,
Yet ſtrange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unvex'd I live a chearful life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,
No ſneaking milkſop Jemmy Twitcher;
Who loves a laſs, and loves a can,
And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we ſteer,
To add ſomething new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not preſs you like ſlaves;
For who are ſo free, as we ſons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ſhips, heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, ſteady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er ſee our foes, but we wiſh them to ſtay;
They never ſee us, but they wiſh us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them aſhore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak are our ſhips, &c.

They ſwear they'll invade us, theſe terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children and beaus.
But ſhould their flat-bottoms in darkneſs get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find, to receive them aſhore.
Heart of oak are our ſhips, &c.

We'll

We'll ſtill make them run, and we'll ſtill make them
ſweat,
In ſpite of the devil, and Bruſſels Gazette ;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us ſing,
Our ſoldiers, our ſailors, our ſtateſmen, and king.
Heart of oak are our ſhips, *&c.*

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor freedom loſt her ſeat ;
The Gothic mantle ſpread a night,
That dampt fair virtue's fading light,
The Muſes loſt their mate.

Where ſhould they wander, what new ſhore
Has yet a laurel left in ſtore ?
To this bleſt iſle they ſteer ;
Soon the Parnaſſian choir was heard,
Soon virtue's ſacred form appear'd,
And freedom ſoon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
She calls thee now by me ;
Hark ! her ſweet voice all plaintive ſounds,
See, ſhe receives a thouſand wounds,
If ſhielded not by thee.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks at ambroſial feaſt
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry Momus among them was ſat as a gueſt,
(Homer ſays the celeſtials lov'd laughing :)

On each in the ſynod the humoriſt droll'd,
So none could his jokes diſapprove;
He ſung, reparteed, and ſome ſmart ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long had the univerſe bore,
"Grows grievouſly tir'd of late;
"He ſays that mankind are much worſe than before,
"So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the globe round,
To ſee what each climate was worth;
Like a di'mond the whole with an atmoſphere bound,
And ſhe variouſly planted the earth:
With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd,
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What ſuited each clime on each clime ſhe beſtow'd,
And Freedom ſhe found flouriſh'd here.

Four cardinal virtues ſhe left in this iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of Liberty 'gan then to ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit:
Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty ſo rare,
O preſerve it as free as 'twas given:
We will while we've breath, nay, we'll graſp it in death,
Then return it untainted to heaven.

YE

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly miſguides, and infirmities vex;
Whoſe lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt,
Who riſe without joy, and lie down without reſt:
Obey the glad ſummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care;
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

Old maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake ſhall forget how laſt night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with paſſion enjoy'd:
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care;
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind ſhall go chearful away,
And yeſterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care;
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and ſit quiet!" ſtern Charon reply'd,
"You may have forgot—you was drunk when you dy'd."

VULCAN, contrive me ſuch a cup
As Neſtor us'd of old;
Shew all thy ſkill to trim it up,
And damaſk it round with gold.

Make it ſo large, that, fill'd with ſack
Up to the ſwelling brim,
Vaſt toaſts on the delicious lake,
Like ſhips at ſea, may ſwim.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took Maeſtricht,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
Fix'd ſtars or conſtellations;
For I am not Sir Sidrophel,
Nor one of his relations.

But carve thereon a ſpreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Venus and Bacchus my ſaints are,
May drink and love ſtill reign;
With wine I waſh away my care,
And then to love again.

HAIL England, old England, for glory renown'd,
In arms, as in arts, ſo tranſcendently crown'd,
'Tis thine, ſtrict to honour, no treaties to break;
'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at ſtake;
Then now rouſe, ye brave, draw the ſword, point the lance,
And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons; to conqueſt purſue;
For the trumpet of victʼry's uplifted for you.

Hark! truth ſpeaks already, our heroes prevail;
The rous'd Engliſh lion makes Gallia turn pale:
Thy cunning, O France, its own fate will decree;
Succeſs, lo! dawns on us by land and by ſea;
And wide o'er the main ſhall the Britiſh flag fly,
To force that ſubmiſſion which pride would deny.
Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to ſee;
My ſons, fight, ſhe cries, 'tis for freedom and me;
Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore;
You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd before;
And Triumph theſe truths to all nations ſhall ſing,
The ocean is George's, and George is our king.
Huzza, &c.

HOW little do the landſmen know,
Of what we ſailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of ſteel:
No danger can affright us,
No enemy ſhall flout:
We'll make the monſieurs right us,
So toſs the can about.

Stick cloſe to orders, meſſmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and ſink,
Then, France, have at your firſt-rates,
For Britons never ſhrink:

We'll rummage all we fancy,
  We'll bring them in by ſcores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
  Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
  With our noble commodore,
We'll ſpend our wages freely, boys,
  And then to ſea for more:
In peace we'll drink and ſing, boys,
  In war we'll never fly,
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
  And the royal family.

YE Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes,
  See what at our Jubilee paſſes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad;
    Warwickſhire lad,
    All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty;
Where much has been given, and ſome to be ſpar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard;
    Warwickſhire bard,
    Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard.

Our Shakeſpeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their ſwans are all geeſe to the Avon's ſweet ſwan,
For the man of all men was a Warwickſhire man;
War-

Warwickſhire man,
Avon's ſwan,
For the man of all men was a Warwickſhire man.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in;
Of famous Will Congreve we boaſt too the ſkill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will;
Warwickſhire Will,
Matchleſs ſtill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will.

As ven'ſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it our bard took delight in;
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag:
Warwickſhire wag,
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag:

There never was ſure ſuch a creature,
Of all ſhe was worth he robb'd nature;
He took all her ſmiles, and he took all her grief,
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickſhire thief;
Warwickſhire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickſhire thief.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh! my ſweet Shakeſpeare, was planted by thee;
As a relique I kiſs it, and bow at thy ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine;
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine.

All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree,
All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree;
Bend to thee, bleſt mulberry,
Bend to thee, bleſt mulberry;
Matchleſs was he who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal ſhall be,
And thou like him immortal ſhall be.

Ye trees of the foreſt ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt;
Of the fir we make ſhips, there are thouſands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakeſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers and the faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
And he gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
For him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakeſpeare is ſtill more divine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

As

As the genius of Shakeſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield, &c.

WHEN I drain the roſy bowl,
Joy exhilerates my ſoul;
To the Nine I raiſe my ſong,
Ever fair, and ever young:
When full cups my cares diſpel,
Sober council then farewel;
Let the winds, that murmur, ſweep
All my ſorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs:
While I quaff the ſparkling wine,
And my locks with roſes twine,
Then I praiſe life's rural ſcene,
Sweet, ſequeſter'd, and ſerene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
Richeſt fragrance flowing round,
And ſome lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inſpires the ſtrain;

When

When from goblets deep and wide,
I exhauſt the gen'rous tide,
All my ſoul unbends—I play
Gameſome with the young and gay.

HENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleaſure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendſhip do our duty,
Laugh and ſing ſome good old ſtrain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign!

PUSH about the briſk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we ſit round on the graſs:
The lover, who talks of his ſuff'rings and ſmart,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.

The wretch, who ſits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wiſhes to add to the maſs,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himſelf,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deſerves, &c.

The beau, who ſo ſmart with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glaſs,
And thinks with grimace to ſubdue all the fair,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deſerves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Crœſus the wealth to ſurpaſs;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the aſs, the aſs;
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer ſo grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with braſs,
Tho' he talks to no purpoſe, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are an aſs, an aſs;
There you, &c.

The formal phyſician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in this claſs;
The ſick man a while may confide in his ſkill,
But death proves the doctor an aſs, an aſs;
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and laſs;
For he who his pleaſure puts off for a day,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his laſs hither come,
With ſinging and dancing, in pleaſure advancing,
To celebrate Harveſt Home:
'Tis Ceres bids play, to keep holiday,
To celebrate Harveſt Home, Harveſt Home,
To celebrate Harveſt Home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full ſtore
Now ſwell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
His can and his laſs in his hand:
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be ſo happy as we,
In innocence, paſtime, and mirth,
While thus we carouſe with our ſweetheart or ſpouſe,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
When Ceres, &c.

FROM plowing the ocean, and threſhing Mounſeer,
In Old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo, boys, what cheer
For a ſailor that's juſt come on ſhore?
Thoſe hectoring blades thought to ſcare us no doubt,
And to cut us, and ſlaſh us—Morbleu!
But hold there—avaſt—they were plaguily out;
We have ſlic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own conſequence know,
Yon invaders ſhall ſoon do you right;
The lion may rouſe, when he hears the cock crow,
But ſhould never be put in a fright.
You've only to ſhun your nonſenſical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle conteſt;
And let all your ſtrife be, like us honeſt tars,
Who ſhall fight for his country the beſt.

A ſeafaring ſpark if the maids can affect,
Bid the ſimpering gypſies look to't;
Sound bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry reſpect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.
The landſmen, mayhap, in the way of diſcourſe,
Have more art to perſuade, and the like;
But 'ware thoſe falſe colours—for better for worſe,
Is the bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now long live the king! may he proſperous reign
Of no power, no faction, afraid;
May Britain's proud flag ſtill exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compaſs diſplay'd!
No quickſands endanger, no ſtorms overwhelm,
Steady, ſteady, and ſafe may ſhe ſail;
No ignorant pilots e'er ſit at her helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail! CEASE,

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer,
Liſt' ye landſmen all to me,
Meſs-mates hear a brother ſailor,
Sing the dangers of the ſea:
From bounding billows, firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt-troubled ocean,
Where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſly bawling,
By top-ſail-ſheets, and haulyards ſtand;
Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces,
The top-ſail-ſheets, now let go,
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-ſails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Freſh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms:
Round us roars the tempeſt louder,
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain calls.

The top-ſail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe;
Let the fore-ſheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather ſhould be worſe:
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail-yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear;
Hands up, each preventer brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal contending claſh;

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky;
Different deaths at once ſurround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The foremaſt's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree's ſprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck:
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increaſes,
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! from hence there's no return:
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can ſave us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See our mizen-maſt is gone:
The leak we've found, it can't pour faſt,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore-maſt,
She rights, ſhe rights, boys, wear off ſhore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune ſav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives;

Fill

Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it,
Cloſe to th' lips a brimmer join;
Where's the tempeſt now, who feels it,
None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

ON the white cliffs of Albion ſee Fame where ſhe ſtands,
And her ſhrill ſwelling notes reach the neighbouring lands:
Of the natives free-born, and their conqueſts ſhe ſings,
The happieſt of men with the greateſt of kings.

George the Third ſhe proclaims, his vaſt glory repeats,
His undiſmay'd legions, invincible fleets;
Whom nor caſtles or rocks can from honour retard,
Since e'en death for their king they with ſcorn diſregard.

O! but ſee a cloud burſts, and an angel appears!
'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, diſſolved in tears!
"Say Fame (cry'd the maid) is't not time to give o'er
"With ſieges and famine, exploſions and gore?"

His juſt right to aſſert hath the king amply try'd,
Nor his wiſdom or ſtrength can opponents abide;
Then no longer in rage let dread thunder be hurl'd,
But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
The bleſt word is gone forth for the good of mankind;
'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to ſpare,
And our king is a Briton—deny it who dare.

Charge your glaſſes lip high, and drink health to the king,
To the prince and the princeſs, and make the air ring;
May the days of great George be all happy and long,
And the * man ſtill be right who yet never was wrong.

* *Mr. Secretary Pitt.*

IN

IN hiſtory you may read
Of Charley that great Swede,
And many more brave warriors
That have great conqueſts made:
But the Pruſſian moſt renown'd
The trump of Fame does ſound;
We'll all agree, in bravery,
His match could ne'er be found.

No dangers did him ſcare
Amidſt the Auſtrian war,
Where troops of righted heroes
Stood glittering from afar;
At the rattling of their drums,
And thund'ring of their guns,
He ſcorns to yield, but braves the field,
And from no danger runs.

His troops they are but few,
But to their cauſe are true,
Stout-hearted, bold and daring,
As ever weapon drew:
In the midſt of ſmoak and fire,
He cries, Boys, ne'er retire,
But fight while e'er a vein your blood
contains
To free the loſt empire.

Then may the great Jehovah,
The God of peace and love
Protect our Pruſſian hero
And all his deeds approve:
And when heav'n does him diſplace,
May one of his great race,
Hold it good, to ſpare our blood,
And crown his days in peace.

BRISK wine and women are
The ſource of all our joys;
A brimmer ſoftens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloys:
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine, by all approv'd,
Are bleſſings night and day.

NO longer let whimſical ſongſters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair:
I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleaſures of drinking henceforth I reſign;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madneſs in wine:
Then let no falſe ſparkles our ſenſes beguile;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glaſs ſmile.

Her beauties with rapture my ſenſes inſpire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire!
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
Theſe virtues ſhall bleſs me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
'Tis the tranſport of youth; 'tis the comfort of age:
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
Wine tickles the taſte, love enraptures the ſoul!

A ſot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirſty am I.
From this fair confeſſion 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your

Your big-belly'd bottle may raviſh your eye,
But how fooliſh you look when your bottle is dry!
From woman, dear woman, ſweet pleaſure muſt ſpring;
Nay the ſtoics muſt own it—ſhe is the beſt thing.

Yet ſome praiſes to wine we may juſtly afford;
For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
But woman, for ever, gives tranſport to man,
And I'll love the dear ſex—aye, as long as I can.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without theſe is a bubble of air;
For life without theſe, &c.
Each helping the other, in pleaſure I roll,
And a new flow of ſpirits enlivens my ſoul;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave ſober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never ſhall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my meaſures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our ſenſes improve,
'Tis the ſpring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a ſmile more divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
Firſt pledge me with kiſſes, next pledge me with wine;
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves ſhall eternally burn.

But ſhould'ſt thou my paſſion for wine diſapprove,
My bumper I'll quit, to be bleſt with my love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my laſs,
My bottle I'll break, and demoliſh my glaſs.

BY the gaily-circling glaſs
We can ſee how minutes paſs;
By the hollow caſk are told
How the waning night grows old;
How the waning night grows old:
Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you;
Sons of Care, 'was made for you.

YE true honeſt Britons, who love your own land,
Whoſe ſires were ſo brave, ſo victorious and free,
Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
Come join, honeſt Britons, in chorus with me;
Come join, honeſt Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us ſing our own treaſures, Old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleaſures of ſtout Britiſh beer;
Your wine-tipling, dram-ſipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
Let us, *&c.*

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
They drink of the ſqueezing of half-ripen'd fruit;
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are roſy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us ſing, *&c.*

Should

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with
our poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern
jaws ring;
For your beef-eating beer-drinking Britons are ſouls,
Who will ſhed their laſt drop for their country
and king.
Let us ſing, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind;
Thou art not ſo unkind,
Thou art not ſo unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude,
Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
As friends remember'd not,
As friends remember'd not.

THE

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial routful cry;
What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight Hark-away!
Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,
Nor droniſh huſbands enter there;
The briſk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight Hark-away.

Uncounted ſtrikes the morning clock,
And drowſy watchmen idly knock;
'Till daylight peeps, we ſport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark-away.
When tir'd with ſport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with ſleep,
To morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight Hark-away.

WHAT means that tender ſigh, my dear?
Why ſilent drops that cryſtal tear?
What jealous fears diſturb thy breaſt,
Where love and peace delight to reſt?
What tho' thy Jockey has been ſeen
With Molly ſporting on the green,
'Twas but an artful trick to prove
The matchleſs force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a noſegay I had dreſt
To grace the witty Daphne's breaſt;
But 'twas at her deſire, to try
If Damon caſt a jealous eye:
The flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
Neglected, ſcatter'd o'er the lawn;
But in thy fragrant boſom lies
A ſweet perfume that never dies.

THE pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O;
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy O.

He ſung it ſo rarely, did ſweet Willy O,
He ſung it ſo rarely, &c.
He melted each maid,
So ſkilful he play'd,
No ſhepherd e'er pip'd like the ſweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the ſweet Willy O,
All nature obey'd him, &c.
Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he ſung, follow'd ſweet Willy O.

He would be a ſoldier, the ſweet Willy O,
He would be a ſoldier, &c.
When arm'd in the field
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurel was won by the ſweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the ſweet Willy O,
He charm'd them while living, &c.
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that ſigh'd,
To part with her all in the ſweet Willy O.

WHAT's ſweeter than the new-blown roſe,
Or breezes from the new-mown cloſe?
What's ſweeter than an April morn,
Or May-day's ſilver fragrant thorn?
What than Arabia's ſpicy grove?
Oh! ſweeter far the breath of love.

AS

AS Jockey and Jenny ſat in the cool ſhade,
Young Jockey was happy, and happy the maid;
She bluſh'd, and ſhe cry'd, "Dear Jockey with thee
"My Life, tho' in bondage, would ſeem to be free."

Then Jockey to Jenny, his paſſion to prove,
Her hand gently kiſs'd, his eyes darting love,
Cry'd out in a tranſport—"Was ever a pair
"So happy as Jockey and Jenny the fair!"

Content with each other, in humble retreat,
They count not new beauties, nor envy the great;
He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit her ſwain,
For pleaſure that's falſe, or for riches to gain.

He breathes the ſoft pipe, and her voice tunes the ſong,
Or they hand in hand walk the green vallies along;
Content, with true pleaſure, their footſteps attends,
For Jockey and Jenny are lovers and friends.

While rovers leave Sylvia for Chloe's bright eyes,
Then Amynta purſue, and fair Chloe deſpiſe;
The pure flame of love in their breaſts will ne'er burn,
And the nymphs learn from them to be falſe in their turn:

While Jockey and Jenny, beneath their thatch'd cot,
Are ſtrangers to care, and bleſs fate for their lot.
Ye gay ones and great, would you true pleaſure ſhare,
Be conſtant like Jockey and Jenny the fair.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
When Dolly tript acroſs the lawn,
Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
She went to fill her milking pail;
He lov'd, and begg'd ſhe'd hear him now,
She anſwer'd, ſhe muſt milk her cow.

He ſighing vow'd he lov'd her more
Than ever youth did nymph before,
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
And preſs'd the fair one in his arms;
She bade him keep his diſtance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve
An artleſs ſhepherd's honeſt love,
Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,
All, with their maſter's heart, is thine;
Then begg'd ſhe would his flame allow,
She anſwer'd, ſhe muſt milk her cow.

Not ſo repuls'd, the comely youth,
With kiſſes, prayers, and vows of truth,
So pleas'd the nymph, ſhe ſmil'd conſent,
And to the church they inſtant went;
His flame ſhe did not diſallow,
But quite forgot to milk her cow.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile valleys glide.

Though, in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

ATTEND, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
To bind ev'ry fancy with eaſe in your chains;
To hold, in ſoft fetters, the conjugal heart,
And baniſh from Hymen his doubts and his pains.

When Juno accepted the ceſtus of love,
She at firſt was but handſome, yet charming became;
It taught her with ſkill the ſoft paſſions to move,
To kindle at once and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this magic ſecret gives the eyes all their fire,
Lends the voice melting accent, impaſſions the kiſs;
Gives the mouth the ſweet ſmiles that awaken deſire,
And plants round the fair each incentive to bliſs.

Ye fair, take the ceſtus, and practiſe its art;
The mind unaccompliſh'd, mere features are vain;
Exert your ſweet pow'r, you'll conquer each heart,
And the Loves, Joys, and Graces, will walk in your train.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gamiorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is—puſh about the jorum.

With fiſt on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or ſhew me that glib ſpeaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

THE winter its deſolate train
Of froſt and of tempeſt may bring,
Yet Flora ſteps forward again,
And nature revives in the ſpring:
Tho' the ſun of his glories decreas'd,
Of his beams in the ev'ning is ſhorn,
Yet he riſes with joy in the eaſt,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's ſunſhine recall,
Or the bloſſoms of beauty reſtore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies and is heard of no more:
The ſpring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a leſſon that's eaſy to learn;
For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
And his ſeaſons will never return.

WHO'D know the ſweets of liberty?
'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;
Thence to diſcern rough induſtry
At the harrow or the plough:
'Tis where my ſons their crops have ſown,
Calling the harveſt all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;
'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
Nobly ſheds ſweet pity's tear,
Such as Britannia yet ſhall ſee;
Theſe are the ſweets of liberty.

THE

THE women attempted ſome few years ago
Their lovers to charm with a ſmall head;
But now in their noddles as bumpers they ſhew,
As if the whole carcaſe was all head:
This faſhion the ſex of admirers will rob;
Their conqueſts they certainly puſh ill,
In ſtriving to charm with a bolſter'd-out nob,
As large as a Wincheſter buſhel.

OH! how vain is ev'ry bleſſing,
How inſipid all our joys,
Life how little worth poſſeſſing,
But when love its time employs!
Love the pureſt, nobleſt pleaſure,
That the gods on earth beſtow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treaſure,
Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendſhip, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty, prove:
Reſtore him with that innocence
Which firſt inſpir'd my love.

FAIR Aurora, pr'ythee ſtay;
O retard unwelcome day;
Think what anguiſh rends my breaſt,
Thus careſſing, thus careſt.
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

YE fair married dames, who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſs'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roſes and lilies may make the men ſigh;
But roſes and lilies, and ſighs paſs away,
And paſſion will die as your beauties decay.

Uſe the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar;
Tho' muſic in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The ſparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindneſs, and come at command:
Exert with your huſband the ſame happy ſkill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis there that a wife may her conqueſts improve,
And Hymen ſhall rivet the fetters of love.

BEHOLD on Lethe's diſmal ſtrand
Thy father's troubled image ſtand!
In his face what grief profound!
See he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,
And points to his ſtill bleeding wound.
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his ſoul that gave thee breath.

PARTING

PARTING to death we will compare;
For ſure to thoſe who love ſincere,
So dreadful is the pain,
Such doubts, ſuch horrors, rend the mind:
But, oh! when adverſe fate grows kind,
How ſweet to meet again!

To thoſe try'd hearts, and thoſe alone,
Who have the pangs of abſence known,
The bliſsful change is giv'n;
And who—oh! who, wou'd not endure
The pangs of death, if they were ſure
To reap the joys of heav'n?

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
One ev'ning reclin'd to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his vow,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
flow;
Rude winds with compaſſion could hear him co
plain,
Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

OONS! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a trifle like
this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiſs?
The greateſt and graveſt (a truce with grimace)
Would do the ſame thing, were they in the ſame
place.

No age, no profeſſion, no ſtation is free;
To ſovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, reſiſtleſs, no ſtrength can oppoſe;
We all love a pretty girl—under the roſe.

SIN not, O King, againſt the youth,
Who ne'er offended you;
Think, to his loyalty and truth,
What great rewards are due;

Think, with what joy that godlike man,
You ſaw that glorious day;
Think, and with ruin, if you can,
Such ſervices repay.

From cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
What glory can accrue?
By this, the hero beſt is known,
He can himſelf ſubdue.

FAREWELL, the ſmoaky town, adieu
Each rude and ſenſual joy;
Away, fleeting pleaſures, all untrue,
That in poſſeſſion cloy.

Far from the garniſh'd ſcene I'll fly,
Where folly keeps her court,
To wholeſome, ſound philoſophy,
And harmleſs rural ſport.

How happy is the humble cell,
How bleſt the deep retreat,
Where ſorrow's billows never ſwell,
Nor paſſion's tempeſts beat!

But ſafely thro' the ſea of life,
Calm reaſon wafts us o'er,
Free from ambition, noiſe, and ſtrife,
To death's eternal ſhore.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous paſſion,
Source of all ſublime delight;
When, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That falſe joy which now bewitches,
When too late, we may repent.

Lawleſs paſſions bring vexation,
But a chaſte and conſtant love,
Is a glorious emulation
Of the bliſsful ſtate above.

MISS Danae, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.

Tell us, myſterious huſband, tell us
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Can harſh reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make thee ſecure, thy wife leſs fair?

Send her abroad, and let her ſee
That all this world of pageantry,
Which ſhe, forbidden, longs to know,
Is powder, pocket-glaſs, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock—on her mind.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
Impearled with the morning dew,
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's cluſtering bough;
There, in cloſe-embower'd ſhades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills on roſy beds,
We'll love the ſultry hours away.

WELL, well, ſay no more;
So you told me before,
I know the full length of my tether:
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to ſchool?
I can ſpell you, and put you together.

A word to the wiſe
Will always ſuffice:
Add ſniggers! go talk to your parrot.
I'm not ſuch an elf,
Tho' I ſay't myſelf,
But I know a ſheep's head from a carrot.

DEAR heart! what a terrible life am I led?
A dog has a better that's ſhelter'd and fed;
Night and day 'tis the ſame,
My pain is dere game;
Me wiſh to the lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black muſt run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where.

Above

Above or below,
Sirrah, come, Sirrah, go;
Do ſo, and do ſo.
Oh! oh!
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And flow'rs were fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the Burn, my gentle love,
"And ſoon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was a bonny laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were roſy red and white,
Her eyes were azure blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nothing, ſure, unmeet!
For ganging home, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a walk ſo ſweet!
His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."

STREAMS that ſoftly-murm'ring flow,
At the fertile mountain's foot;
Flow'rs that ſweetly-beauteous grow,
At th' exalted beech's root:
When the northern blaſts roar high,
And the thunder-ſtorm is near;
Raiſe their heads towards the ſky;
See its threat'nings without fear.

Thus humility may calmly ſmile,
When ambition trembling meets the ſpoil.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board,
Oh! where ſhall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew?

William, who high, upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The cords fly ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet:

O Suſan! Suſan! lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.

Change

Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thine eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale;
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſoms ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head;
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! ſhe cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

THY Father!--away!-I renounce the ſoft claim,
Thou ſpot to my honour! thou blaſt to my fame!
Let juſtice the traitor to puniſhment bring;
His father he loſt when he murder'd the king.

IN

IN love ſhould there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by faſhion or art,
Whoſe wiſhes are warm and ſincere,
Whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart.

If aught of ſubſtantial delight
On this ſide the ſtars can be found;
'Tis ſure, when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

YOUNG Florio was a ſhepherd ſwain,
Who could not woo in accents plain,
But ſpoke in aukward faſhion;
When eager love had got his heart,
To tell that love he'd not the art,
But ſtutter'd out his paſſion.

Whene'er he ſpoke, he bluſh'd with ſhame,
Yet try'd to whiſper out his flame,
And ſigh'd o'er Cynthia's beauty;
My heart is full, the ſhepherd cries,
My tongue alas! its aid denies,
And falters in its duty.

If but by words you can be won,
My lot is ſoon to be undone,
But on my caſe have pity;
Love is by other ways expreſt,
By ſpeaking eyes, and throbbing breaſt;
True love was never witty.

All that I have, dear Cynthia's thine,
If to your ſwain you will incline,
Nor heſitate t'approve me:
The nymph knew hardly what to ſay,
But laugh'd and mock'd him in his way,
I'll try if I can love ye.

NOR

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding ſoon their gaudy pride,
Nor with ſwains in Syren bow'rs,
Will true pleaſure long reſide:
On awful virtue's hill ſublime
Enthroned ſits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height muſt patient climb;
The ſteps are peril, toil, and care:
So, from the firſt, did Jove ordain
Eternal bliſs for tranſient pain.

WHEN once love's ſubtle poiſon gains
A paſſage to the female breaſt;
Ruſhing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
Each wiſh, and ev'ry thought's poſſeſt.
To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reaſon in vain its ſkill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleaſing to the eyes.

IN vain in ſearch of quiet,
From place to place I range,
My reſtleſs cares augmenting,
No med'cine find in change;
Delights ſo lately charming,
Have loſt their pow'r to pleaſe,
Yet ſomething could I find
Methinks would give me eaſe.

WHEN we ſee a lover languiſh,
And his truth and honour prove;
Ah! how ſweet to heal his anguiſh,
And repay him love for love.

NEW

NEW SONGS, 1775.

TO make the moſt of fleeting time
Should be our great endeavour;
For love we both are in our prime,
The time is now or never.

A thouſand charms around you play,
No girl more bright or clever;
Then let us both agree to day,
To morrow will be never.

I ne'er ſhall be a better man;
I burn with loves high fever;
Pray now be kind, I know you can,
You muſt not anſwer never.

Whilſt thus you, Chloe, turn aſide,
You fruſtrate my endeavour;
That face will fade, come down that pride,
Your time is now or never.

Ere for yourſelf or me too late,
Say now you're mine for ever;
I may be ſnatch'd by care or fate;
My time is now or never.

MY Peggy is a young thing
Juſt enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old;
Yet well I like to meet her
At the wawking of the fold.

My

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane;
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae more of a' that's rare:
My Peggy ſpeaks ſo ſweetly,
To a' the love I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow,
At wawking of the fold.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gives me ſic delight
As wawking of the fold.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt:
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tauld,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fold.

ERE love did firſt my thoughts employ,
Returning day ſtill ſaw me bleſt,
Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
Each night was crown'd with balmy reſt:
But now, alas! no longer gay,
I riſe to hail the chearful light,
I ſit and ſigh the live-long day,
And paſs in tears the ſleepleſs night.

Come,

Come, lovely Strephon, hither haſte,
Sure thou haſt long perceiv'd my mind;
I fear my words I vainly waſte,
That thou art cruel and unkind:
Or if ſome maid of happier fate
More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,
Oh! free me from this anxious ſtate,
Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

LONG time had Lyſander told Daphne his pain,
And repeated his paſſion again and again;
The obdurate fair-one awhile was ſo coy,
That all her reply was, *Pardonnezmoy.*

In vain he intreated, implor'd, and careſs'd,
Of all his pretenſions ſhe made but a jeſt;
Tho' his life he declar'd her diſdain would deſtroy,
Yet, regardleſs ſhe anſwer'd him, *Pardonnezmoy.*

But finding his ſighs no impreſſion could make,
He determin'd another expedient to take;
And artifice now he reſolves to employ,
To make her forget to ſay, *Pardonnezmoy.*

He ſwore that her eyes like bright Phœbus did ſhine,
That her air was majeſtic, her form all divine;
With ſuch fond deluſions he purchas'd the toy,
And flatt'ry prevail'd over *Pardonnezmoy.*

FROM ſoft deluding tales of love,
Bright nymphs, your hearts ſecure;
Nor let your curious fancy rove
From thoughts diſcreet and pure.

From ſoft, &c.

Man,

Man, ſavage man, by nature prone
To objects daily new,
Vows ev'ry preſent fair alone
Shall find his paſſion true.

Could each fond fair but view the mind
Of him who charms the ear,
Their treacheries of ev'ry kind
Unnumber'd would appear.

FORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,
Why will you ſolicit my lay?
No longer I ſit by the brook,
And carol my ſorrows away:
Say, Laura, what theme ſhall I chuſe?
Your praiſes I muſt not proclaim;
And friendſhip's too cold for my muſe,
And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor ſimple ſwain,
Whoſe flocks and whoſe herds are but ſmall,
And my cottage, tho' neat on the plain,
Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all:
And Laura is blooming and young,
Ah! would that I too were the ſame;
My heart then might hint to my tongue
What now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet deny'd my fond wiſh to impart,
My wiſhes from you ſhall not ſwerve,
That the ſhepherd who ſues for your heart,
By his own may your virtues deſerve:
With the charms which no time can deſtroy,
With the worth which no breath can defame,
May you taſte of that permanent joy,
Which now I'm forbidden to name.

ERE

ERE the primroſe or cowſlip could blow
You ſaid that you'd ſurely be here;
You care not, and yet you ſhould know
The firſt of the May is now near.
The cuckow has utter'd her ſtrain,
The thruſh is now heard on each ſpray,
And the nightingale ſeems to complain,
As tho' you, my dear ſwain, were away.

What's the ſpring if you keep from my ſight,
What the ſweets of the field and the grove!
No muſic can give me delight,
But the muſic of Colin and love:
Let winter return when it will,
Let ſnow and let froſt too prevail,
If Colin muſt keep from me ſtill,
Why ſhould April perfume thus the gale.

But vows you have ſaid are not wind,
Come and make the fond ſeaſon more gay;
You know how it is to be kind,
Who's heart you have ſtolen away:
On wings, Love this meſſage conveys,
The ſeaſon now haſtes to its prime;
I can hear, and can take no delays,
Fetch up what you've loſt of the time.

YOUNG Jockey ſought my heart to win,
And woo'd as lovers woo;
I, vers'd in all our ſexes art,
Did juſt as maidens do:
Whate'er he'd ſigh, whate'er he'd vow,
I'd ſtudy to be ſhy at,
And when he preſs'd his fate to know,
'Twas pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain
He made a mighty fuſs;
Why, if, you know, one loves a ſwain,
'Tis wrong to ſay one does:
He told me paſſion could not live
Without more pleaſing diet,
And pray, what anſwer could I give
But pr'ythee, fool, be quiet?

At length he made a bold eſſay,
And, like a man, he cry'd,
Thy hand, my dear, this very day
Shall Celia be my bride?
Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me ſtill,
I could not well deny it;
And now, believe me, when I will,
I make the fool be quiet.

DAMON, would you know the paſſion
You have kindled in my breaſt,
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expreſt.

Damon, would you, &c.

In my ſilence view the lover,
True love is by ſilence ſhown;
In my eyes you'll beſt diſcover
All the power of your own.

In my ſilence, &c.

SERENE is the morn, the lark leaves his neſt,
And ſings a ſalute to the dawn;
The ſun with his ſplendor embroiders the eaſt,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:

While

While the ſons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And ſlumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear Stella, the garden ſurvey,
And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip obſerve as you walk,
How flaunting the gloſs of its veſt!
How proud, and how ſtately it ſtands on its ſtalk!
In beauty's diverſity dreſt:
From the roſe, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
What odours inceſſantly ſpring!
The ſouth wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he bruſhes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the reſt, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modeſt concealment ſhe peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in ſweets:
So humble, that (though with unparallel'd grace
She might e'en a palace adorn)
She oft' in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair-one, is doubly refin'd,
When modeſty heightens her charms;
When meekneſs, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
We long to be lock'd in her arms.
Tho' Venus herſelf from her throne ſhould deſcend,
And the graces await at her call—
To thee the gay world would with preference bend,
And hail thee the vi'let of all.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING

The moſt eſteemed New Songs ſung at the Theatres Royal, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, *and* Polite Concerts, *ſince the Year* 1775.

FULL of dreams of bright beauties, and fond to explore,
A new world of ſuch charms as I'd ne'er ſeen before,
I travell'd all nations, and wak'd from my dreams,
And found that no nymphs were like thoſe of the Thames.

On the banks of the Seine I was pleas'd to ſurvey
Such crowds of fair nymphs all ſo merry and gay;
But then they were merry and gay to extremes,
And no nymphs could I find like the nymphs of the Thames.

Then I travers'd each mountain, each river and plain,
But my labour alas was all labour in vain,
O Tyber, O Po, why ſo fam'd are your ſtreams,
Since no nymphs can you boaſt like the nymphs of the Thames.

But of Italy's merit and fame, to ſay true,
And give as 'tis fit ev'ry nation its due,
Each fair like a Syren with muſic inflames,
But what is a ſong to the nymphs of the Thames?

As for Germany, there I was ſtruck with ſurprize,
What the Belles want in beauty, they make up in ſize,
And 'tis juſt with their nymphs as it is with their ſtreams,
You've a ton on the Rhine for a quart on the Thames.

Then ye youths of Great Britain on wandring ſo keen,
To feed your fond fancies with beauties unſeen,
Go, enquire of the ſun, and he'll tell you his beams
Ne'er ſhone on ſuch nymphs as the nymphs of the Thames.

WHERE new-mown hay on banks of Tay
The ſweets of ſpring diſcloſes,
As I one morning ſinging lay
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young Jamie whiſking o'er the mead
By geud luck chanc'd to ſpy me,
He took his bonnet off his head
And ſoftly ſat down by me.

My bonny bonny Jamie O,
My bonny bonny Jamie O,
I care not tho' the world ſhould know
How dearly I love Jamie O.

The ſwain, tho' I right mickle prize,
Yet now I wad na ken him;
But with a frown my heart diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him.
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſs'd,
And at my feet down lying;
His beating heart it thump'd ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning;
I after roughly ſhot him By,
With words ſow of diſdaining.
He ſeiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chid my pride;
So ſweetly did the ſhepherd woo,
I vow'd to be his bride.

My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

WHen Strephon the rover firſt Phillis addreſs'd
He took her to wake and to fair;
He bought her gay ribbons to wear at her breaſt,
And thus whiſper'd the nymph in the ear:

To my paſſion be kind, gentle pity beſtow.
But the maiden's reply to young Strephon was no,
Lud don't you, lud don't you keep teazing me ſo.

The youth, who ſuch coyneſs had oftentimes ſeen,
Ne'er heeded the maiden's reply;
But returning one eve from the dance on the green,
He reſolv'd t'other effort to try.

So he kiſs'd and he preſs'd, crying pity beſtow,
But the maiden reply'd pray have done Strephon do
Lud don't you keep teazing me ſo.

Oppoſition like this ſo his paſſion enhanc'd,
That without her he ſwore he ſhould die,
Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd,
And ſhe ſaid in a month ſhe'd comply:

But he begg'd her to church the next morning to go,
She bluſhing aſſented, the reaſon I trow
Was to keep him from teazing her ſo.

THE ſun, juſt glancing thro' the trees,
Gave life and joy to ilka grove,
And pleaſure in each ſouthern breeze
Awaken'd hope and ſlumb'ring love:

When Jeany ſung with hearty glee,
To charm her winſome marrow,
My bonny laddie gang wi me
Will o'er the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blitheſt ſwain,
That ever pip'd on broomy brae;
No laſs cou'd ken him free fra' pain,
So graceful, kind, ſo fair and gay.

And Jeany ſung, &c.

He kiſs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
Her ſparkling eyn had won his heart;
No laſs the youth had e'er betray'd,
No fears had ſhe, the lad no art.

And ſtill ſhe ſung, &c.

WHEN

WHEN firſt you woo'd me to comply
And taught my heart to flutter,
You ſaid you ne'er wou'd from me fly
As plain as tongue cou'd utter.
That you'd be ev'ry thing that's dear,
Of joy you'd not bereave me;
I'd all to hope, and nought to fear;
Then ſure you will not leave me.

Were I ſo wickedly inclin'd
I might abuſe the leiſure;
I know who would be fond and kind,
And think attendance pleaſure.
But I to honour will be true,
And never once deceive ye;
What's juſt to plighted love I'll do,
Then ſure you will not leave me.

Say, ſay the word, you will not go,
Nor cruel let me find ye;
With you all riſk and toil I'll know,
But cannot ſtay behind ye.
Tho' left on Tweed's or Thames' ſmooth ſide,
Your abſence ſure would grieve me;
Oh what a pain it is to chide;
Sure, ſure you will not leave me.

SHALL I waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe another's roſy are?
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May?
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.

Shall a woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love?
Or her worthy merits known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt
As may merit name the beſt,
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me
What care I how good ſhe be.

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve:
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be.

NOW ſummer approaches, dull winter recedes,
Primroſes and vi'lets adorn ev'ry hill,
The lads and the laſſes trip o'er the green meads,
Or ſit by meanders ſlow murmuring rill.
Whilſt the up-land, the low-land, the wood-land the grove,
And valley re-echoes ſweet carols of love.

While Colin with Phillis repairs to the bow'r
To exchange a ſweet kiſs, or to plight a fond vow,
Gay Florimel gathers each odorous flow'r
To deck with a chaplet her ſwain's youthful brow.
Whilſt the up land, &c.

Fair Daphne at morn bids adieu to her cot,
And ſeeks the cool grot, or ſecluded alcove;

Her

Her Damon ſhe greets at the critical ſpot,
His heart leaps for joy at the ſight of his love.
Whilſt the up-land, &c.

When Phœbus forſakes this low region of clay,
And ſinks in ſoft rapture on Thetis' fair breaſt;
For the weariſome labour of rigorous day
Balmy ſleep has an adequate portion of reſt.
Whilſt the up-land, &c.

CRUEL Cupid, why diſtreſs me?
Why with ſighs my boſom fill?
Ceaſe fond urchin to impreſs me
Make my flutt'ring heart lie ſtill.

Force me not to pine and languiſh
For a falſe and fickle ſwain;
Who triumphing o'er my anguiſh,
Leaves me thus in grief and pain.

Virgins be not too believing,
Shun the vile inconſtant ſex,
Man was born to be deceiving,
And weak woman to perplex.

WHEN larks forſake the flow'ry plain,
And love's ſweet numbers ſwell;
My voice ſhall join their morning ſtrain,
In praiſe of Florizel.

When woodbines twiſt their fragant ſhade,
And noon-tide beams repel,
I'll reſt me on the tufted mead,
And ſing of Florizel.

When

When moon beams dance among the boughs,
That lodge ſweet Philomel;
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And ſing of Florizel.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot
In gilded courts to dwell;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With love and Florizel,

Favourite Airs in the LUCKY ESCAPE.

YE chryſtal fountains ſoftly flow;
Ye gentle gales, ah! ceaſe to blow;
For Damon reſts in yonder grove,
And dreams, perhaps, of me and love!

Propitious powers! grant him that reſt
Which ſeldom viſits this fond breaſt;
Still, ſtill ye gales, around him riſe,
With breath as ſoft as Emma's ſighs!

Around my love, ye vi'lets ſpring!
In plaintiff notes, ye warblers ſing!
Ye roſes bloſſom o'er his head
And ſweetly ſcent his moſſy bed!

And if, O Love, thy potent dart
Should reach the ſleeping ſhepherd's heart,
O! be to him a gentler gueſt,
And pierce with lighter ſhaft his breaſt!

O! How

O! How to bid my love adieu,
The painful taſk reveal!
No more the conſcious bluſh to view,
The tender glance to ſteal.

Alas! how ſharp will be my woe,
For ever torn from thee!
Shall that fond breaſt one joy forego,
Or yield one ſigh for me?

Though deſtin'd every anxious pain,
Each tender fear to prove,
My conſtant heart ſhall ſtill remain
Unchang'd to thee and love!

WHEN winter o'erſhadows the ſcene,
And no longer the hyacinths blow;
Chill froſt nips the leaf on the green,
And the rivulet ceaſes to flow.

'Till reviv'd by the breathings of ſpring,
All nature looks ſmiling and gay;
The warblers in ecſtaſy ſing,
And own the ſoft impulſe of May.

The lambkins now ſport in the vale,
By the ſtream that meanders along;
The wood-pidgeon tells its ſoft tale,
While melody echoes the ſong.

What pain from thy coldneſs I've known,
When your frowns did my paſſion reprove;
Now you ſmile, May's ſoft raptures I'll own,
And bleſs the ſweet ſeaſon of love.

HOPE,

HOPE, thou ſource of every bleſſing,
Parent of each joy divine,
Every balmy ſweet poſſeſſing,
Every promis'd bliſs be thine.

Softeſt friend to heart-felt anguiſh,
Lend, O! lend thy powerful aid;
Bid the lover ceaſe to languiſh,
Cheer the fond deſpairing maid.

FROM College I came,
Full of ſpirits and flame,
Determin'd I ne'er would deſpair:
I'll ſearch the town through,
For the laſs I've in view,
She muſt have a delicate air.
I'll ſearch the town through,
For the laſs I've in view,
She muſt have a delicate air.

There's you miſs, and you,
Ay, and you madam too,
Who look ſo confoundedly ſly;
You think I'll declare,
Now the name of the fair,
If I can, I wiſh I may die.

I've ſearch'd the town round,
She is not to be found,
I find myſelf quite in deſpair;
There's this thing and that,
Sets my heart pit a pat,
Whenever I ſpeak to the fair.

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd then I am,
And blame me if you can,
If one of your hearts to enſnare,
In wedlock's ſoft chains,
I'll forget all my pains,
Live conſtant and bleſs'd with my fair.

IN the bloom of her youth ſhall it ever be ſaid,
That a laſs ſo engaging e'er dy'd an old maid?
Oh no!—I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
For wedlock, I'm told's an agreeable ſtate;
For wedlock, I'm told's an agreeable ſtate.
Of ſuitors, I'm ſure, I've at leaſt, half a ſcore,
Who ſwear that they love me, and ſigh and adore;
Dull cits, country 'ſquires, prating barriſters, beaux,
But, I needs muſt confeſs, that I like none of thoſe.

I'm a Bale of rich goods, ſo the citizens ſwore,
And look ten per cent. better each day than before:
The 'ſquire, with a kiſs, bawls to cover, cries zounds!
That he fancies me more than a *kennel of hounds*.
The lawyer, his ſuit too, with *modeſty* preſs'd,
That for him I'd *decree*, and *eject* all the reſt;
Whilſt the beau talk'd of nothing but *faſhions* and *clothes*:
Can you blame me, ye fair, if I like none of thoſe?

Some friends would perſuade me to marry a fool,
For women, they ſay, are deſirous to rule;
But as that is a pow'r which I ne'er wiſh to uſe,
I'll tell you what ſort of a man I would chuſe:
A youth with ſome ſenſe and good nature combin'd
Juſt too learn'd for a dunce, not too wiſe to be kind;
When I'm wrong, with good humour to check and oppoſe,
Why I needs muſt confeſs I ſhould like one of thoſe.

ALL

ALL on the pleaſant banks of Tweed
Young Jockey won my heart;
None tun'd ſo ſweet his oaten reed,
None ſung with ſo much art.
His ſkilful tale
Did ſoon prevail,
To make me fondly love him;
But now he hies,
Nor hears my cries,
I would I ne'er had ſeen him.

When firſt we met, the bonny ſwain
Of nought but love could ſay:
Oh! give, he cry'd, my heart again,
Youv'e ſtole my heart away:
Or elſe incline
To give me thine,
And I'll together join 'em:
My faithful heart
Will never part,
Ah! why did I believe him.

Not now my ſlighted face he knows,
His ſoon forgotten dear;
To wealthier laſs o'erjoy'd he goes,
To breathe his falſhood there:
Miſtaken *Kate*,
The ſwain's a cheat,
Not for a moment truſt him:
For ſhining gold,
He's bought and ſold:
I would I had not ſeen him.

Then all ye maidens fly the ſwain,
His wily ſtories ſhun;

Elſe

Elſe you like me muſt ſoon complain,
Like me will be undone;
But peace my breaſt,
Nor break my reſt;
I try clean to forget him;
I ſoon ſhall ſee
As good as he;
I wiſh I ne'er had ſeen him.

AS my cow I was milking juſt now in the vale,
Young Alexis advanced and told a fond tale;
Such a tale, gentle maidens, believe what I ſay,
I with pleaſure could wait for to hear it all day;
I with pleaſure could wait, I with pleaſure could wait, I with pleaſure could wait for to hear it all day.

Hail, Florella, he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow,
For to ſee you, believe me, I came from the plough.
Wilt thou have me, Florella, my deareſt now ſay?
I, with frowns ſoon reply'd, I'll not hear you to day.

Pray, Alexis, I ſaid,—for to try him I ſtrove,
Never come near me more, for I'm ſure you don't love;
Not deter'd by rough ſpeeches, nor all I could ſay:
Still he anſwer'd, with ſmiles, make me happy to day.

Now, with bluſhes, I tell, I no longer ſaid no;
But Alexis and I unto church ſoon did go;
Ye laſſes, then hear me, Oh hear me I pray,
Never wait for to-morrow, catch hold on to-day.

WHen ſable night each drooping plant reſtoring
Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did chear,
As ſome ſad widow, o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did ſleep, whoſe weary hearts could borrow
One hour from love and care to reſt;
Lo! as I preſs'd my couch in ſilent ſorrow,
My lover caught me to his breaſt!
He vow'd he came to ſave me
From thoſe who would enſlave me;
Then kneelling,
Kiſſes ſtealing,
Endleſs faith he ſwore!
But ſoon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence
Found favour then,
And he had preſs'd again
I ſear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more!

TO chaſe o'er the plain the Fox or the Hare,
Such pleaſure no ſport can e'er bring;
It baniſhes ſorrow and drives away care,
And makes us more bleſt than a king;
And makes us more bleſt than a king.
Whenever we hear the ſound of the horn
Our hearts are tranſported with joy;
We riſe and embrace with the earlieſt dawn,
A paſtime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we purſue,
No danger our breaſt can invade;
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew
An increaſe of pleaſures diſplay'd:

The freedom our conſcience never alarms,
We live free from envy and ſtrife;
If bleſt with a ſpouſe, return to her arms,
Sport, ſweetneſs, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of ſtate,
Can ne'er ſuch a happineſs know;
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
Can ne'er ſuch a comfort beſtow:
Our days paſs away in ſcenes of delight,
Our pleaſures ne'er taken amiſs:
We hunt all the day, and revel all night,
What joy can be greater than this?

THOU canſt not boaſt of fortune's ſtore,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find thee poor——
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth ſhould own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

But when his worth my hand ſhall gain,
No word or look of mine ſhall ſhow
That I the ſmalleſt thought retain
Of what my bounty did beſtow:
Yet ſtill his grateful heart ſhall own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

THE pendent foreſt ſeem'd to nod
In drouſy fetters bound;
And fairy elves in circles trod,
The daizy-painted ground.

When Daphne ſought the conſcious grove
Of ſlighted vows to tell,
And thus to ſooth neglected love,
Invok'd ſad Philomel.

Hither ſweet Nightingale haſte,
Direct thy hov'ring wing,
The vernal green is a dreary waſte,
Till thou vouchſafe to ſing.

So thrilling ſweet thy numbers flow,
Thy warbling ſong diſtreſt,
The tear that tells the lover's woe,
Falls cold upon my breaſt.

To hear ſad Philomel complain,
Will ſoften my deſpair;
Then quickly ſwell thy melting ſtrain,
And ſooth a lover's care.

AH! ſure a pair was never ſeen
So juſtly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling ſo in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature.
O how happy are ſuch lovers,
When kindred beauties each diſcovers!
For ſurely ſhe
Was made for thee,
And thou to bleſs this lovely creature?
So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty.
The boys with all their father's ſenſe,
The girls with all their mother's beauty!
O how happy to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit!
Thus while you live
May fortune give
Each bleſſing, equal to your merit!

MY Jocky is fled from the plain,
And left me in ſorrow to mourn,
Was ever ſo cruel a ſwain,
Ah! when will the rover return;
No longer he pipes on his reed,
Whoſe muſic cou'd pleaſe us ſo well,
And dull are the banks of the Tweed,
Since Jockey has bid them farewell.

His crook he has broken in twain,
His ſheep and his lambkins now ſtray,
They bleat for their ſhepherd in vain,
And careleſly wander away.
No longer he pipes, &c.

The ſwain was made up of deceit,
And as falſe as the wavering wind,
His manners were gentle and ſweet,
But his heart was ſtill falſe and unkind.
No longer he pipes, &c.

HAD I a heart for falſhood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For though your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong:
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong:
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

DEAR ſmiling Kitty's to my mind,
She ev'ry way can pleaſe me,
Good-humour'd, faithful, fond and kind,
She never tries to teaze me;
At home, abroad, by night or day,
The ſame engaging creature,
She lets me ever have my way;
With joy I always meet her.

To vex or harm a girl ſo good,
Wou'd be a ſhame and pity,
I would not injure if I cou'd
My ever ſmiling Kitty;
To rove abroad from fair to fair,
No longer is my paſſion,
One, only one, is now my care,
Tho' more is all the faſhion.

No arts vermillion has ſhe ſhewn,
She is the child of Nature,
Her face, her ſhape, is all her own,
And every other feature;
From folly, ſpite, and cunning free,
She's lively, gay, and witty,
Her like I ne'er expect to ſee,
I'll live and die with Kitty.

HOW oft Louiſa haſt thou ſaid,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boaſt diſown)
Thou would'ſt not loſe Anthonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.

And by thoſe lips that ſpoke ſo kind!
And by this hand I preſs to mine!
To gain a ſubject nation's love,
I ſwear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my ſoul, can we be poor
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou ſhalt be queen,
And, ſerving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliſs,
And rich in love's exhauſtleſs mine;
Do thou ſnatch treaſures from my lips
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

WHILE the lads in the village ſhall merrily ah,
Sound the tabor I'll hand thee along,
And I ſay unto thee that verily ah,
Thou and I will be firſt in the throng.

Juſt then when the youth who laſt year won the dow'r
With his mate ſhall the ſport have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs is heard from each bow'r,
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one;

Thoſe joys that are harmleſs what mortal can blame,
'Tis my maxim that youth ſhould be free,
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the ſame;
Believe thou ſhalt preſently ſee.
While the lads, &c.

O The days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

'Truth they ſay lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er could ſee;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſhood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
In the bottom of each flaſk!
O the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring wrinkles,
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's froſt
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O the days, &c.

Quite Complete, see Contents of Appendix.

Harding C 1650